The Saturday Evening
POST
April 22, 1961 – 15¢

SHIRLEY MACLAINE

By PETE MARTIN

When Your Tax Return Is Challenged...

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Wherever you go you look better in an Arrow shirt

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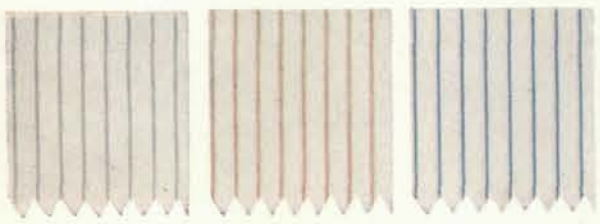
New Arrow Dectolene shirt makes all irons antique. Needs no ironing—not even a little bit!



The new Arrow *Dectolene* shirt wants no part of any iron—not even for an occasional 'touch-up.' However you launder it, *Dectolene* is ready to wear in less than 2 hours. Sheds every wrinkle as it dries to a smooth finish.

Made of Dacron polyester, *Dectolene* is an open tricot weave that assures cool, cool comfort. Like every Arrow shirt, *Dectolene* has exclusive *Mitoga* fit . . . fits so well it looks *personally* measured.

And all these wonderful *Dectolene* qualities are available, too, in smartly-tailored "Lady Arrow."

Available in white, blue, tan or grey pencil stripes, 8.95; short sleeves, 7.95. "Lady Arrow" *Dectolene,* long sleeves, 7.95; short sleeves, 6.95.

ARROW®

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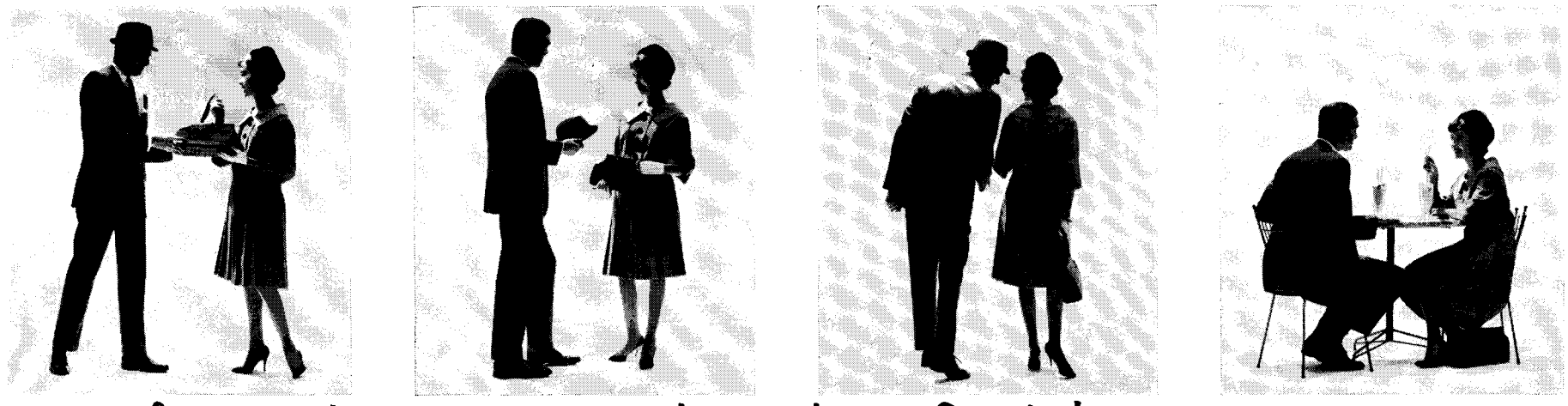
Be Prepared... You never know whom

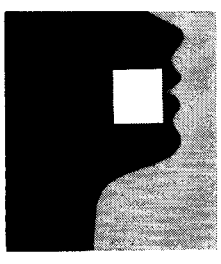
you'll meet in the next 10 minutes...so



always be sure your breath is fresh!

Listerine's Protection-in-Depth Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better

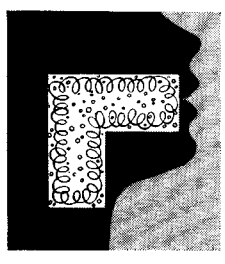
Read why the Listerine way* protects 4 times better than tooth paste —kills bad breath germs tooth paste doesn't even reach!



Tooth paste only reaches the small area shown at left, yet most bad breath is caused by germs all over the mouth and throat.

But today's germ-killing Listerine Antiseptic is scientifically formulated to reach into germ-harboring crevices of the mouth and deep into farthest recesses of the throat.

And Listerine is twice as "wet" as water... reaches into crevices too tiny for tooth paste, or even water, to enter. Kills germs by millions, on contact.



So get Protection-in-Depth the Listerine way*, the recommended way. Gives you *antiseptic* action in four times as much mouth and throat area—to protect you four times better than tooth paste!

Listerine kills more germs, and more kinds of germs—on contact—than any other leading oral antiseptic, old or new.

Reach for Listerine Antiseptic and get Protection-in-Depth against bad breath—protection you can *count* on, hour after hour. **See directions on label.*

Get "Protection-in-Depth" today!

REACH FOR LISTERINE®
ANTISEPTIC

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Is your bathroom *a family room?*

A bathroom and a family get-together don't go together . . .
For your family's greatest good you need enough
bathrooms for everybody's wants, without waits . . . equipped,
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KOHLER CO. *Established 1873* KOHLER, WIS.

The Fixtures in Cerulean Blue are as refreshing to use as they look . . . the Dynametric bath, symmetrically styled for roomy luxury . . . and Carvel lavatory with smart, convenient, angle-mount fittings . . . Five other pastels, and white, are available . . . Kohler Fittings, All-Brass, are durable, reliable, with chrome-finish of starry brilliance. Consult your Kohler dealer or write for illustrated booklet J-61.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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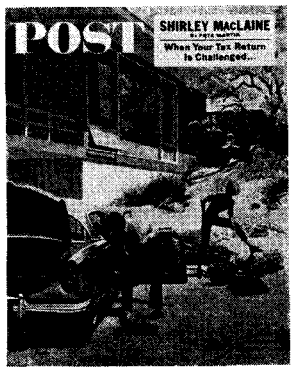

THE COVER

There are many reasons for putting rocks in rock gardens. They help prevent topsoil from washing away. They keep roots moist. They take up space which weeds might otherwise occupy. And, as the poor sap on George Hughes's cover demonstrates, they keep husbands in condition. Observe that two people wear the pants in this young family. Also note that he's wearing the loafers and she's doing the loafing. "Were those the biggest rocks you could find, Andrew?" she wants to know. "Well, let's put one halfway between the stone lantern and my hat. . . . Move it to the right just a squinch. . . . H'm-m-m. . . . Now turn it upside down." Obviously the plants are not the only objects in this scene that are potted. The lady of the house is drunk with power, and poor Andrew is stoned.

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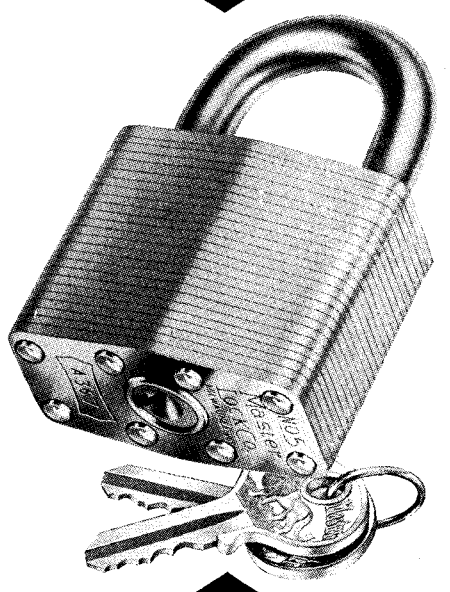

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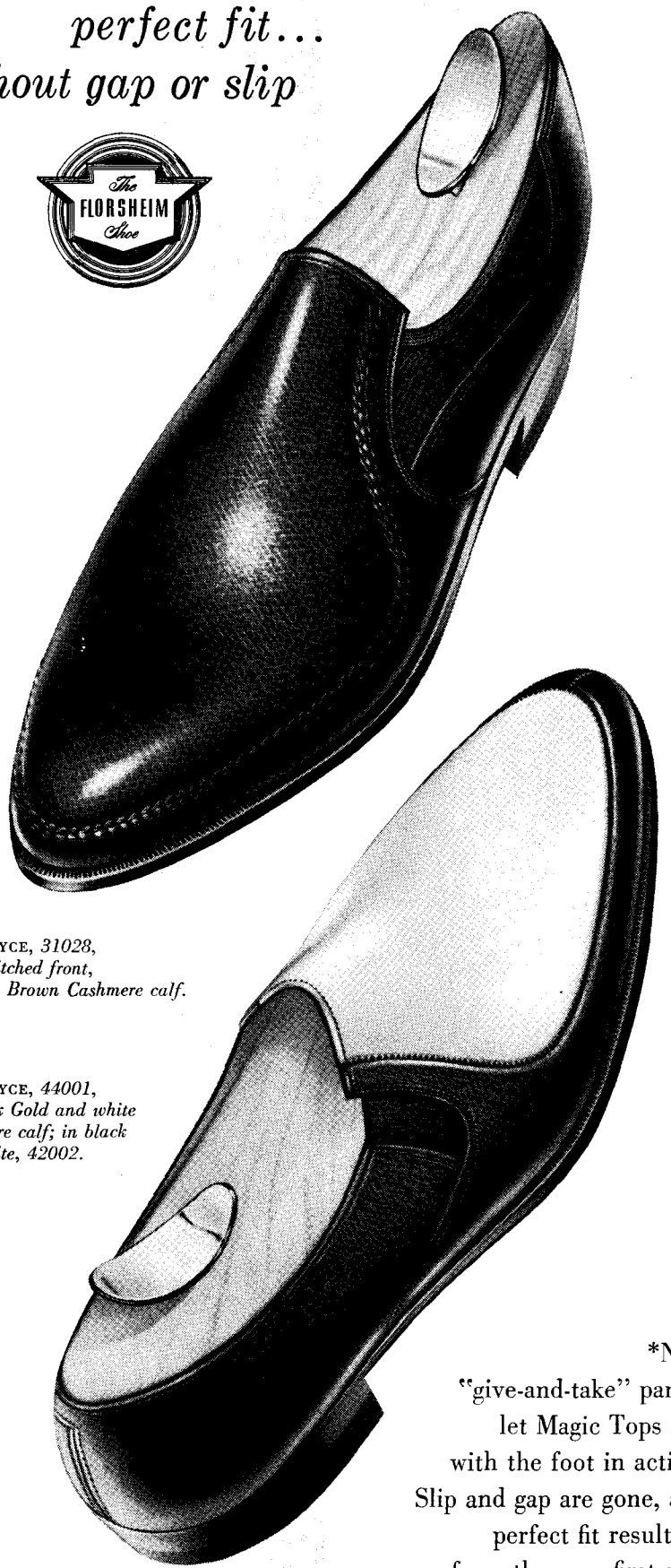

The ROYCE, *31028,*
hand stitched front,
Perfecto Brown Cashmere calf.
$26.95

The ROYCE, *44001,*
in Black Gold and white
Cashmere calf; in black
and white, 42002.
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"give-and-take" panels
let Magic Tops flex
with the foot in action.
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perfect fit results—
from the very first step
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Florsheim Shoes start at $19.95 *Some styles slightly higher*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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Letters

"Don't Call Us Stodgy"

Dear Sirs:

When I first started taking *The Post*, I took it so I could enjoy the cartoons. After a few issues I saw that it contained many good, factual articles, which I began to read every week.

I have just finished the Mar. 18 article by Clay Blair Jr., MINNESOTA GROWS OLDER. It looks as if I will have to go back to the cartoons.

THEODORE M. KNUDSEN
St. Louis Park, Minn.

HOW SUCH A REPUTABLE MAGAZINE COULD PUBLISH A DISTASTEFUL, SARCASTICAL STORY AS THIS IS BEYOND ME. PERHAPS IT JUST LOOKS THAT WAY FROM A PLUSH EASTERN PENTHOUSE SUITE.

DON C. STREET
MINNESOTA EGG COUNCIL
WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.

Dear Sirs:

Please don't call our farmers "stodgy." They're interesting, well-educated people. I notice you didn't enclose a picture of your Mr. Blair. I'll bet he'd be a living doll, out feeding the hogs!

MRS. CHARLES M. OLSON
Blooming Prairie, Minn.

● *Below, Blair. He's not much at hog-feeding, he admits, but as an ex-submariner he's served aboard many a "pigboat."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Having spent a lifetime here, I know we have a great state, but it is unbelievable that in so short a stay Mr. Blair could get such a true picture of our Minnesota and more unbelievable that he could get so much about us in one delightful article. Thank you for it!

MRS. F. B. ALVIN
North Branch, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

It has been years since there has been as much excitement in Minnesota as there has been since your *Post* hit the newsstands. We were forewarned by the indignation of our Governor Andersen the day before.

IRENE M. RIPLEY
Winnebago, Minn.

THE BLAIR ARTICLE ON MINNESOTA OFFENDED MANY OF OUR PEOPLE, ALTHOUGH MUCH OF WHAT HE REPORTED WAS TRUE AND HELPFUL. THE PICTURES WERE BEAUTIFUL, THE CAPTIONS INACCURATE. TELL MR. BLAIR TO COME BACK AND SPEND A YEAR WITH US BUT HE BETTER DO IT INCOGNITO.

GOV. ELMER L. ANDERSEN
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Dear Sirs:

No polar winds have ever howled on Lake Minnetonka like the howls of the million people in the metropolitan area of the Twin Cities when they learned of your reference to fifty-below-zero temperatures here. . . . I presume you were writing about the glacial period.

C. M. LUNDQUIST
Minneapolis, Minn.

● *The statement about minus-fifty-degree weather at Lake Minnetonka—which is near Minneapolis—was made not by author Blair but by a caption writer who was thinking of Lake Itasca, where it does go that low.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

"At left is St. Paul," says the caption for your photo of the Mississippi, "at right, Minneapolis." No part of St. Paul is shown. It does not border the river for another two or three miles downstream and far around to the right.

JOHN B. MORGAN
St. Paul, Minn.

● *Again, it was our caption writer who, like St. Paul, was "around the bend."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article was fine but I must take exception to one statement: "Experts in these matters say that in Minnesota the 1960 census really shows a net decline of about 100,000." Oh, come now, Mr. Blair. . . . Minnesota didn't lose any 100,000; it gained 431,381.

JAMES R. DETH
San Jose, Calif.

● *Correct. Blair was wrong.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Blair's reference to a 100,000 population "loss" in the last decade actually refers to instate-outstate migrations. . . . The heart of the matter is that the state feels that the population should have gone up at least 100,000 more than it actually did.

EDWARD THODE
Alhambra, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

That was an excellent article. This advertising agency sent it to forty-five or fifty clients and their associates calling it "blue-chip publicity."

LUTHER WEAVER
DONALD F. GARDNER
Weaver-Gardner Inc.
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

In the relatively short periods of time that he spent here, Mr. Blair broke through the crust and found the beautiful poem that Minnesota really is.

GRACE O. ROTH
Minneapolis, Minn.

Why Chase Speeders?

Dear Sirs:

I read the entire article, THEY CHASE THE SPEEDERS [by Elmont Waite, Mar. 18] in the forlorn hope that somewhere in the squealing brakes and smoking tires I would find an answer to the question of why the police think it is so supremely important to chase speeders at all. Surely in this day of radio, radar and other electronic miracles there are ways to catch speeders which are less dangerous to all involved, especially the innocent bystanders. Soon I hope to find an article

(Continued on Page 6)

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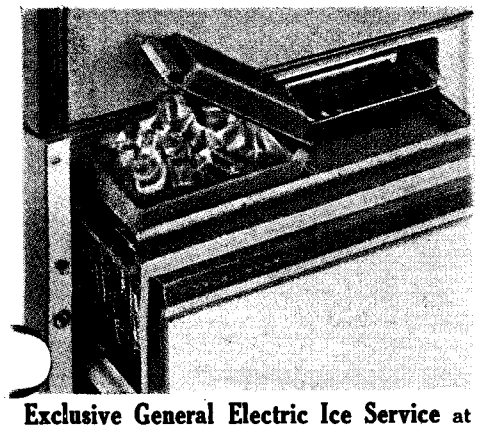
(Model TC-466V, 15.5-cubic-feet)

No defrosting ever—not even in the roll-out freezer

IN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S 1961 FROST-GUARD REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



Exclusive General Electric Ice Service at fingertip level. Flip trays over and out pop the cubes into their storage bin! Fill trays right in the freezer with a pitcher of water.

Exclusive with General Electric—the huge freezer *drawer* that rolls out easily, conveniently—and never needs defrosting!

Frost never forms—and no frost means no defrosting, anywhere! General Electric's Frost-Guard System is efficient, economical, reliable!

Capacity plus convenience—the 5-cubic-foot freezer holds up to 4 big shopping bags of food! No more stooping—it glides out to put frozen foods you use most, right at your fingertips!

More convenience—with the *fresh* foods all on top, everything's handier! More good news—famous adjustable Swing-Out Shelves now have a new *solid* surface. Just wipe clean with a sponge!

Everywhere you look, convenience, quality, value—just as you'd expect from General Electric. Right now, there are 6 million General Electric refrigerators that have been in use 10 years or *longer—lasting proof of lasting quality!* See the choice of Frost-Guard models at your dealer's now!

Household Refrigerator Dept., General Electric Co., Louisville 1, Ky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

in *The Post* which will tell just as vividly how many accidents can be directly attributed to high-speed police chases and how many lives have thereby been needlessly lost. . . .

The article was a beautifully clear do-it-yourself instruction sheet for any number of drivers, police and nonpolice, with an acute case of itchy-accelerator foot.

MARY H. LEE
Ipswich, Mass.

● *Says California Highway Patrol Commissioner Bradford M. Crittenden: "The object of pursuit is to stop the speeder before he kills someone. Most pursuit runs cover less than six miles. Radio is used if it appears the chase will be a long one and if another officer is in a position to intercept. . . . We believe the ability of our men to handle their vehicles at high speeds helps hold pursuits to comparatively short distances." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The California State Highway Patrol should send their cadets here for their Ph.D.'s in driving hazards. The local vehicular and animal drivers can create driving conditions Californians have yet to dream of.

PATRICK EGGERS (*age 16*)
Karachi-American High School
Karachi, Pakistan

Are Soldiers People?

Dear Sirs:

Evan Hill's article SURPRISING ISLAND OF THE NORTHERN SEAS [Mar. 11] is a fine example of keen reporting and careful evaluation. So few of the articles I have read before show any attempt to understand the Icelanders or to appreciate the fact that so small an island can have pride in its culture, its literature and its history.

SNORRI M. THORFINNSON
Lisbon, N. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

May I congratulate Mr. Hill on being by far the most perceptive author to write on the country and the only one, to my knowledge, who brings out the Icelandic differentiation between soldiers and people.

EUGENE AUSTIN
Oakdale, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

So the Icelanders don't like men in uniform. Well, in my opinion the Icelanders can go you know where! I am married to a staff sergeant in the Marine Corps, and I like him darn well.

ROBERTA LOCKARD
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am the wife of an Air Force officer, and I am not pleased at all when I read articles like this.

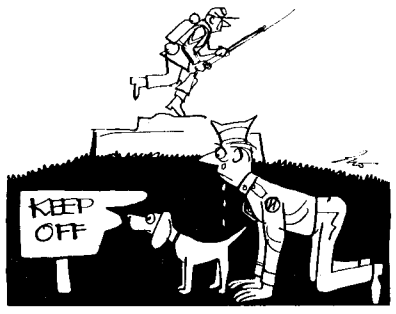
I don't find fault with the Icelanders. If this feeling of dislike toward American service personnel is genuine, let them have it. We have run into "strong, straight-backed, independent people" before. Another name for them is narrow-minded.

My quarrel is with Mr. Evan Hill. I suppose he even apologized to the Icelanders for us. Mr. Hill, do you really feel ashamed of us, or do you just give that impression?

ELIZABETH LAYTON
Sebring, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

In wartime people make a hero out of



the soldier, but in peace it is always, "Dogs and servicemen—keep off the grass."

N. A. HEISEY
North Highlands, Calif.

Bravo!

Dear Sirs:

Sol Nemkov is a musician who writes about other musicians [WHAT MAESTROS LOOK LIKE TO ME, Mar. 11] and makes them come to life as real down-to-earth human beings. He may prefer to fiddle in the orchestra, but his refreshing lack of intellectual snobbery makes me wish he would prepare textbooks for our school music courses.

LESTER S. MUNNEKE
Monmouth, Ill.

The Way She Feels About Jimmy

Dear Sirs:

It has been a real treat reading James Stewart's story, as told to Pete Martin [JAMES STEWART, Feb. 11–Mar. 11]. Mr. Martin has excelled himself in this one, but then he had a very fine subject.

CATHERINE L. CROAKSTON
Putnam Valley, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Please, please, why would you inflict on your readers the very ordinary story of the very ordinary life of James Stewart? Who is he? An actor. That is all you can say about him.

SUE CLARK
Tucson, Ariz.

P.S. My plumber has had a more interesting life than Mr. Stewart.

Dear Sirs:

All I can say is, if my daughter still feels in twenty years about a Rock Hudson the way I feel towards Jimmy Stewart *today*, then Hollywood can take heart . . . Bless him!

ROBERTA CAHN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Ollie Atkins. • 19–Hartley Alley. • 20–From Los Angeles Police. • 21–Sid Avery. 22, 23–Harold Becker. • 25–Eugene Kammerman. • 26–Gene Lester. • 27–Twentieth Century-Fox; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Paramount. • 28–Wide World. • 29–United Press International; Wide World; map by Zen Yonkovig; Wide World; United Press International; Wide World. • 30–Bob Towers. • 31–Robert Meyers. • 32, 33–A. C. Shelton. • 34, 35–Edwin Georgi. • 36–Larry Keighley; two from ASPCA; three by Larry Keighley. • 37–Larry Keighley. • 38, 39–Stan Galli. • 98–Culver. • 116–Edwin Georgi; Wylie; Joe Zeis.

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WHEN THE CHOICE IS YOURS...CHOOSE

ATLAS BUCRON* TIRES

Now Atlas brings you the amazing new ATLAS BUCRON TIRE:

- Makes your car ride smoother, softer than ever before.
- Stops faster on wet roads than conventional tires do on dry.
- Holds the road so well you can't make it squeal at any corner.
- Doesn't crack or dry out with age like conventional tires.

Although Atlas Bucron Tires offer features not found in the most expensive tires, they cost only a little more than ordinary tires.

ATLAS*

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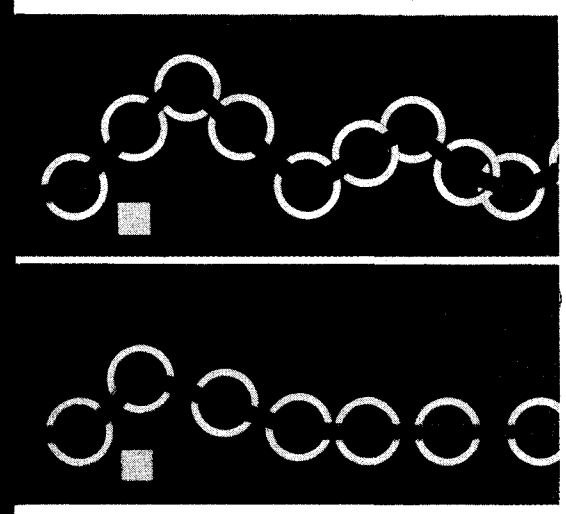
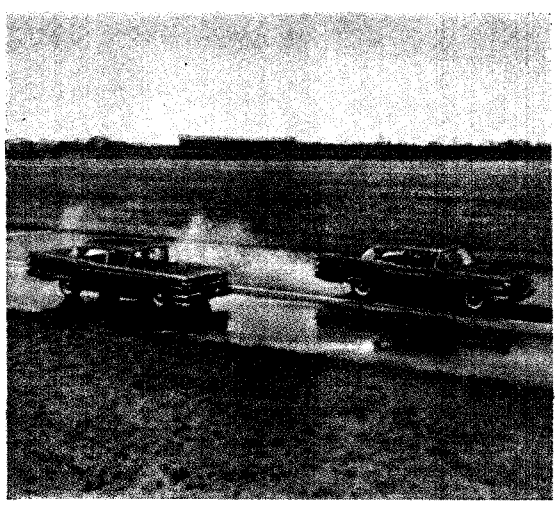
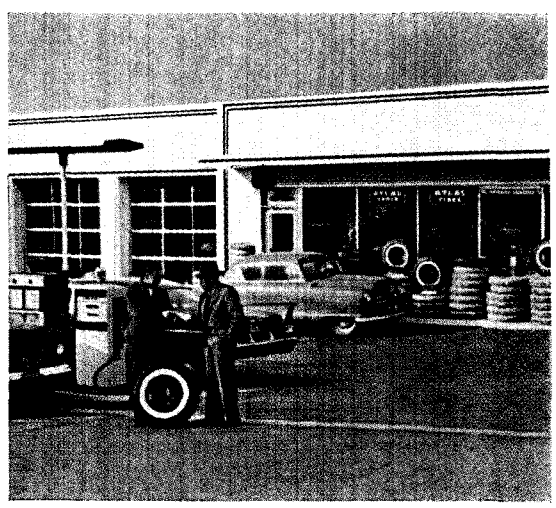


CUSHION EVERY BUMP. Ordinary tires (red line) bounce, keep bouncing. Atlas Bucron Tires (blue line) absorb shock and car noise. Your car rides smoother than ever.



UP TO 30% FASTER STOPS. Bucron Tires stop faster on wet roads than conventional tires do on dry. They "put more rubber on the road," for quicker stops on wet or dry pavements.



YOU'RE NEVER FAR FROM ATLAS SERVICE. Atlas tires, batteries and accessories are recommended and sold at 38,000 leading service stations in all 50 states and Canada.

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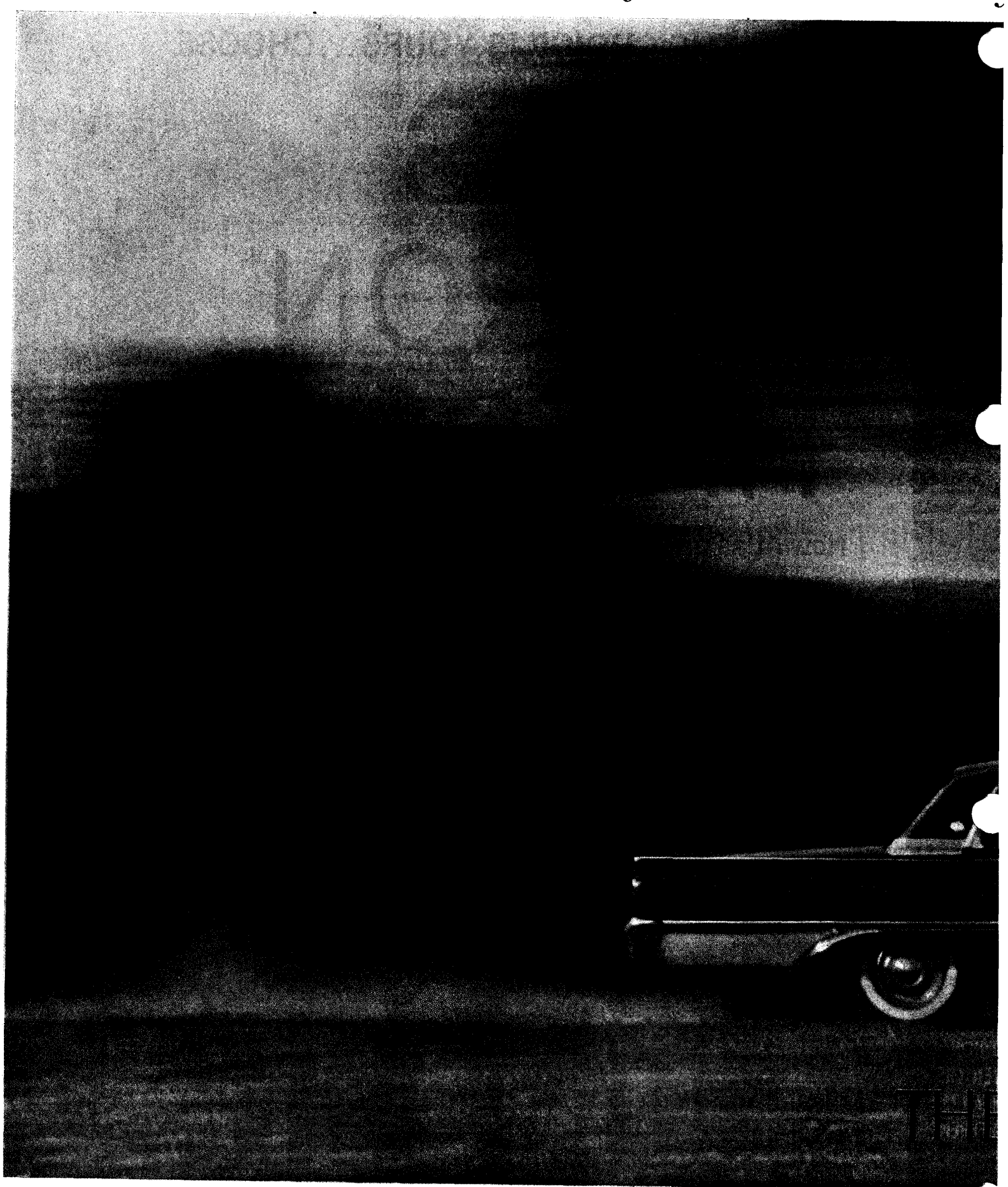
Performance beyond the call of duty



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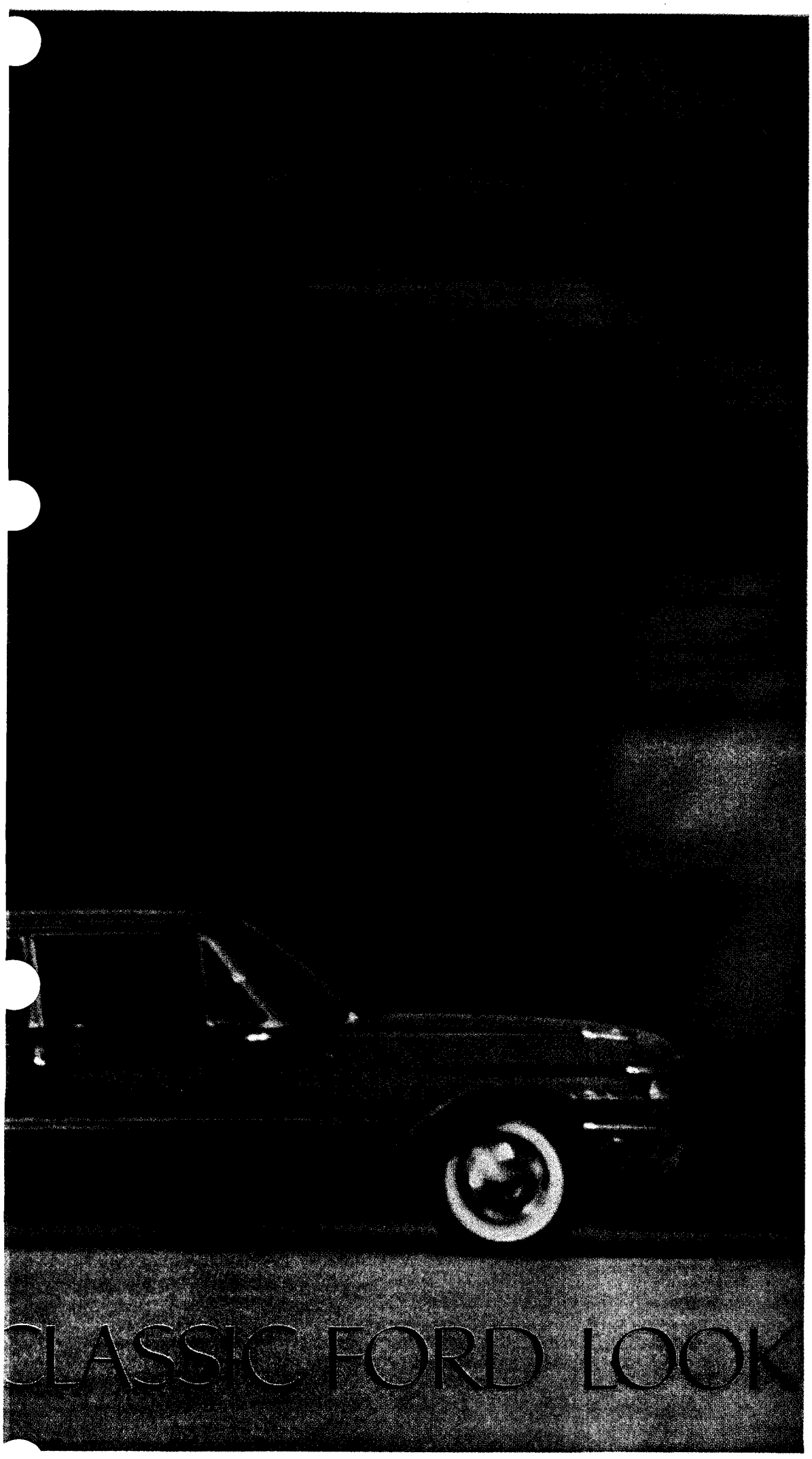
yours in the car that's built to take care of itself



This is the kind of car you find in dreams or on drawing boards. It's the '61 Ford, and it has a country-bred brawn in the great Ford tradition. Flexed for exercise . . . ready for action . . . it can cover ground as effortlessly as a glance along a road map.

Ford travel is adventure, its stamina a revelation. It can bolt 30,000 miles between lubrications—4,000 miles between changes of oil. It's crafted with a precision that's cause for celebration. It invites you to drive as you never drove before—now and for the years to come. Beautifully built to take care of itself—*this* is the Ford in your future!

HERE'S HOW THE '61 FORD TAKES CARE OF ITSELF

Lubricates itself—You go 30,000 miles between chassis lubrications (which cost only about $4.00 and take about 20 minutes).

Cleans its own oil—You go 4,000 miles between oil changes with Ford's Full-Flow oil filter (which filters *better* through *fibres*).

Adjusts its own brakes—New truck-size brakes adjust themselves—*automatically*.

Guards its own muffler—Ford mufflers are double-wrapped and aluminized to last three times as long as ordinary mufflers.

Protects its own body—All vital underbody parts are specially processed to resist rust and corrosion, even to galvanizing the body panels beneath the doors.

Takes care of its own finish—Just wash and clean Ford's new Diamond Lustre Finish and it will continue to glisten like new. It *never* needs waxing.

Extended Warranty—Each part of '61 Fords, except tires, is dealer warranted against defects in materials or workmanship for 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. Owners remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters and ignition parts.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

FOR '61

Every '61 Ford, like the Galaxie Club Victoria above, shares an honor to be proud of. It is the medal presented by the international fashion authority, Centro per l'Alta Moda Italiana, to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.

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Editorials

Too Many States Fail to Abolish "Rotten" Boroughs

The recent ruling by an Indiana Superior Court judge that the Indiana Legislature is null, void and unconstitutional points up the sorry fix that a number of our state governments have got themselves into by not tending to their knitting. The Indiana Constitution stipulates that the General Assembly shall reapportion itself every six years in accordance with population growth and shift, but the legislators have not done this since 1921.

Indiana is by no means the only state that has been lax in reapportionment. Alabama has had no legislative reapportionment since 1901. Iowa last reapportioned its lower house in 1927 and its Senate in 1911. Kentucky has ignored the matter since 1942, and Louisiana since 1921. Massachusetts has had no reapportionment in its House of Representatives since 1947, and Mississippi has touched neither its House nor Senate since 1916. North Dakota's last reapportionment was in 1931. Yet all these states are required to reapportion their legislatures every ten years or oftener.

Vermont is in a class by itself in this field, not having got around to reapportionment since 1793, two years after it joined the United States. But Vermont at least has the excuse of a constitution that is somewhat vague on the duties of legislators in this regard. Not so Tennessee, which has sat tight on reapportionment ever since 1903, and consequently finds itself haled before the United States Supreme Court. Tennessee's legislative districts vary in population from 3900 to 75,000, and it is charged that this violates not only the state constitution but the "equal protection of the law" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Numerous test suits of a similar nature, originating mostly in expanding metropolitan areas, have been brought in the Federal courts in the past fifteen years in an attempt to make the representatives of the people live up to their constitutional duties. Only a few weeks ago New Jersey legislators hurriedly voted a law to reapportion their seats when the state supreme court threatened to do it for them if they did not act.

All this seems so unnecessary. The reapportionment provisions of the state constitutions, like those of the United States Constitution, reflect fundamental principles of American government and are meant to be carried ou Representative government is weakened when it permits rotten boroughs.

One trouble is that most state constitutions put the responsibility for reapportionment exclusively on the legislature, which is the very body most sensitive to changes of this nature. All the delinquent states listed above are found in this category. Many states have safeguards against legislative inaction. Some take the power to reapportion entirely out of legislative hands and set up special apportionment boards to handle the problem. Others give the legislatures a reasonable time to act, but if they don't, alternative procedures can be called into play.

In a time when the states are hard put to hold their own against the looming Federal colossus, it seems essential that the state governments should make every effort to become as effecti and responsible as possible. It is pret obvious that a legislature which is set up exactly as it was in 1921 or 1901 or even 1947, taking no account of subsequent population changes, is not reflecting the will of the people.

Despite the Fuss, the Public Schools Are Doing All Right

Advocates of Federal aid to education contend that local authorities are financially unable either to build the classrooms required for rising enrollments or to pay decent salaries to the teaching staff.

With a growing population there will certainly be more pupils to educate in the years to come. No one denies the need for more classrooms, more teachers and more money. The question comes down to this: Are the school systems of the nation really incapable of meeting the financial needs of public education?

Five years ago the White House Conference estimated that in the period 1955–60, the nation would have to build 369,000 classrooms. Some people took this as conclusive proof that the task was too enormous for anything but a Federal program. Yet, in the last five years, without Federal aid, we have built an average of 68,000 classrooms annually, for a total of 340,000. If we did not quite meet the projected goal, the difference of 29,000 in five years is hardly big enough to justify a radical departure from the settled American policy.

Last December the United States Office of Education made a forecast of school needs for 1960–70. In the next ten years, they said, we must accommodate 8,700,000 new pupils in 312,000 new classrooms. Replacement of obsolete schools will require another 166,400 classrooms, plus 131,600 to fill in current shortages. Their total estimate: 610,000 classrooms in ten years. The present rate of construction would provide 680,000 over the same period.

On the question of teachers' salaries, the record is just as encouraging. The disproportion created by war and inflation is being corrected. Roger Freeman's *Financing the Public Schools* (2 vol., Institute for Social Science Research, Washington), an authoritative work based on official reports, gives the figures. In 1950 the national average of teachers' salaries was $3126. By 1956 it had risen to $4350, and this year it is $5389, an increase of 72.4 per cent over the past decade. The trend continues upward, as it should.

All state expenditure for the public schools rose from $6,500,000,000 in 1950 to $16,400,000,000 at the present time. The forecast for 1970 runs to $24,000,000,000, an enormous sum, but not out of the reach of local authorities.

At a time when school bonds find a ready market, at rates of interest lower than the Treasury can command, it is hard to see any rational case for educational grants-in-aid. State and local authorities know their own problems far better than any bureaucracy in Washington.

Our Members of Congress Have Too Little Time to Think

"It was all very disillusioning. I went to Washington to see Congress at work. I viewed the House and Senate debates, but where were all the members? Each chamber was practically empty. Oh, yes, we went to one or two hearings, but neither hearing had a quorum. Is this the way our laws are made?"

These are the comments of a high-school student who is interested in public affairs after a visit to the United States Capitol. Adult questions or statements are similar, but frequently in a cynical vein.

Despite outward appearances, Congress works hard and conscientiously at its tremendous task.

During the last Congress more than 20,000 bills were introduced—15,506 in the House and 4658 in the Senate. Of course, this number of bills includes some duplications and various bills which were not under active review. However, a considerable number of them were analyzed and considered. And 800 of them were passed by both houses and were added to the law of the land in their original or amended form.

However, the detailed study of all of these bills cannot be accomplished on the House floor or on the Senate floor. Therefore, preliminary and careful evaluation of all of these bills is distributed by subject matt among sixteen Senate committe and twenty committees of the House, plus additional select and joint committees. Every member is on at least one committee; many serve on two or more committees. Each committee is busy with hearings and executive sessions. For example, the House Ways and Means Committee of the last Congress heard 703 witnesses during sixty-two days of public hearings. Numerous executive sessions followed each of these hearings. More than 2100 bills were referred to this committee. It reported favorably on ninety-eight bills, and sixty-one became laws.

Members of Congress have competent staffs, but in the final analysis each legislator must make his own decisions. When does the member of Congress do his meditating? That is a question which many members of Congress ask themselves.

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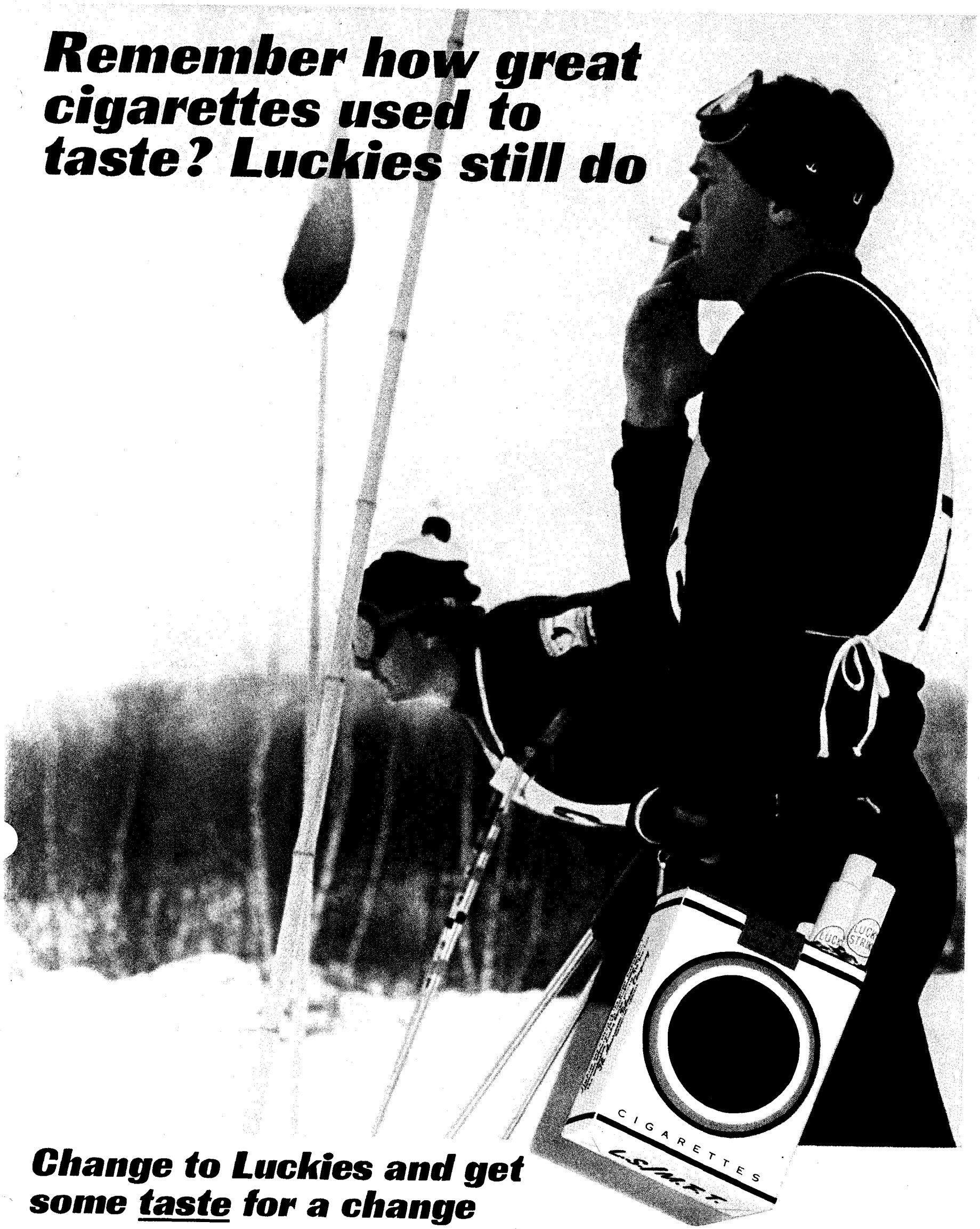
Remember how great cigarettes used to taste? Luckies still do



Change to Luckies and get some taste for a change

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Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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"When I grow up"...what? Whatever she hopes to be, her chances are better beneath The Travelers umbrella of insurance protection. Travelers permanent life insurance can make her college education a certainty. How about it—can *you*, right now, promise your child a complete education, with no ifs, ands or buts? If not, look in your Yellow Pages for the name of your Travelers man—he can help you plan a truly effective insurance program. Because he can provide all types of insurance with *one plan, one man, one monthly check to pay . . . under The Travelers umbrella of insurance protection.*

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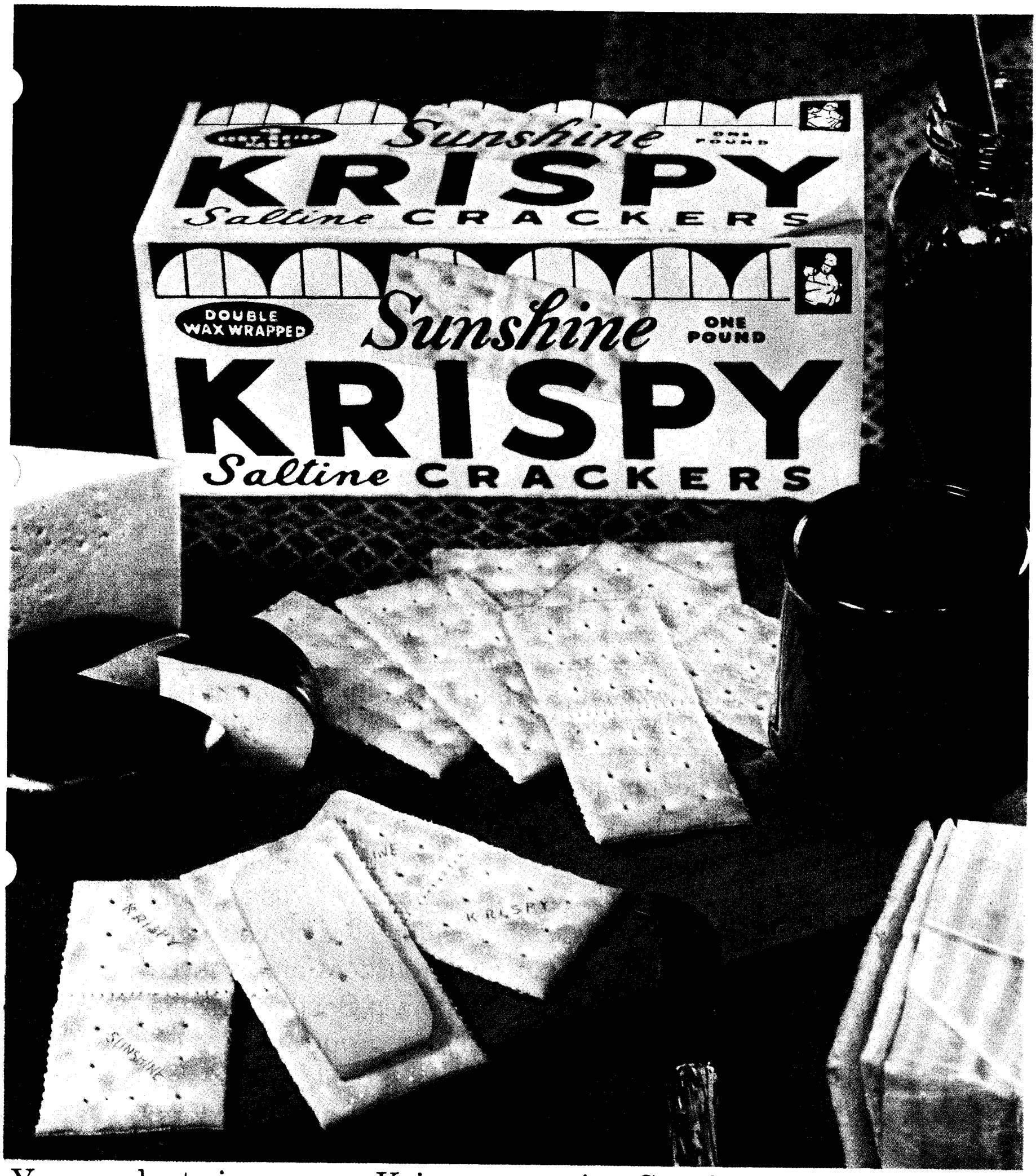

You can be twice as sure Krispys are crisp. Sunshine Krispy Crackers have an outer wax wrap that keeps moisture out…freshness in. Then, they're doubly-protected by inner wax wraps to guard their flaky-freshness. That's why Sunshine Krispy out-tastes 'em all!

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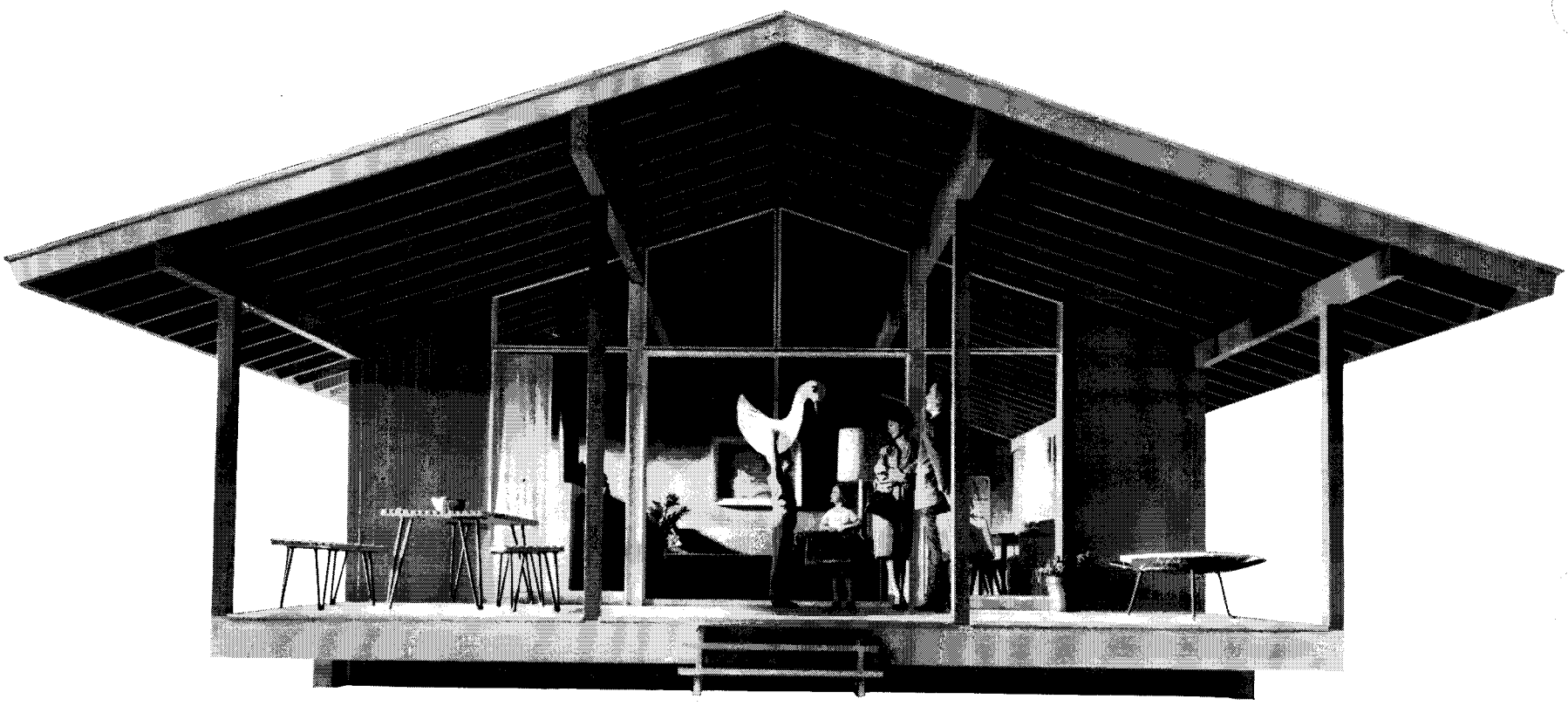
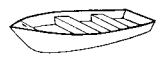
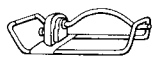


WIN A SECOND HOME

VISIT THE MODEL HOME OF A FLINTKOTE BUILDER...YOU CAN WIN A FABULOUS VACATION HOME BUILT WHEREVER YOU LIKE!

Think of it! A second home at the seashore, in the mountains, or maybe on a lake! Grand Prize in Flintkote's "Win a Second Home" Contest is a vacation cottage built on your site. Top builders everywhere who use quality Flintkote Building products are featuring this contest. Visit the Model Home of one of these builders and pick up an entry blank.* Lots of chances to win. Second prize: a swimming pool built on your property; 3 third prizes: gleaming 12′ aluminum pleasure boats;  also 100 fourth prizes: Green Spot  Lawn Sprinklers. Look for the builder near you who is featuring this contest.

*Details on the contest and the prize vacation home (complete except for plumbing, heating, electrical wiring) are on entry blanks at the model home of builders featuring the contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than July 31, 1961.

FLINTKOTE...America's Broadest Line of Building Products
The Flintkote Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

FLINTKOTE®

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Make a '61 Plymouth part of your long-range plan

Go on...plan ahead. With a Plymouth, you know what to expect.

Count on the solid car whose Unibody is welded to make it tight, tough and durable. Count on the low-price car with the Mobilgas Economy Run record no other car in its class can match.

Count on the careful car that is painstakingly put together to stay together, and repay you again and again as the miles ride by...and once again at resale time.

Count on Plymouth...a Chrysler-engineered product: good looking, low cost, built to be proud of for a long, long time.

PLYMOUTH...SOLID BEAUTY

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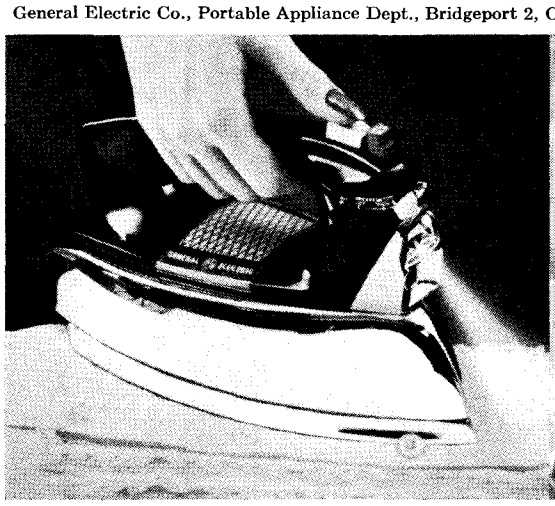
New Idea! Peek·A·Brew® Coffee Maker Counts Every Perfect Cup! There's an indicator in the General Electric Peek · A · Brew Coffee Maker. It shows at a glance how much water is going in when you fill, how much coffee is left when you pour. Whether 3 cups or 10, it counts each delicious cup. Set dial for mild, medium, strong, or even in between and sit back. No watching, no timing. When the coffee's done, this coffee maker shuts off, but keeps your coffee hot for you. See it at your dealer's, *now!*

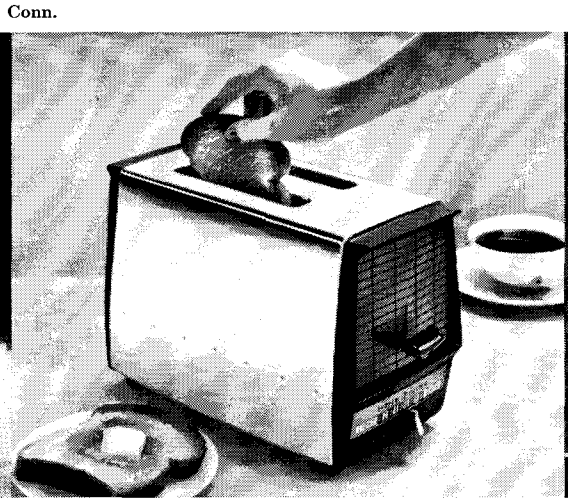
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

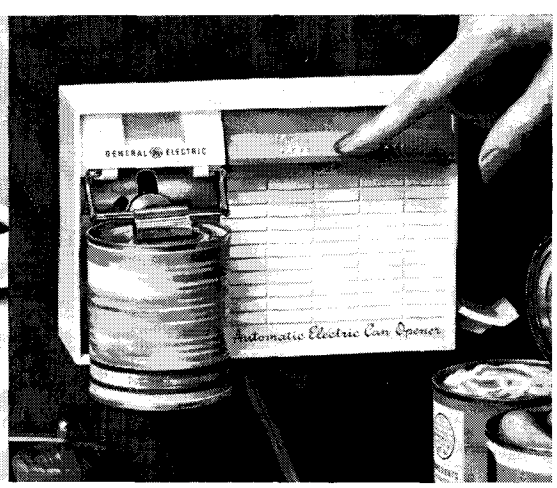
General Electric Co., Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.



Sprinkles as you iron. General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has 3 Wash-and-Wear settings, unique Even Heat system.



Pops toast extra high. General Electric "straight-line" Toaster makes toast easy to reach. Color control for 9 shades of toast.



Opens all kinds of cans. General Electric Automatic Can Opener opens just about all shapes and sizes, removes or hinges lid, too.

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The suit is new! The wall color too! Fresh-as-spring...

SUPERKEMTONE®

Let spring lift your spirits — let it coax you into buying a lovely new suit! Then let spring bring new color to your walls with America's most popular paint. Whether you apply Super Kem-Tone yourself or have a contractor do it, you'll find it brings spring indoors as no other paint can. We choose our colors with unusual care — newest, most beautiful shades in a wonderfully wide range. To help you choose colors, we offer our new Color Harmony Guide that you can borrow, free. And only Super Kem-Tone goes on so easily, covers so perfectly. Twenty minutes later, it's dry. And its beauty won't fade. Super Kem-Tone is guaranteed washable. To make woodwork as beautiful as walls, use color-matching Kem®-Glo enamel. You can get either of these fine products at over 49,000 paint, hardware, lumber and department stores.

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NEW

BARONET

Good things like extra creamy filling make them best!

Rich-flavor filling, like icing on a cake, lavishly ladled between buttery-light, "short" cookies. Tastes like homemade. Baronet—the very best yet!

WHATEVER KINDS OF COOKIES YOUR FAMILY LIKES, NABISCO BAKES THEM BETTER!

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
B. Franklin

WHEN THE TAX MAN CALLS...

Some taxpayers have heart attacks when the time comes to review their returns, but this expert advises, "Fight the impulse to panic."

By ROSS M. ROBERTSON

By mid-April this year, more than 60,000,000 Americans had filed Federal income-tax returns. It's a fair guess that within the following twelve months five to six million of these taxpayers will be questioned about their 1960 returns, or previous ones, by an agent of the Internal Revenue Service.

The query may be as unexciting as a form letter calling attention to a routine omission or requesting a property-tax receipt. Or one fine day when the victim least expects it, he will hear a chilling voice on the telephone.

"This is Mr. Blank of the Internal Revenue Service calling. I'd like to talk to you about your 1960 [or 1959 or 1958] return. When will it be convenient for me to call on you?"

For anyone who has never heard it before, this is the voice of doom. The reaction can range from a visceral pang to thoughts of Federal prison. Strong men tremble, weak men go to pieces. One businessman of my (Continued on Page 110)

Kansas-born Ross M. Robertson, forty-five, professor of business economics and public policy at the Indiana University School of Business, has also taught at the universities of Kansas and Tennessee and has served as economist for the Department of Commerce and the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis. He is the author of *History of the American Economy* (Harcourt, 1955).

Perhaps more to the point is the fact that author Robertson has, indeed, received a visit from "the tax man." He reports that such differences as he had with the Internal Revenue Service were settled amicably.

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Master Forger at Work

Stanley Scott Singley and his accomplices passed more than $400,000 in bogus checks. The system they used may be the most ingenious in criminal history.

By John Reese

By May 1, 1960, Southern California banks were really hurting. A new check-forging ring had cost them $75,000 in only a few weeks, and each week brought new losses. The checks were big ones—$2500 to $4500, as a rule—and were masterpieces of forgery. But the dismaying thing was that they were being cashed in banks, with responsible bank officials approving them!

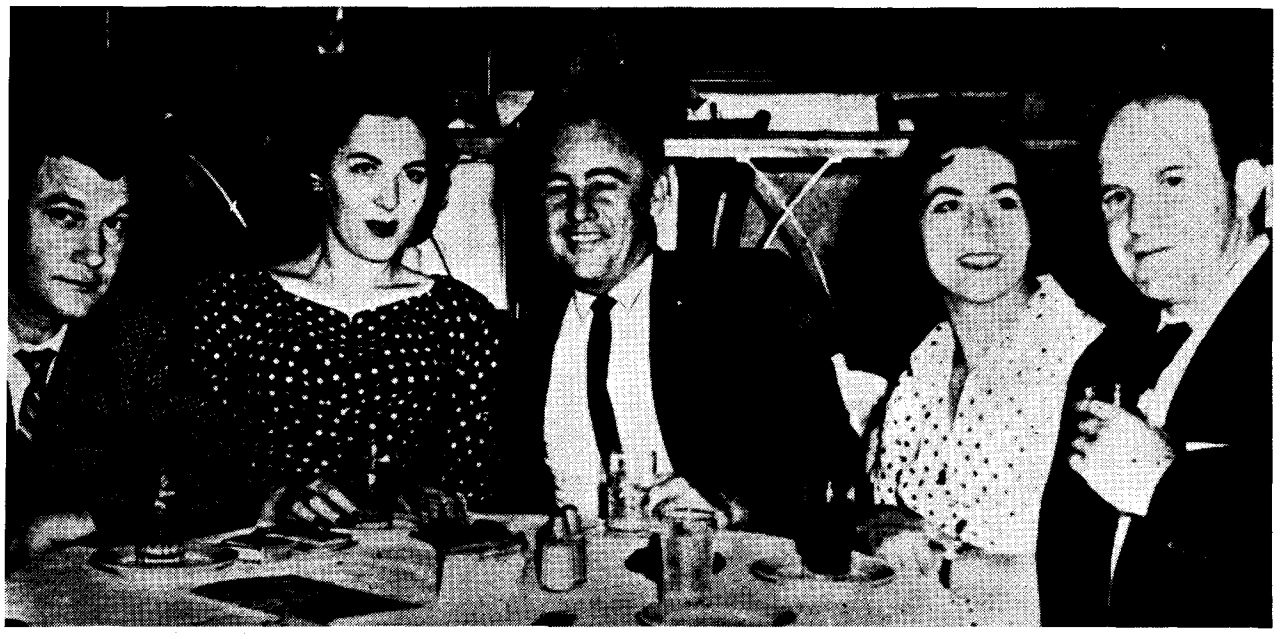
Before the ring was smashed by detectives of Los Angeles County Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess, it had set what is probably an all-time record for forgery loot. None of it will ever be recovered. The case also introduced deputies to one of the brainiest men ever to apply his versatile talents to a career of professional crime.

"We know he got $400,000 in less than ten months, and it's probably closer to $500,000," said Lt. Kenneth R. Hays, who commands the sheriff's forgery detail. "We know he operated in Texas, Arizona and Colorado and we think he hit other states too. But unless officers there read your article and report their unsolved cases that fit this M.O., we may never know how much he did get."

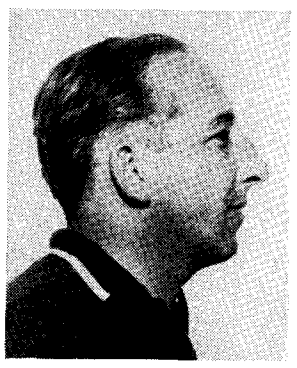
"M. O." stands for "*modus operandi*," a police term for the distinctive technique which a criminal uses—and which usually tells them who did a given job. "Paper hangers," as check forgers are called, generally cash stolen payroll checks, with forged endorsements, in markets or liquor stores. Detectives need to see only a few from a flurry of bad checks to know who is hanging this particular paper. Then they catch him, usually with the aid of informants, and convict him on his handwriting and the testimony of witnesses who remembe the passer. Detective work is just that simple—hard, but simple, as a rule.

Here it was hard, but not simple. Hays assigned two sergeants, John H. Bengston and Clifford W. Montgomery, to the case. It took them some time to figure out this new and apparently foolproof M.O. When they did, it fit no known paper hanger, and they had to pinpoint their man by other means. Even when they did, they could not arrest him, because of lack of evidence. This master forger never actually signed or passed a single forged check.

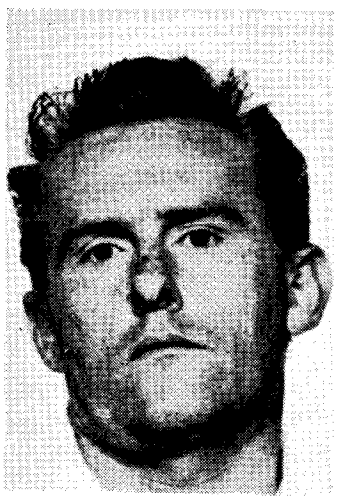
The first three checks, totaling $9880, came in from suburban banks in April. They had been passed in March, but by the time the depositors found them in their monthly bank statements, the ring was long gone. The following week five more checks, totaling $13,540, had been passed in five banks in another part of the county. A week later three banks in adjoining Orange County were hit for $11,775.



This night-club photo of Singley (right) and four friends gave police a clue that Singley belonged to the forgery ring. His companions—William Saine (left), Mary Ann Jeck, Tuffy Collins and Toni Riley—were already known as "passers."



Dick Barnes (left) and Eddie Falkenbach, both check passers in Singley's gang. They aroused suspicion by living too high and were caught on a tip from a gas-station attendant.



Forger William Denton and the Identi-Kit picture—a composite made from witnesses' descriptions—that helped police get him. Denton fingered Singley, but under California law, his word alone was not enough.

Detectives are still looking for Joy W liams. She skipped town before she w indicted as a member of the forgery ring.

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The climax of a fantastic chase: Singley (center) with C. W. Montgomery (left) and John Bengston, the detectives who nabbed him after months of persistent sleuthing. In the weeks before he went on trial, the wily Singley grew a mustache to confound witnesses who remembered "a clean-shaven man."

The ring obviously worked an area and then moved on. Bengston and Montgomery started out two or three weeks behind it. Laboratory tests showed that the checks had actually come from the checkbooks of local business firms and had been made out on their own checkwriters and signed with their own ink. The signatures were tracings, but they were good enough to fool anyone except a handwriting expert.

The passers used names of people listed in the phonebooks, and identified themselves by showing California drivers' licenses. When Bengston and Montgomery talked to the people whose names and apparent endorsements appeared on the checks, those persons knew nothing about the checks. Their writing did not match the endorsements, and the serial numbers on their licenses did not match the numbers the bankers, in approving the checks, had so carefully noted on them.

Another puzzler: Paper hangers usually burglarize payroll offices and steal whole checkbooks. In this case, only one forged check was passed on each account. The firms whose accounts were thus exploited had not reported burglaries, and when the two detectives investigated, they found no evidence that any burglary had ever been committed.

The banks stood the losses, but by the time Bengston and Montgomery got to them, so much time had elapsed that no one could remember much about the passers of the big, bad checks. The dialogue usually went something like this:

"Didn't you think it unusual for a stranger to demand cash for such a large check?"

"No, this is an active account, and the voucher on the check shows it was drawn for one of the depositor's usual purposes, with his usual form of notation." And it always was—for a dairy it was "Hay acct.," for a painter, "Paint," or for a contractor, "Equip. Rntl."

"What did the man (or woman) look like?"

"I remember only that he (or she) fitted the description and photograph on the driver's license." A few recalled such details as red hair or hollow cheeks, a bow tie or fur stole, but that was all.

A few tellers remembered a man who flung a check down and said angrily, "Is this damned thing any good? I've never done business with this outfit before and I knew he was giving me a bum check—and yet, like an idiot, I took it!"

"What did you say to that?" the detectives asked.

"That of course it was good! This is one of our best accounts. You can't give a stranger a bad impression of a businessman who patronizes your bank."

"Didn't you try to verify it by calling the account?"

Here, at last, they got results. Many bankers did not remember, but others said, "Yes, I tried several times to call, but the line was busy." At this point, they recalled, the passer exploded. "There's something funny going on here. Give me that check! I'm going back there and get

(Continued on Page 93)

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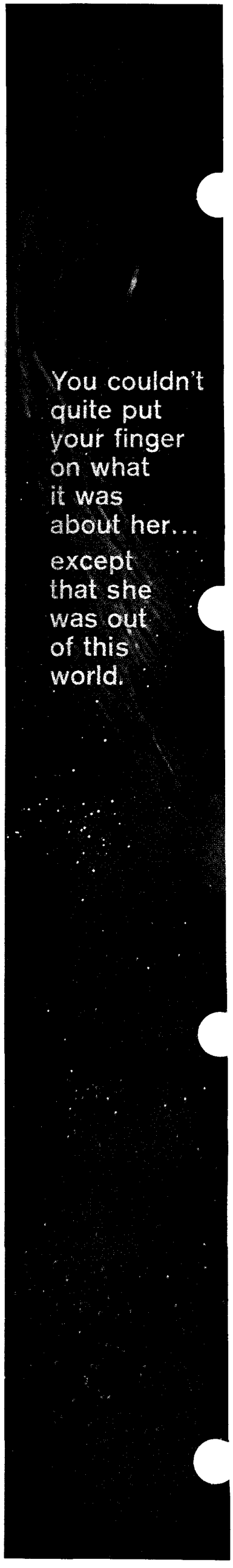
the girl who made time stop

By ROBERT F. YOUNG



Little did Roger Thompson dream when he sat down on the park bench that Friday morning in June that in a celibate sense his goose was already in the oven and that soon it would be cooked. He may have had an inkling of things to come when he saw the tall brunette in the red sheath walking down the winding walk some several minutes later, but that inkling could not conceivably have apprised him of the vast convolutions of time and space which the bowing out of his bachelorhood would shortly set in motion.

The tall brunette was opposite the bench, and it was beginning to look as though Roger's goose was in no imminent danger of being roasted after all when one of those incidents that so much inspire our boy-meets-girl literature occurred; one of her spike heels sank into a crevice in the walk and brought her to an abrupt halt. Our hero rose to the occasion admirably—especially in view of the fact that he was in the midst of a brown study concerning a particularly abstruse phase of the poetic analysis of science which he was working on and was even less aware of girls than usual. In a millisecond he was at her side; in another he had slipped his arm around her waist. He freed her foot from the shoe, noticing as he did so that there were three narrow golden bands encircling her bare leg just above her ankle, and helped her over to the bench. "I'll have it out of there in a jiffy," he said.

He was as good as his word, and seconds later he slipped the shoe back upon the girl's dainty foot. "Oh, thank you, Mr.—Mr. ——" she began.

Her voice was husky, her face was oval; her lips were red and full. Looking into the pearly depths of her gray eyes he had the feeling that he was falling—as in a sense he was—and he sat dizzily down beside her. "Thompson," he said. "Roger Thompson."

The pearly depths grew deeper still. "I'm glad to meet you, Roger. My name is Becky Fisher."

"I'm glad to meet *you*, Becky."

So far, so good. Boy has met girl, and girl has met boy. Boy is suitably smitten; girl is amenable. Both are young. The month is June. A romance is virtually bound to blossom, and soon a romance does. Nevertheless it is a romance that will never be recorded in the annals of time.

Why not? you ask.

You'll see.

They spent the rest of the day together. It was Becky's day off from The Silver Spoon, where she waited on tables. Roger, who was sweating out the sixth application he had tendered since graduating from the Lakeport Institute of Technology, had every day off for the moment. That evening they dined in a modest café, and afterward they played the jukebox and danced. The midnight moment upon the steps of the apartment house where Becky lived was a precious one, and their first kiss was so sweet and lingering on Roger's lips that he did not even wonder, until he reached his hotel room, how a young man such as himself—who saw love as an impediment to a scientific career—could have fallen so deeply into it in so short a span of time.

In his mind's eye the bench in the park had already taken on the aspect of a shrine, and the very next morning saw him walking down the winding walk, eager to view the sacred (Continued on Page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BECKER

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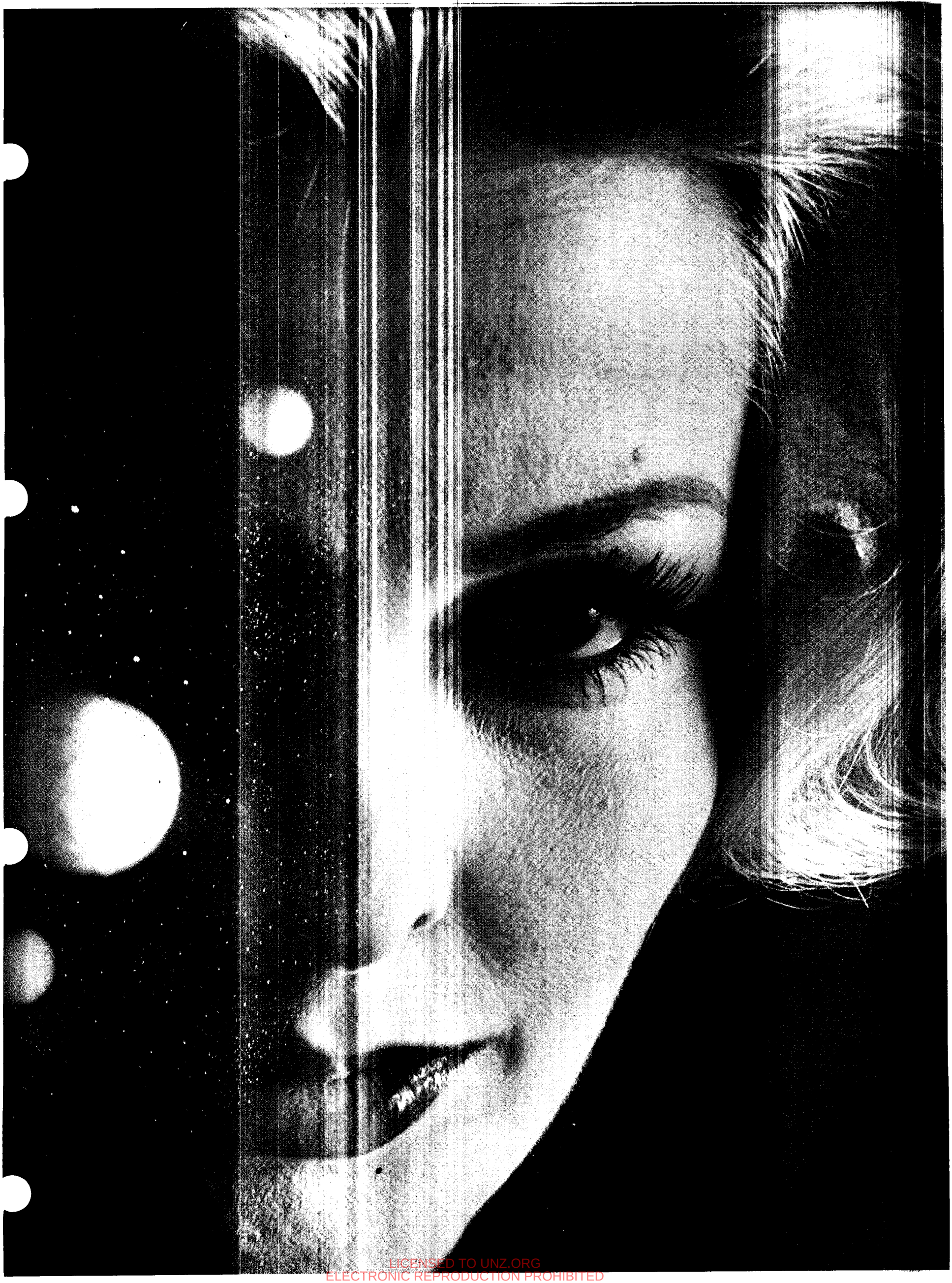

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Someone had to stop him. But who had nerve enough?

BULLY ON THE BEACH

By ARTHUR MAYSE

The girl stayed around the point long enough for Zeb Hunter to trickle a fistful of sand through his fingers. Then she came into view again, still wandering, still searching. Zeb scooped more sand and let the grains commence their measured trickle, his mind languidly occupied with a problem of timing. His sand should be half gone when she drew level with the pocket between drift logs where he sprawled in August sunshine with Holtz and Malloy. By the time she reached the cove's southernmost point, his hand ought to be empty.

She wrecked his calculations by turning in toward them, a slim kid maybe sixteen years old, barefoot, in shorts and candy-striped jersey, mopheaded from salt water and ocean breeze. They watched her approach, the practiced car thief and his two stooges. Zeb waited for Malloy to crack off, but the big guy lay quietly with eyes half closed, beer bottle balanced on his chest.

"I beg your pardon." She spoke to Zeb, the words falling precisely, as if this were a speech she had rehearsed. "Did you happen to find a small gold locket in the sand?"

Zeb shook his head.

"The chain must have broken. I thought perhaps ——"

She seemed to have run out of words. Malloy removed the bottle from his chest. He sat up and took over, smoothly.

"Why, that's too bad. How about if we help you find this locket?"

Most girls smiled or colored or both wh he stared at them like that. This one ignored Malloy's look and Holtzy's wide, unsubtle grin.

"Thanks." Her glance touched Zeb coolly and briefly. "Don't bother."

They watched her rove on along the empty beach, head bent, searching. Zeb paced her with a renewed trickle of sand. He knew, resentfully, but with bleak clarity, what little Miss Mophead had seen and the conclusions she'd drawn—three tough hoods, the kind a nice girl with sense would keep clear of.

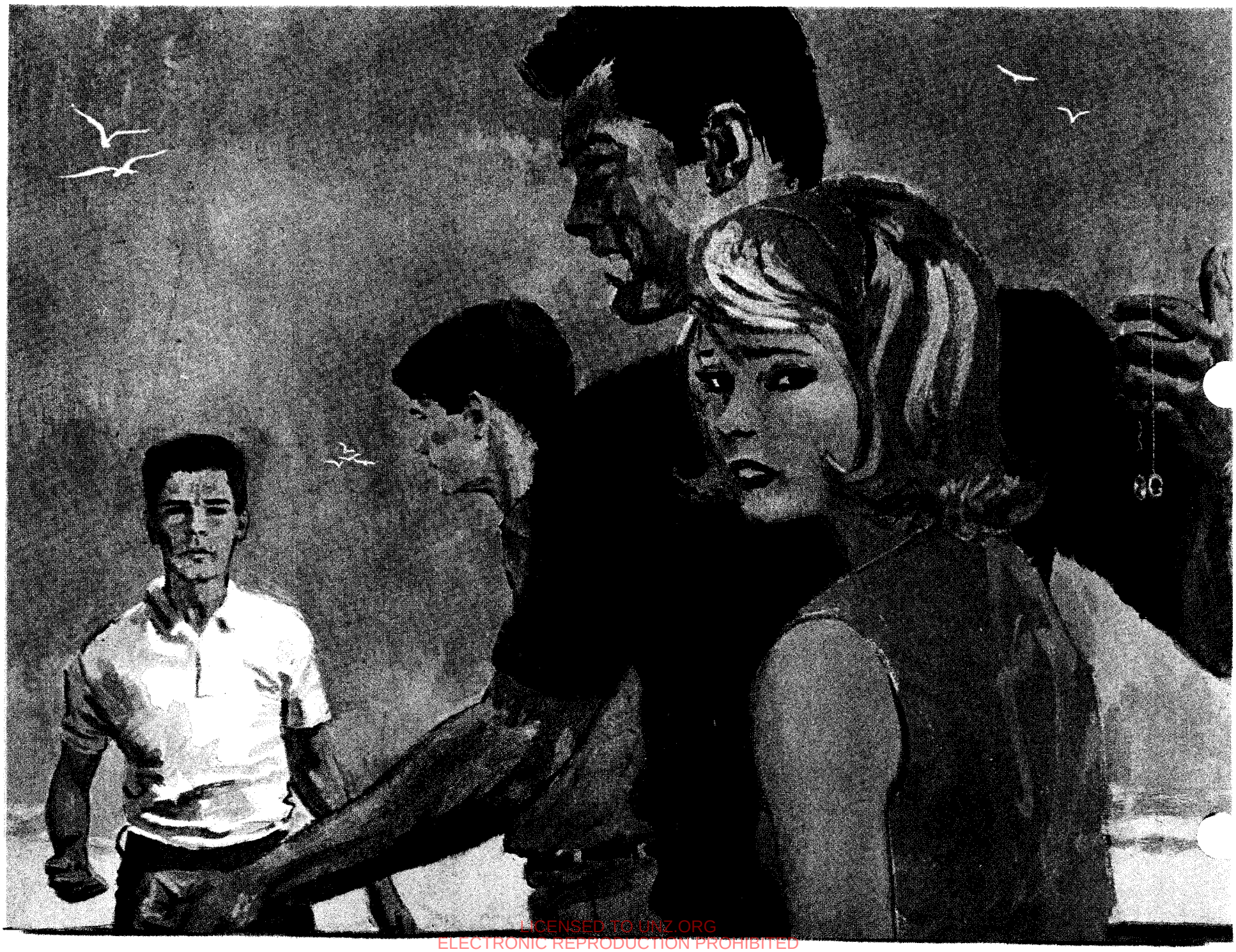
Malloy, shoulders against a log, said lazily to Holtz, "Give."

"Aw hey—it was me who found it!"

The protest ended in a squeal as Malloy snaked a hand to his wrist. Holtz yowled and thrashed. His free hand scrabbled for his pocket. Malloy looped the thin gold chain around a finger.

Holtz nursed a wrist on which pressure marks were darkening from white to blue. He said wi as much resentment (Continued on Page

Malloy dangled the locket in front of her tantalizingly. He turned. "You two shove off," he said.



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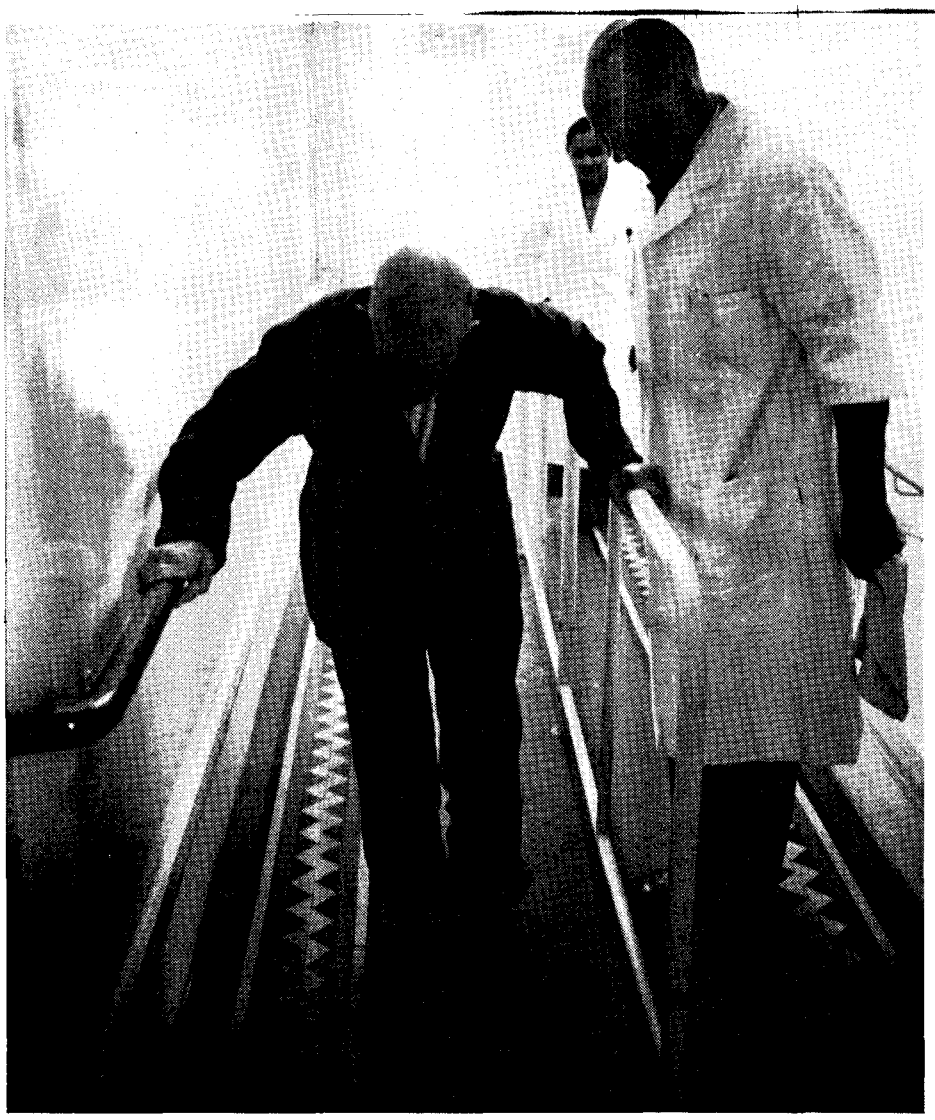

This man is old and feeble, but he can walk by leaning on handrails. Here at the West Middlesex Hospital in London elderly patients are encouraged to be up and about as much as possible.

How England Cares for the Aged

In Great Britain's geriatric hospitals they help many elderly patients learn to be self-sufficient again. As a result, "incurables" often are restored to a happy and productive community life.

By Milton and Margaret Silverman

LONDON.

During the past two years doctors here in England have been watching with some astonishment the furious American debate raging over the subject of medical care of the aged. They have observed the furor over the Forand Bill, the hot election disputes, the noisy battle between representatives of organized labor and organized medicine and the storm of opposition which greeted President Kennedy's proposed medical program. And, generally speaking, they tactfully suggest that we are tackling the problem all wrong.

"Fighting over who is to pay the doctor—whether it be the patient himself or your Social Security system—will not really cure a single person," one British physician noted recently. "In medical care for the aged the most important thing would seem to be not who provides the dollars, but the quality of that medical care itself and how quickly the patient can get it."

There is no argument over the seriousness of the problem. Throughout the civilized world, the hottest topic in medicine today is medical care of the aged—a special field called geriatrics. Medical authorities have claimed that the plight of the elderly overshadows the threat of cancer, polio, arthritis or any other single disease.

In the United States, with nearly 17,000,000 men and women in the sixty-five-and-over group, Government and hospital officials estimate that elderly patients now take up from 15 to 30 per cent of all beds in general hospitals, 22 per cent of those in VA hospitals, 30 per cent of those in public psychiatric hospitals and 91 per cent of those in private nursing homes.

"Too often," Dr. I. J. Rossman, of New York's Montefiore Hospital, claimed recently, "these aged patients have been squeezed into hospitals and other institutions in which they go steadily downhill." He and others have suggested that from 25 to 30 per cent of these patients could be successfully rehabilitated and sent back into the world. But the emphasis now is not in this direction.

At the White House Conference on Aging held last January, a committee headed by Dr. Howard A. Rusk of New York indicated that more than 800,000 elderly patients are already in institutions and warned that thousands of others would be similarly institutionalized—many of them to vegetate until they died—if beds were available.

"The care they receive in hospitals or other institutions," Doctor Rusk's committee stated, "is often custodial rather than rehabilitative.... If they were provided modern rehabilitation services, many could once again learn to live their lives in independence and with greater dignity. The benefits . . . would extend not only to the disabled persons alone but to their families and to society as a whole."

In America many sympathetic health experts, hospital administrators and government officials are now seeking to solve the problem of the aged by calling for more hospitals, more beds, more nurses, more doctors and—inevitably—more money.

Since Europe is a generation ahead of America in running into this problem of old age and in attempting to solve it, many American medical men have come here to see what their European colleagues have already learned. On the Continent, these Americans have found, nearly every country—with the notable exception of Norway—has tried essentially the same approach now being widely advocated in the United States: merely the spending of more money to provide more ease and comfort for the elderly. The results have not been encouraging.

"Before the war," says Dr. Paul van de Calseyde, the Belgian who heads the European office of the World Health Organization, "life was hard on the old folks. They sat in the slums, waiting for death. Now things seem different. Now, in many cities, we build them beautiful, modern buildings—regular palaces, they are. But today the old folks sit in these palaces, still waiting for death. Just spending more money on more comfort is not enough."

Here in England, however, medical visitors have found brilliant promise in the work of Dr. Lionel Z. Cosin, today probably the leading practical authority on a completely fresh approach to the problem. Although his work is now part of Britain's socialized-medicine plan, the success of his program—and of similar programs in other British hospitals—does not depend necessarily on socialized medicine. This has (Continued on Page 91)

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Here she is fitted for the towering wig she wears in *My Geisha*, where she masquerades as a Japanese entertainer.

French actor Yves Montand, Shirley's dinner partner above, is leading man in her new film. Her husband, Steve Parker, is the show's producer.

I CALL ON

SHIRLEY MACLAINE

By PETE MARTIN

The star of *Can-Can* and *The Apartment* tells of the lucky breaks that took her from a Broadway chorus line to Hollywood stardom.

Left: On the set of *My Geisha*, now being filmed in Japan: Shirley, Japanese actress Yoko Tani and director Jack Cardiff.

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With Frank Sinatra in *Can-Can*. Shirley defends their off-screen friendship: "There's nothing evil, or even questionable, about it."

[illegible] and Laurence Harvey star as fellow schoolteachers in *Two Loves*, to be released next month.

In *All in a Night's Work* with Dean Martin. "The chemistry between Dean and me is good," she says.

Shirley MacLaine is tall, leggy, bosomy. Her smile curves upward like a sliver of new moon balanced on its bottom. Other portions of her face which trend upward are the tip of her nose, the small half-moon smile lines bracketing the corners of her mouth and the outer ends of her eyes. The over-all effect is that of a child murmuring "M'm'm'm'm'm'm" in a peanut-butter advertisement.

She is so tall that when she stood on tiptoe in ballet school the top of her head was exactly six feet from the floor. She is also outsized "careerwise"—as the writers of her 1960 film, *The Apartment*, would put it. Her performance in *Some Came Running* won her a nomination for a Hollywood Oscar in 1959. Last year she attended the Venice Film Festival to take home a Golden Lion for her work in *The Apartment*. Still later last year she completed work in a picture with the title *Two Loves*. After she wound up that picture, she rushed off to Japan to appear opposite Yves Montand in *My Geisha*, a film being made by her impresario-movie-producer husband, Steve Parker. To get background for this movie, she lived in a geisha house for two weeks.

Obviously, Shirley MacLaine has become what is known in Hollywood parlance as "an extremely hot property." As these words are written, she has just been nominated, along with four other film stars, for one of the top "Oscars" bestowed each year by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—the "Best Performance by an Actress" in 1960. The 1960 awards will be announced shortly before this article reaches *Post* readers, but even if Miss MacLaine does not win, it should be remembered that an Academy nomination in itself is considered a great honor in the entertainment world.

A few seasons back, when I was trying to analyze the mysteries of Marilyn Monroe's special appeal for publication, a friend of mine, Flack Jones—who labors in the Hollywood salt mines as a publicist—came to my rescue with his off-the-cuff appraisal of America's home-grown sex kitten. When he heard that I was about to call on Shirley MacLaine, he volunteered another portion of Hollywood *expertise*, delivering it flavored with his own brand of verbal yeast while we stood on the curbstone before Dino's Restaurant on The Strip. "I've got a theory about this MacLaine, buddy boy," he told me, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke from his mouth, then sucking it quickly back into his nostrils. "This girl is the biggest thing since sliced bread. She's a clean break with Hollywood's phony glamour and synthetic sexiness. Times have changed, pal, and she's part of this new period. When I think about her I get a playback in my head of two words, 'natural' and 'honest.' Put it this way: She's not an actressy actress. Certainly she's not a broad on whom the studios have spent bucketfuls of money trying to change her into a sexpot. This MacLaine had *that* going for her when she got here."

Some weeks later when I called upon Shirley MacLaine in her New York hotel suite, I put this, as well as other matters, up to her. She discussed them with me between a succession of hot-fudge sundaes—"they give me energy"—ordered up from room service. She sat on an overstuffed divan, curled her long legs under her and said, "To me it's simple; whatever's in me just comes out. I figure if that pleases people, I'd better not change it or fool around with it. With (Continued on Page 98)

Left: Shirley and Steve Parker at home in Tokyo with their daughter Stephanie, four. Steve works in Japan, so Shirley and Steph must cross the Pacific to be with him.

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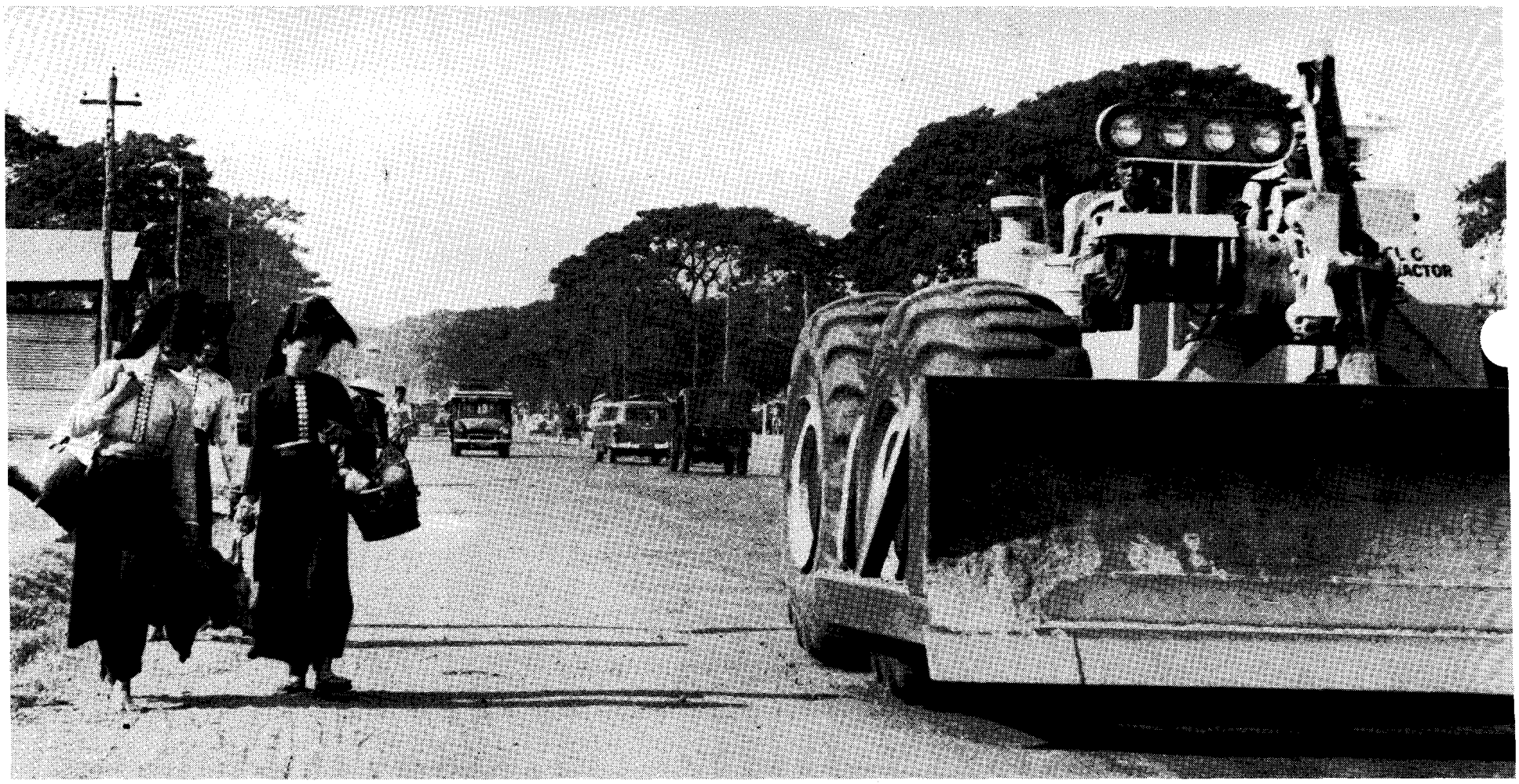
How Uncle Sam Fumbled in LAOS

Over $300,000,000 in American aid failed to stem the Communist tide in this tiny Asian country. Here is a correspondent's analysis of the mistakes we made.



Vientiane: A modern earth-mover lumbers past a file of traditionally dressed Laotian women padding through the roadside dust.

By Keyes Beech

VIENTIANE, LAOS.

According to the fable of the elephant and the three blind men, one of them touched its tusks and described the elephant as smooth and pointed. Another touched its hide and found the elephant to be rough and leathery. The third felt its tail and called the thing long and tufted.

Multiply one elephant by 1,000,000 and substitute the United States for all three blind men. Then you have some idea of the matchless mess we have made of the Kingdom of Laos, the "Land of the Million Elephants," a primitive, landlocked little backwater deep in the heart of Southeast Asia.

As an object lesson in how not to run a cold war, Laos has few parallels. Probably there are better ways to hand a country over to the Communists on a palm-leaf platter. But until somebody comes along who can do it better, the United States performance in Laos must stand in a class by itself.

Seldom in the free-spending annals of American aid have the skids to disaster been so generously greased with American taxpayers' dollars. In six years the United States spent $310,000,000 in Laos to create a "bulwark against Communism." Roughly this amounted to twenty-six dollars per head per year for every Laotian—in a country whose only cash crop is opium. Five sixths of this money went to a lighthearted army which couldn't fight its way out of a pillowcase, much less defend Laos from Communism.

"Dollar for dollar," observed one American expert, "it's about as bad a bargain as international aid money has yet bought."

If the money had merely been wasted, the whole unhappy adventure might have been written off as an expensive experience. Instead, this vast expenditure actually gave aid and comfort to the enemy. We lost face in an area where face is all important. We alienated our friends and strengthened our enemies. Soviet Russia gained a military supply and command post in the jungles of Southeast Asia thousands of miles from home territory. As if Asian Communists weren't bad enough, we now had to deal with the Russian variety as well.

The table was set for carving up Laos along the familiar lines of Korea and Vietnam. Communism took another long stride toward its ultimate goal—the possession of all Southeast Asia, one of the richest untapped sources of raw materials in the world.

By nature and temperament Laos was better cut out to be a quaint tourist paradise than a cold-war battleground. It is blessed with magnificent scenery—soaring limestone mountains and clear, fast-running rivers that come tumbling down from China until they are slowed to the Laotian pace as they join the mighty, muddy Mekong River, "the soul of Laos." In verdant valleys ducks, pigs, chickens and goats share a pastoral coexistence. Laos's 90,000 square miles, which make it a little larger than Kansas, are underpopulated instead of overpopulated—unlike most of Asia.

Unfortunately Laos is cursed by geography and always has been. Like an inoffensive sardine, it is surrounded by bigger, stronger, hungrier fish which throughout history threatened to gobble it up and often did. The cold war merely added a (Continued on Page 87)

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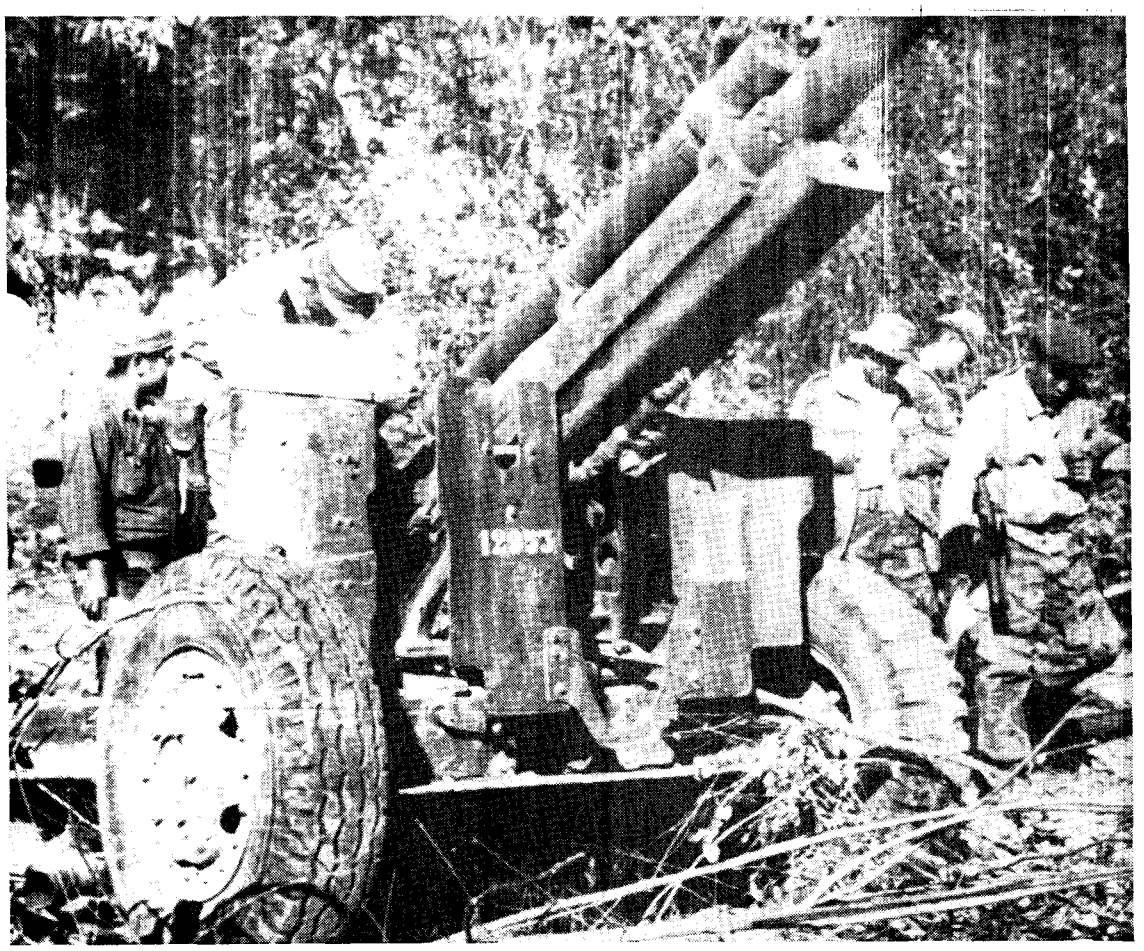

January, 1961: Government soldiers inspect an American 105-mm. howitzer recaptured from Communist Pathet o forces. The multimillion-dollar cost of maintaining the Laotian army is entirely paid for by the United States.

Neutralist Prince Souvanna, who went into exile when ousted as premier by Phoumi, is regarded as a leader who can reunite Laos.

The independent Kingdom of Laos shares a 1000-mile border with China and North Vietnam, both Communist.

Pint-sized Capt. Kong Le, 26, (here welcoming Soviet Ambassador Abramov to Vientiane last fall) led a *coup d'état* last August. Since deposed, he has joined with the Communists.

Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, supported by U.S. funds and fighting with American arms, took control of Laos in December, 1960.

Prince Boun Oum, 53 (in uniform, behind the elephant driver), was installed as premier by Phoumi. "An amiable playboy," he takes little part in politics.

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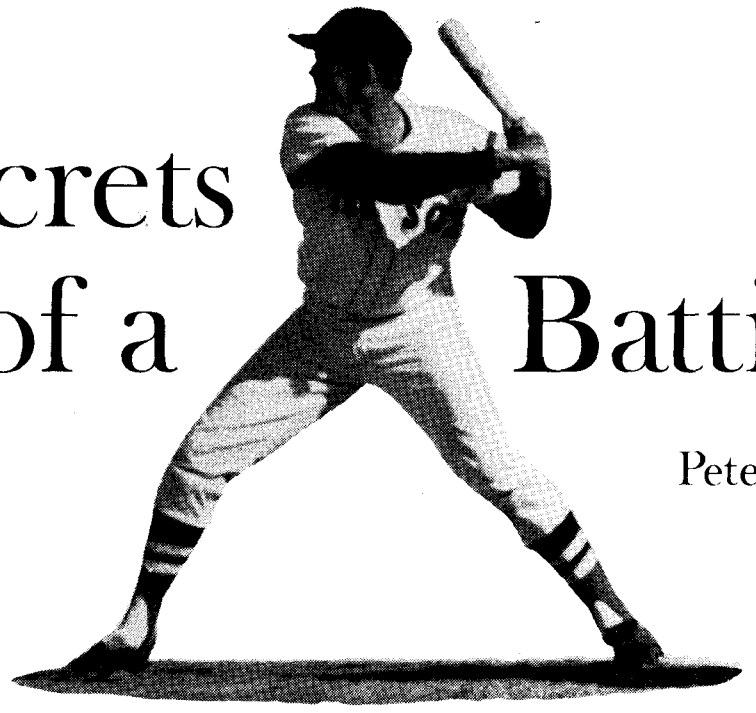
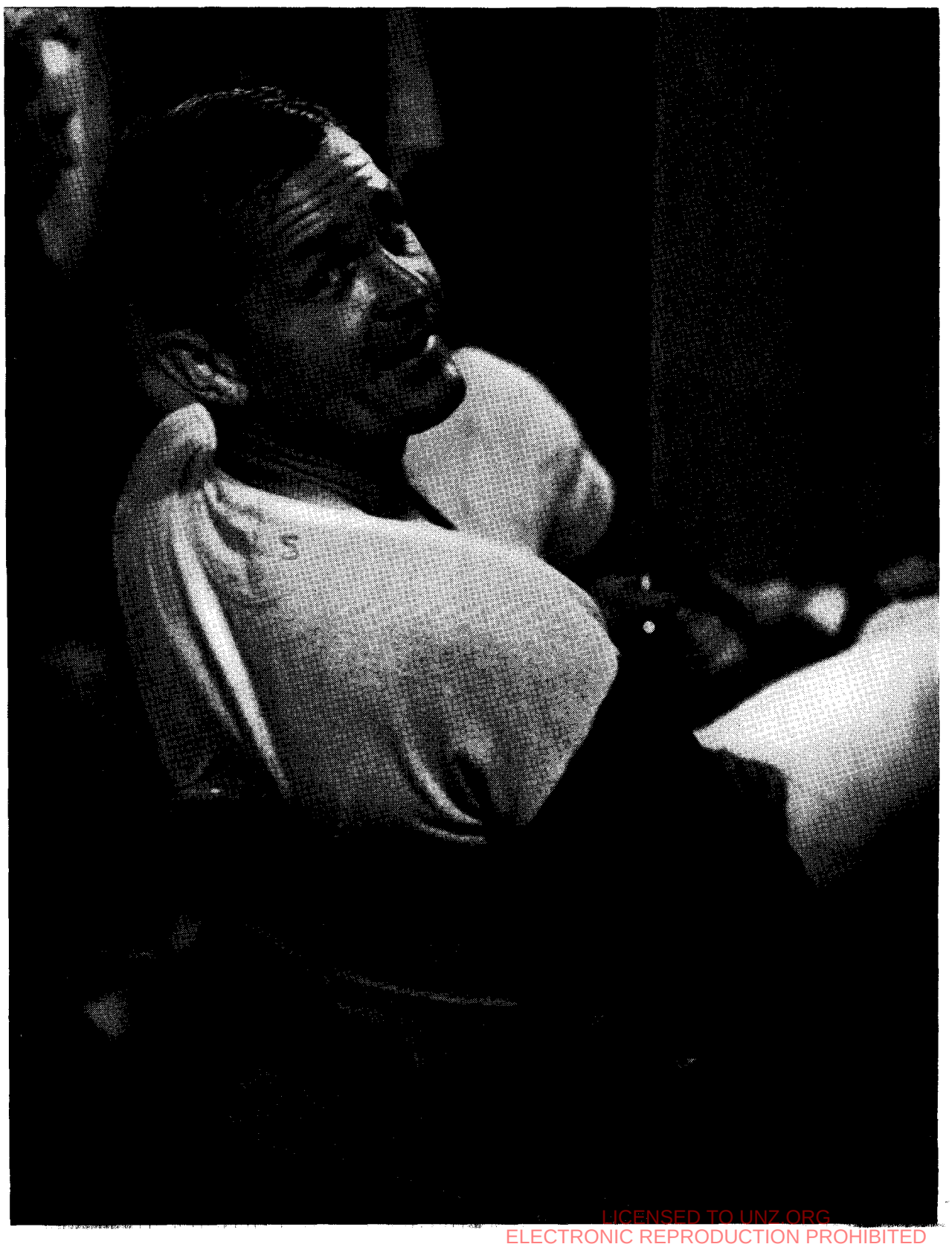
Secrets of a Batting Champion



Pete Runnels of the Boston Red Sox reveals the scientific methods he uses to outwit American League pitchers.

By PETE RUNNELS as told to Al Hirshberg

Below: The author, cooling off after a grapefruit-circuit game in Arizona last month.



I won last year's American League batting championship with an average of .320. It wa a title I never expected to win, and I suppos the fans were just as surprised, even though I had been close once before. In 1958 Ted Williams, my Boston Red Sox teammate, beat me out on the last weekend. I finished third a year later.

Big-league batting kings are usually stronger and healthier than I am. I was the lightest champion since Billy Goodman eleven years ago, and I must have been the sickest of all time. I had stomach ulcers and was on a strict diet the last month of the 1960 season.

A guy like me doesn't win a batting title with his muscles. He does it with his head. Recent champions like Williams, Mickey Mantle, Stan Musial, Harvey Kuenn and Hank Aaron can scare opposing pitchers. I don't scare anybody. I have to outthink and outguess the fellow on the pitching mound.

Like other experienced ballplayers I have a "book" on the league's pitchers. In other words, I know what each is most likely to throw to me in given circumstances. The book doesn't always help. When I'm in a slump my bat won't do what my mind tells it to. And when a top-notch pitcher has all his stuff, I need more luck than brains to hit him safely. But there are tricks to the trade of hitting, and I've learned a few of them in my ten years in the American League.

To give you an example, I had the good luck to collect nine hits off Detroit Tiger pitching in a twi-night double-header last August thirtieth in Boston. That put me back in the scramble for the batting title after a bad slump had almost eliminated me. I was hitting .311 before the double-header; after it, my average was .324, sending me into a tie with Al Smith of Chicago for the league leadership.

I got most of those nine hits by carefully sticking to my "book." Here's a rundown on what happened:

The Detroit starting pitcher in the opening game was Frank Lary. He likes to try to get me to hit his breaking stuff. He wants me to pull toward the right side of the diamond—I'm a left-hand hitter. He'll take a little speed off his (Continued on Page 11

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"*Miss* Strobonoff?" Hawkins asked.

The Deceivers

He decided two could play this risky game . . .

By JAMES KALSHOVEN

That night, while the diners at the countess's table listened raptly, Miss Strobonoff spun another delicate tale—a childhood memory of Rome and the pigeons in St. Peter's Square under the hot sun, and of a crimson-robed cardinal's speaking to her father, the ambassador. The pompano *en papillote* grew almost cold, but not even the Countess du Tremlay noticed as she nibbled.

At this graceful memoir's conclusion, the countess sighed. "What an abundant life you lived, my child, before the war. I see there is one potato suzette remaining. I think you should have it."

And Mr. Hector, who was a stockbroker's agent and somewhat deaf, murmured, "Delightful, delightful," while good Miss Thistlewaite gazed at her wineglass and dreamed. The widow Mrs. Broussard reached for another *croissant*.

Miss Strobonoff said, "It was a rewarding existence. Remind me to tell you, on another occasion of the last embassy ball." It was a promise Miss Strobonoff believed she could safely make. But then she was no prophet.

The boardinghouse of the Countess du Tremlay, near Audubon Park on Prytania Street in New Orleans, is white, colonnaded and exclusive. It is also expensive, although, fortunately for Miss Strobonoff, it had not always been, despite the meals which even then featured such unboardinghouse fare as the aforesaid pompano *en papillote*.

The countess herself—and dietitians may ponder this—was still slender and youthful-looking, although approaching middle age. She selected her boarders on the basis of her whims, which were as capricious as New Orleans weather in January. But graciously had she overlooked the name Strobonoff, being pleased by her (Continued on Page 102)

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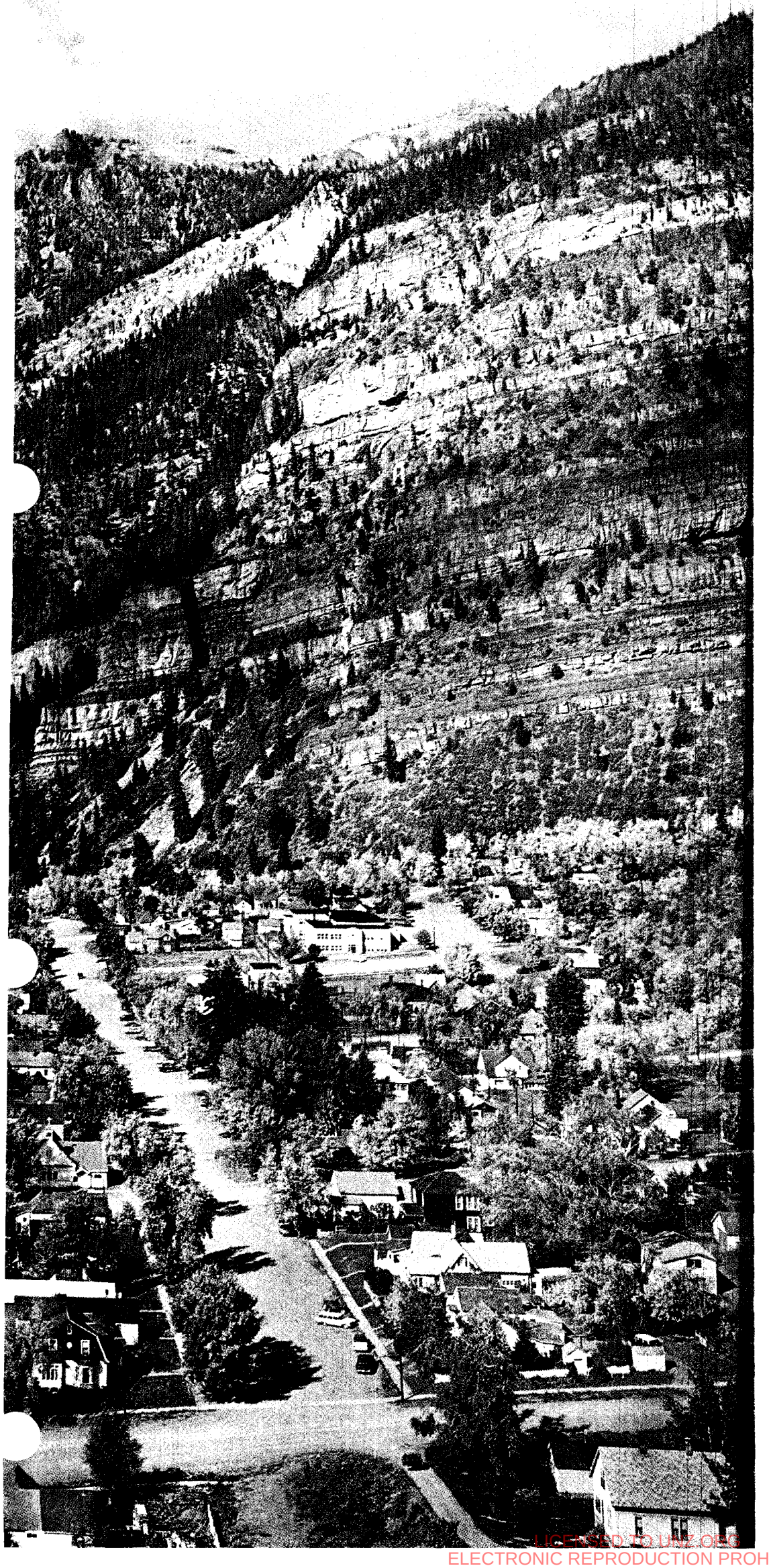

The Face of AMERICA

Golden Road

High in the Rockies, in a tiny valley just west of the Continental Divide, nestles Ouray, Colorado, a little town with a big past. Founded in 1875, when rich silver lodes were discovered in the surrounding hills, Ouray went through the silver boom-and-bust cycle, acquiring a three-story hotel, a newspaper, saloons, bawdyhouses and, after silver prices broke, a municipal hang-over. Thomas F. (for *Father Struck It Rich*) Walsh rescued Ouray from probable oblivion when he discovered gold in the silver workings in 1896. Walsh netted almost $10,000,000 from the Camp Bird Mine, five miles south of Ouray. The mine still produces zinc, lead and some silver and gold. Today Ouray's citizens (pop. 785) work the local mines, farm and raise cattle on ranches a few miles north of the valley, enjoy their several natural hot springs and cater to visitors, who come to hunt and explore the many small mountain parks in the vicinity. This picture looks upon Ouray from U.S. 550, which snakes its way up the side of a steep canyon wall and is called The Million Dollar Highway because, it was later discovered, it was surfaced with gold-bearing gravel.

• Photograph by A. C. Shelton

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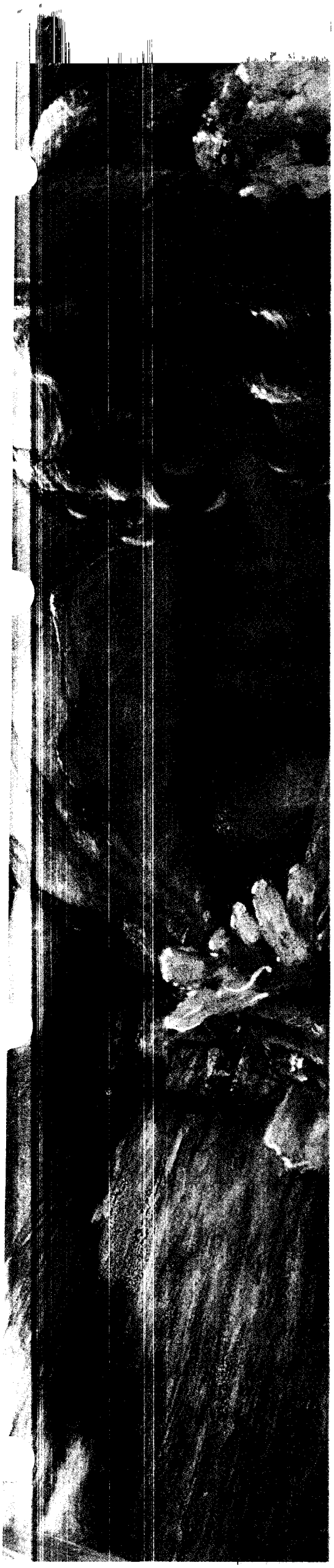

There was only one way to deal with a woman who ignored the fact that a man was married.

LEAVE MY HUSBAND ALONE

By FRANCES ENSIGN GREENE

When the girl came out of her office building at twenty minutes to six, Scott Torrance recognized her at once from the photograph he'd held in his hands only yesterday. She had a face that wouldn't happen again in a hundred years, so there could be no mistaking it. Careful now to merge with the crowds, he followed at a little distance, his angry mind noticing the way she walked in the rain, as though the city streets were moorland. She didn't hug the buildings or scuttle into doorways as other women did, and she held her bright head up, enjoying the rain's spray, or defying it.

He followed her for five blocks, then she turned off Madison onto Sixty-third, went part way down the street and ran up the steps of a brownstone front. Torrance waited on the sidewalk for the length of one cigarette before he mounted the steps and started pushing bells at random, deliberately not touching hers, the one marked MacDonald. Harry Morton had told him she lived in No. 6, one flight up, and was still using her own name—which was an oversight on her part, Harry had said. It might prove rather awkward in the months to come.

Scott Torrance caught the clicking door and went up the stairs. The voice was friendly in answer to his knock, and it said, "You, Mrs. Sanford? Just a second." So he hated what he had to do, and given another minute he might have walked away and left it the way it was, but her destiny drove her to open the door, and the pattern began to form; she stood there rubbing her head with a towel until the familiarity of him hit her, and she dropped the towel to the floor. She said simply, "Get out."

He went past her into the room, and now in the light she saw her mistake and recognized in this stranger an anger that matched her own. They stared at each other. Finally he picked up the towel and handed it to her. "Did you know that Mike kept your picture, Nora? And why not? You're a beautiful woman."

She said, "Since you look like him, I know who you are. So I'll give you one minute to clear out before I call the police."

"It's a little late for that, isn't it? Why didn't you call them when my father and brother came here? Why, Nora? With a face like yours, full of honesty and good Gaelic courage, why would you take my father's money and let them write the whole thing off?" He was prowling the room, talking more to himself than to her, examining the way she lived and the things she lived with. There wasn't much to see. One room and bath, clean and cheerful enough, some plants on a window sill, a bright parakeet in a cage. There was little evidence of the ten thousand his father had paid to save Mike's hide.

". . . just a token, you understand, a symbol of Torrance good will," his father had told him yesterday. "And just so she wouldn't go blatting to a lawyer. A woman like that is just starting on her way. Maybe in a couple of years I'll look her up myself when she's got a little smarter."

Sickness then, and sickness now. What did you do with your father's face when it revolted you? You couldn't smash it in, so you said instead, "Take your elbow out of my ribs, aging Pan. It must be I'm a little slow. It's taken me twenty-eight years to really know you." And to the brother you said nothing because there was nothing to say that he could understand; so you studied the beautiful photograph of the girl he had fooled, and believed in it. Then you went to see Harry Morton, who had once been Mike's friend, and you learned the things you needed to know.

Well, her beauty was hardly a passive thing. If there had been tolerance or gentleness in her face, his job would have been easier. "I'm Scott Torrance. If Mike spoke of me at all, he probably called me Bud. I'm here because I think you got a lousy deal, a typical Peter Torrance steam-roller (Continued on Page 45)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

"Right," Nora said, "I'm the expert on unrequited love. Now *get* out of here."

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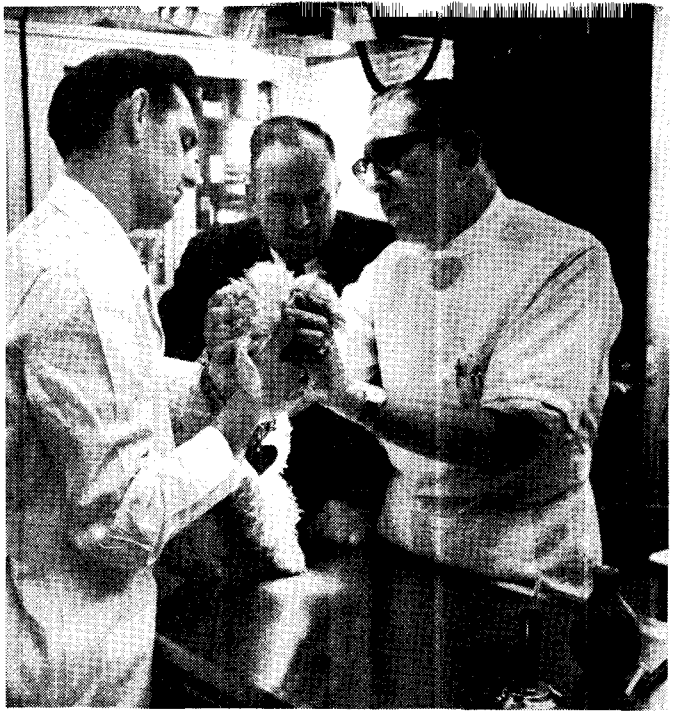
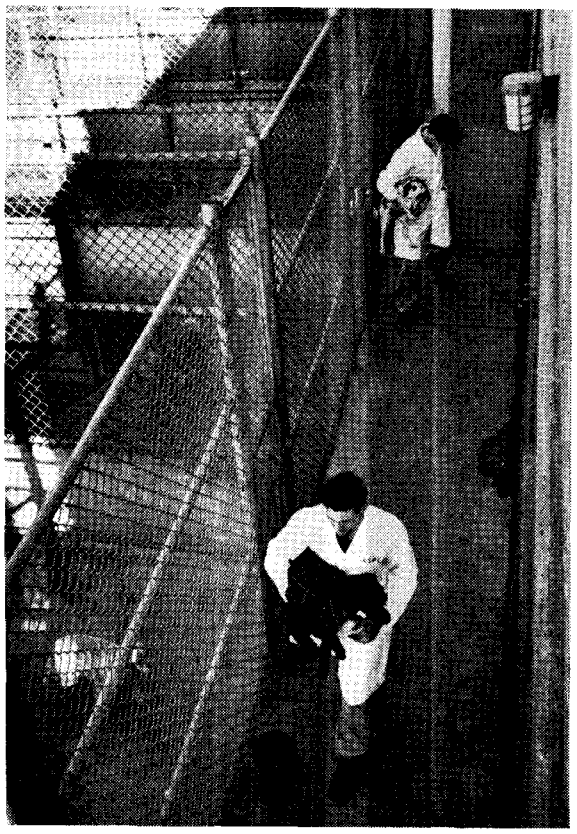


Veterinarian Dr. A. A. Livingston (right) examines a poodle who was a bit upset by the flight from France.

A rapturous reunion at Idlewild's A.S.P.C.A. shelter between a gorilla infant and its owner.

A less harmonious reunion between leopard and owner. When this bad-tempered baby grows up, he may weigh 300 pounds.



Handlers escort two canine boarders from their cages to the clean, spacious exercise runs.

Race horses frequently stop overnight at Animalport, where box stalls for them are kept spotless by steam cleaning. Elephants llamas and zebras—all among the 33,000 animals accommodated last year—are stabled in the same facilities.

Mealtime: Attendant Charles Heerbrandt bottle-feeds a pair of bear cubs en route from Calcutta to Fort Worth, Texas.

Noah's Ark in New York

To keep chimpanzees from mingling with customers, Idlewild Airport has the world's most exotic waiting room: Animalport.

By ROBERT CHRISTIE

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A razor-billed stork, just flown in from India, is gingerly led to its cage by George Bauer, Animalport's resident manager, who has been host to more than 12,000 tropical birds.

Nowhere in the world, probably, can a hog live higher on the man than at New York's Idlewild International Airport. Here, within the confines of the airport itself, is located this hemisphere's only completely equipped stopping place for animal air travelers, the Sidney H. Coleman Animalport, a $300,000 shelter built, owned and operated by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Since it opened on January 29, 1958, the Animalport has been host, doctor, nurse, dietitian and chaperon to nearly every kind of creature that walks, flies, slithers, crawls or swims—102 species in all.

As early as 1956 it became clear that, with the constantly increasing number of animals shipped by air, something would have to be done to relieve the carriers of a number of unusual problems. Their dumb passengers were seldom any trouble while aloft. It was different, however, when they reached the ground.

The airlines carrying live cargo had neither the trained personnel nor the facilities to care properly for animals delayed in transit. Suitable between-flight accommodations did not exist. There was always the danger that inexperienced men would be injured when dealing with powerful wild beasts. Almost equally serious was the possibility that rare and valuable cargo would be harmed or lost and, indeed, animals did several times escape their handlers.

A former manager at the New York International Airport remembers waiting to greet an inbound United Nations personage, when he was understandably disconcerted to see a chimpanzee mingling with the crowd at the arrival gate. Prior to the Animalport's opening, police were more than once called upon to chase horses that had broken away. On one memorable occasion an elephant took to the runways. On still another a platoon of simian escapees chose the control tower for their acrobatics.

Occurrences of this kind, together with a rising volume of complaints from shippers, drew the A.S.P.C.A.'s attention to the need which existed. Officials of the society met with representatives from airlines that flew live cargo, and a majority of the carriers warmly approved the society's proposal to build a shelter adequate to the growing needs. A scant eighteen months later the Animalport was ready for its first boarder, a cat from Paris.

No one is prouder of this unusual shelter than fifty-five-year-old George F. Bauer, the establishment's resident manager. "We think it's the best of its kind anywhere," the manager said. "I don't mean there aren't problems sometimes. There are. But they give the job a lift that keeps it from getting routine."

Manhattan-born Bauer should know. He has a grandstand seat. With his wife, an attractive woman whose favorite pet is the couple's only

(Continued on Page 107)

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Was the governor as guilty as the torturers themselves?

THE LION AND THE DAGGER

By STORM JAMESON

At the same time that he was trying to restore order in his rebellion-torn colony, Gov. Richard Ormston faced a crisis within his own household. Against the governor's expressed will, his son Andrew continued to see Sarah Leng; Ormston had even tried to drive them apart by telling Andrew a damaging story of Sarah's past, disclosing details that the governor learned from Robin Hind, his secretary.

When the security police captured the leader of the rebellion, Ormston authorized the use of "any means" to make him talk, although the traitorous prisoner was his lifelong friend, Anthony Boyd. After days of torture, Boyd finally broke and revealed everything of the rebels' plans. Only then did Ormston allow himself to think of the terrible ordeal that he had ordered his friend subjected to. A growing conviction of guilt crept upon him, so that he sent Robin Hind to see that Boyd was all right. When Robin returned, ashen and shaking, he stammered, "Do you know what they've done to him? They—I can't tell you—things no one would believe. . . ."

Conclusion

Sarah stopped abruptly at the corner of Urraca Street and the square. It was not a place where she cared to hesitate—even on Sunday morning. What had pulled her up short was the spectacle of Robin Hind. His thin blond figure, in the middle of the crowded street, was a provocation. He must have gone mad, she thought. In the hope of avoiding him, she stepped into the doorway of the nearest small shop, but he saw her and broke into a run—running toward her. *Does the little beast imagine I don't know what he did?* she thought, with a flash of rage.

He took hold of her arm. "Sarah, I want to talk to you."

As she shook his hand off, she noticed that he was ill or in trouble. She felt a twinge of curiosity, but no kindness. "What's the matter?" she said. "You look rotten."

© 1961 Margaret Storm Jameson Chapman

He shook his head. "I'm all right—that's to say I"—he lowered his voice and made an effort to seem self-possessed—"I must speak to you. Where can we go to talk quietly?"

"All right, you can come to the office with me; I was going."

He flinched. "I can't go there."

"Then go to the devil. No, all right, I know you can't. Yes, you can. There's almost no one there at this time, and I have my own room. Come on, Totty."

Sarah took him at a run up a steep flight of rickety wooden steps, into a small room as bare and dusty as the staircase; in it were a small desk, a washbasin, a wastepaper basket and one cane-bottomed chair.

Quite coolly she whipped the little bottle of sleeping tablets from Ormston's hand.

"No one will come in," she told him. "Sit down."

He looked round him unhappily. "Where.

She settled this by sitting on the edge of the desk; he dropped onto the chair and covered his face with both hands. She asked him brusquely, "Is something wrong?"

"After all, I can't tell you," he said.

"Just as you like," she said with indifference.

His carefully composed face seemed to fall to pieces. "No, no, I must tell you—it must be stopped. Wait a minute."

She felt a shock of fear. "Has something happened to Andrew?" she asked him fiercely.

"No, why should anything happen to him?" He bit his lip. "I'm sorry, my dear girl, I'm making a fool of myself, but if you knew what I've been through ——"

Her patience gave out. "Either tell me or don't tell me, but don't sit there yammering like an old woman."

Robin smiled unwillingly; her roughness was familiar and comforting. "I'm sorry," he said again. "You—your wretched newspaper had it in on Thursday as a rumor—you kne we'd caught a chap, one of the rebels ——

She interrupted him. "There were stories going round. We haven't been able to pin any of them down. It's true, is it?"

"Yes." He hesitated and said in a rush, "He's an Englishman—named Boyd. He has a wife living here. Security picked him up a week ago; he wouldn't talk, so they—they tortured him." He closed his eyes for a second. "Sarah, I've seen him. It made me ill. If I'd known it would be like that, I wouldn't have gone near him. I was a fool to go. I didn't imagine, I didn't know what it would be like, I ——"

"Is it true?"

"Of course it's true." A peevish note came into his voice. "I tell you, I saw him."

"Totty, I—I can't handle this," she said, stammering, "I must tell Charles about it—my stepfather."

"Tell him. Tell anyone you like," he cried. "It's got to be stopped."

She forced herself to think calmly. "You do realize what you're doing, don't you? I mean—you're the witness, the only witness. Are you going to stand to this—publicly—when you're asked about it? Think."

"No, I can't do that."

"Then what's the use of your telling me?"

"You can use the information," he said. "You must. Only, don't say who told you."

Poor Totty, she thought involuntarily, with contempt and pity. "If we don't support the story—and you're the only person who can support it—we shall be shut up, broken. They've been waiting for a chance. Surely you can see that?" He did not answer, and she went on, speaking carefully, watching his face. "It would finish you, you know. Some people would say you were lying. Most of them would know you were telling the truth—even most people at home. But you wouldn't be thanked. I expect—I don't know, of course, but I suppose you'd have to resign or something."

"Or something," he repeated ironically. "You're talking like a child."

"I may be," she said. "I don't know very much, but I know that when you tell scandalou

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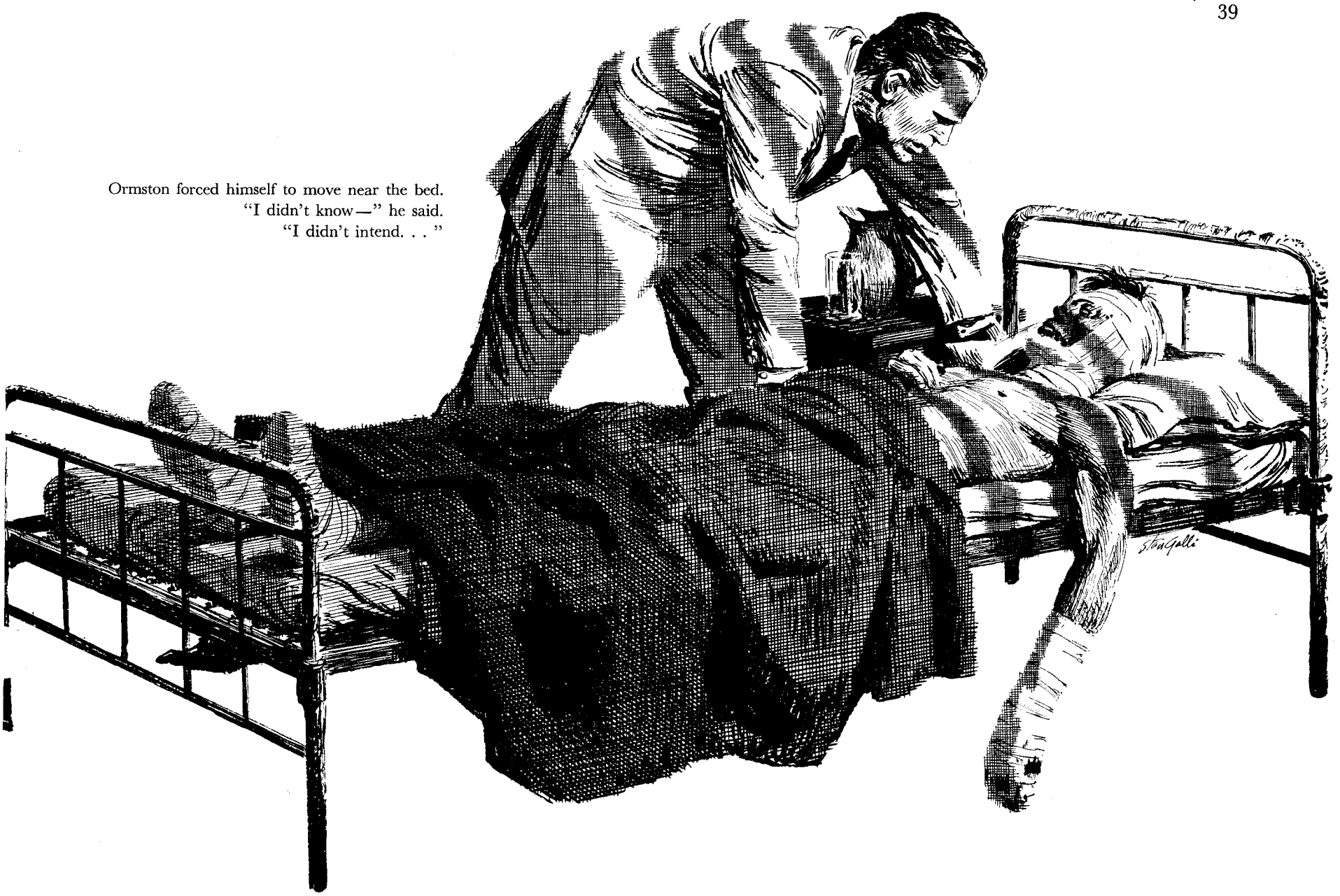

Ormston forced himself to move near the bed.
"I didn't know—" he said.
"I didn't intend. . . "

truths about authority—any authorities, not just ours here—even if you're believed it puts you on the other, the wrong side of a line drawn between people who are—what's the word?—sound and people who are unsound, not reliable, likely to be a nuisance."

For the second time since he came into the room Robin seemed about to break down and burst into tears. He looked at Sarah with a despairing appeal. "But what am I to do—what can I do?"

Now he's going to be sorry for himself, she thought. "Don't ask me to tell you that, I'm not competent. Anyhow, it's your choice, your funeral."

"But why need you drag me in?" he said petulantly. "Why can't you just publish the story without involving me?"

"You know why not."

He tried to pull his face into its normal look of composed, amiable good sense. "Sarah, I thought I could count on you not to damage me," he said in a reproachful voice.

She smiled unkindly. "The question is: Can we count on *you?*"

Instead of answering, he jumped up and began to walk up and down the narrow room. "Do you think he knew?" he said abruptly.

"Who? What are you talking about?"

"About His Excellency, of course. D'you think they told him they were going to use torture? I can't believe it."

"I can't see that it matters."

"It doesn't, except"—he turned on her a face in which anxiety and mortification had drawn under his eyes a line that certainly had not been there when he got up that morning—"I've ruined myself with him. Whatever happens, he won't forgive me, or trust me again. And I have no one else backing me now. No one. I'm done for."

She was silent, then said, "Poor Totty."

"You're laughing at me," he said coldly, "but it's serious for me."

"I know it is. I wasn't laughing. You're very ambitious, aren't you?"

He gave her a cool glance. "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. But it makes it harder for you than it would be for me. Here's where you choose," she said simply. "If you tell, it will be a frightful scandal. You *may* be ruined with him—with your precious Excellency—already. If you tell, you'll certainly be ruined, no *may*, with everyone except the kind of people you loathe, like my stepfather. That's the score. So—what are you going to do?"

"Can't you—are you sure?—leave me out of it?" he muttered.

She tried to speak patiently. "If I repeat to Charles what you've told me and don't tell him where I heard it, he'll either laugh in that ghastly young-at-heart way of his or go on probing until he gets it out of me. Totty, it's no use Either you come out with it yourself, or. . . ." She spread her hands.

The young man did not answer. He was sitting stiffly, a faint frown pulling his thin eyebrows together, blue limpid eyes fixed in a worried stare. Sarah thought, *What's going on behind them? I bet I know. His ambition is on top again; he means well, he always did, but he has to get on.*

"You'll think badly of me, won't you, if I refuse?"

"No," she said.

"I—I can't, Sarah."

"Very well."

His voice sharpened. "You won't give me away, will you? Promise."

"I promise," she said coldly. She added, "But the story will get out. These things always do."

"How? Why should it?" he said, scowling.

"I don't know how. All I know is that somehow, in some way or other, when a thing like this has happened—has been done—it gets to be known. Don't, if there *are* rumors, think I've said anything. That's all."

Robin got up. Stretching himself, he walked over to the washbasin and turned the tap. No water came.

"It doesn't work," Sarah told him. Suddenly she said, "You told Andrew about—about Julian."

His shoulders jerked. He did not turn his head. "I'm sorry, Sarah."

"It was a foul thing to do."

He turned round. He looked much younger again, and ashamed. (Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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Birthday Parties I Have Lived Through

Fourth: "Give the nice little girl her present, Ronnie. Ronnie, give her that present this instant!"

Sixth: "No, no; little gentlemen don't kick girls. . . . Barry, it's your turn to be blindfolded. Barry! It isn't fair to stick the pin in Linda!"

Eighth: "The next person who squirts his bottle of pop in somebody's face goes home. . . . Warren! What's your phone number?"

Eleventh: "Boys! Boys! Get down off the piano and come finish this card game!"

Thirteenth: "Come on, boys, who'll be the first to ask a girl to dance? . . . Russell? . . . Steve? . . . Doug? Come on, boys, dancing is fun!"

Eighteenth: "Where *is* everybody?"

HILARIE BROWN

The Homely Philosopher

(Agricultural Division)

Every now and again I like to visit my old friend Selwyn P. Selwyn, who retired from the firm a few years ago to sit and whittle. Selwyn has a way of seeing straight to the heart of a problem, and I had a problem all right, a real stem-winder.

So I stopped by yesterday and found Selwyn outside, dusting his roses, which he likes to keep looking tidy. I shook his hard brown hand.

"Well, sir, Selwyn," I said. "The old firm's rocking along, but I've run into a little trouble. It seems ——"

"Mouse in the milk pail, hey?" he said, his blue eyes keen.

"What? Oh. You said it, Selwyn. Well, sir, it's like this. When old J. W. put me in charge of Widget Cost Control, Western Division, I didn't want to blast off and turn the department upside down."

Selwyn nodded. "Slow an' steady gits yer hay in," he said. I followed him into the kitchen.

"Gits yer what?" I said. "Oh. Right. That's my thinking, Selwyn. So I just made a few minor changes, and ——"

Selwyn raised a shrewd eyebrow. "Rakin' ain't plowin'."

"H'm? Oh. Well, yes, Selwyn, but still, anything worthwhile takes time, and ——"

Selwyn nodded thoughtfully as he peeled a turnip. "Sowin's afore reapin'," he said.

"That's for sure, Selwyn," I said. "And anyhow, I only had a two-bit budget, and ——"

"Can't slop pigs with a teaspoon," Selwyn said, slicing the brown bread.

"Can't slop—exactly!" I said. "Well, you know old J. W.—an idea a minute ——"

Selwyn nodded. "Takes an old spud to sprout."

"Takes a —— You're right, Selwyn. So what does he do? Boots me upstairs—manager in charge of paper-clip disbursement, Eastern *and* Western divisions, the old more-title-less-pay bit and I don't know if I can afford it or not!"

Selwyn nodded. "Titles ain't vittles." . pulled up two chairs and jerked a thumb toward mine. "Dry goods?"

I regarded the turnips and the brown bread.

"Er—no wet goods?" I asked. He histed me up some well water.

"No, thanks," I said. "I mean, water's water, but thirst is thirst," and I left, heading for a little place I know on 3rd Avenue. A talk with Selwyn always opens up new vistas and, sitting down there at Joe's, I found my thoughts becoming clearer and clearer. I could see now that my problem had several possible solutions I'd overlooked. After all, you can't grow mushrooms in a cornpatch. I mean, corn don't sprout in the subbasement. I mean, there's more ways to fill a silo than choking it with butter.

PEG BRACKEN

At the Class Reunion

The way your school chums look,
Will probably surprise you;
They've grown so bald and stout,
They hardly recognize you.

STEPHEN SCHLITZ.

Titles That Didn't Come Easily

~~Moonshine Moonglow~~ Moonlight ~~Composition with Movements Contrasted in Rhythm~~ Sonata

~~Sydney Carton the~~ A Story Saga Epic Tale of ~~London and Paris a Couple of~~ Two ~~Great~~ Cities

~~A Mediation Meditation Thant Thannopsis Thannotopsis Thanotopsis Thanetopsis Thanutopsis~~ Thanatopsis

~~Whiskyville Bourbontown Brandy Corners Gin Valley Wines Crossing~~ Winesburg, ~~Illinois Indiana California New Jersey~~ Ohio

~~A Whole Bunch of Poems for Little Squirts Rhymes for Young~~ Child's ~~Poetry~~ Garden ~~of Rhymes Poems~~ Verses

~~Evangeleen Evangelynne Evangeli Evangaline~~ Evangeline (A Tale ~~about cc cerning regarding pertaining to of~~ ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

Save Your Breath By WALT WETTERBERG

"... So when Eloise stood me up last night I finally wised up to the perfidy of womankind. I've had it! I'm through! I'm ..."

"... Then you subtract checks outstanding from the bank statement balance and add deposits made after date of statement. ..."

"Well, here's the final decision—ripe peach on the north, east and south walls, pearl-gray on the west wall, desert sand on the baseboard. ..."

"Once upon a time, in the days when giants roamed the earth, there lived . . ."

"Took me years to scout this lake and locate this spot. Best of all, not a soul knows about it except the two of us."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PICTURE IT NOW—*enjoy it again and again!*

Here comes the happy pair . . .

together at last in the moment . . .

that will be forever theirs.

They dance on their private cloud.

They'll remember this day of days . . .

now and for always . . .

beautifully . . . colorfully . . . *clearly* . . .

because you saved it in movies . . .

to enjoy forever after.

Capture all the joy of the wedding— with a Brownie Movie Camera

Now you can see all of your family's special days in color pictures that seem to live and breathe . . . *movies!*

Why wait any longer? The Brownie 8 Movie Camera actually costs less than $27, or as little as $3 down at most dealers'. Check your dealer for exact retail price.

This is a solid, dependable, *precision* camera —built and backed by Kodak. And it's so easy to use: Just turn the exposure dial to the day's light condition, aim and press the button. People don't have to stand still. In fact, the more they move, the more true to life your movies! Up to 40 average-length scenes on one roll of 8mm film.

Ask your Kodak dealer to demonstrate the exciting Brownie 8 Movie Camera—now!

Price is subject to change without notice.

Less than $27

Give the Brownie 8 Movie Camera, *f*/2.7, for weddings and graduations.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

Kodak TRADEMARK

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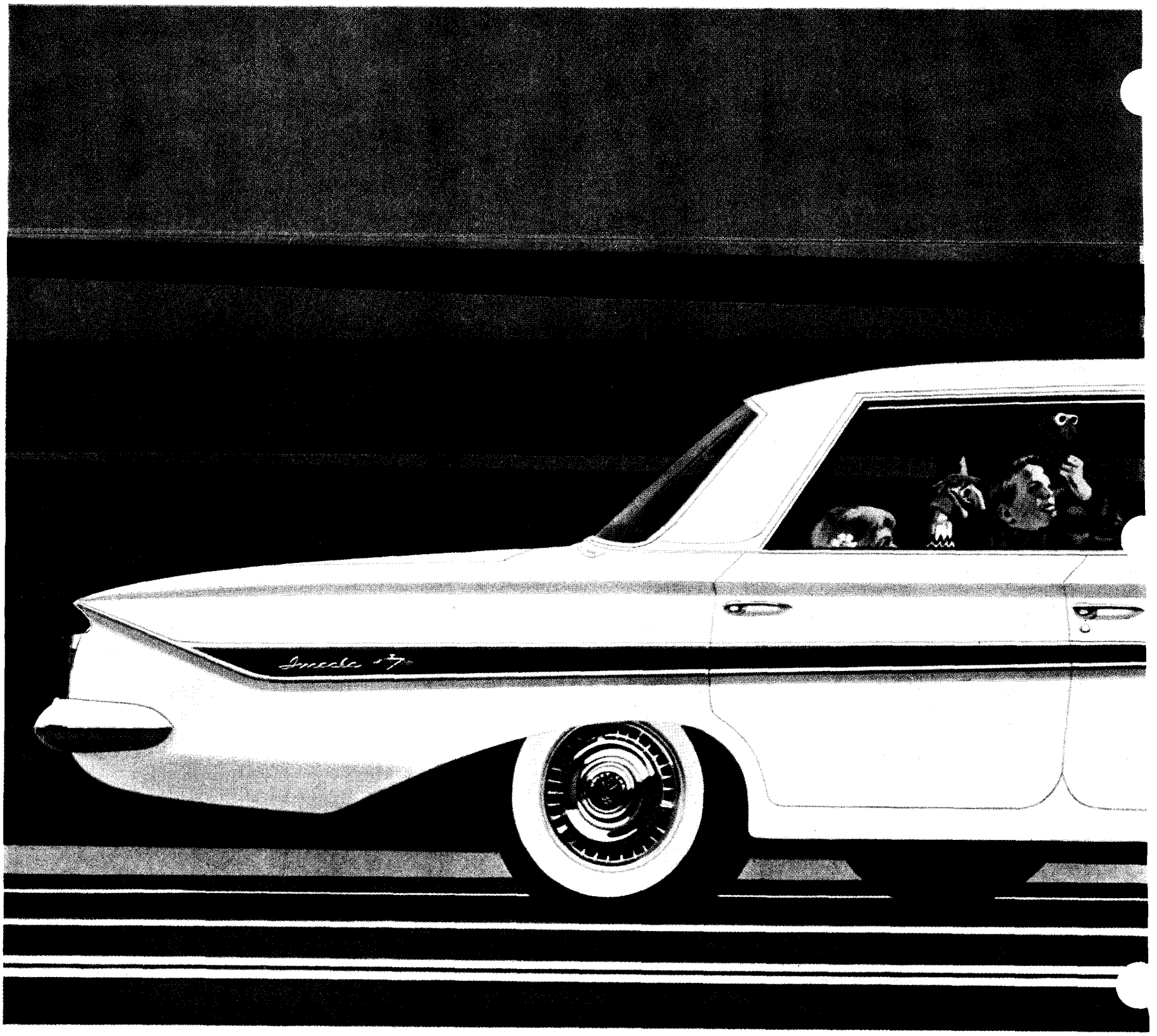
brings Jet-smooth travel down to earth!

JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET



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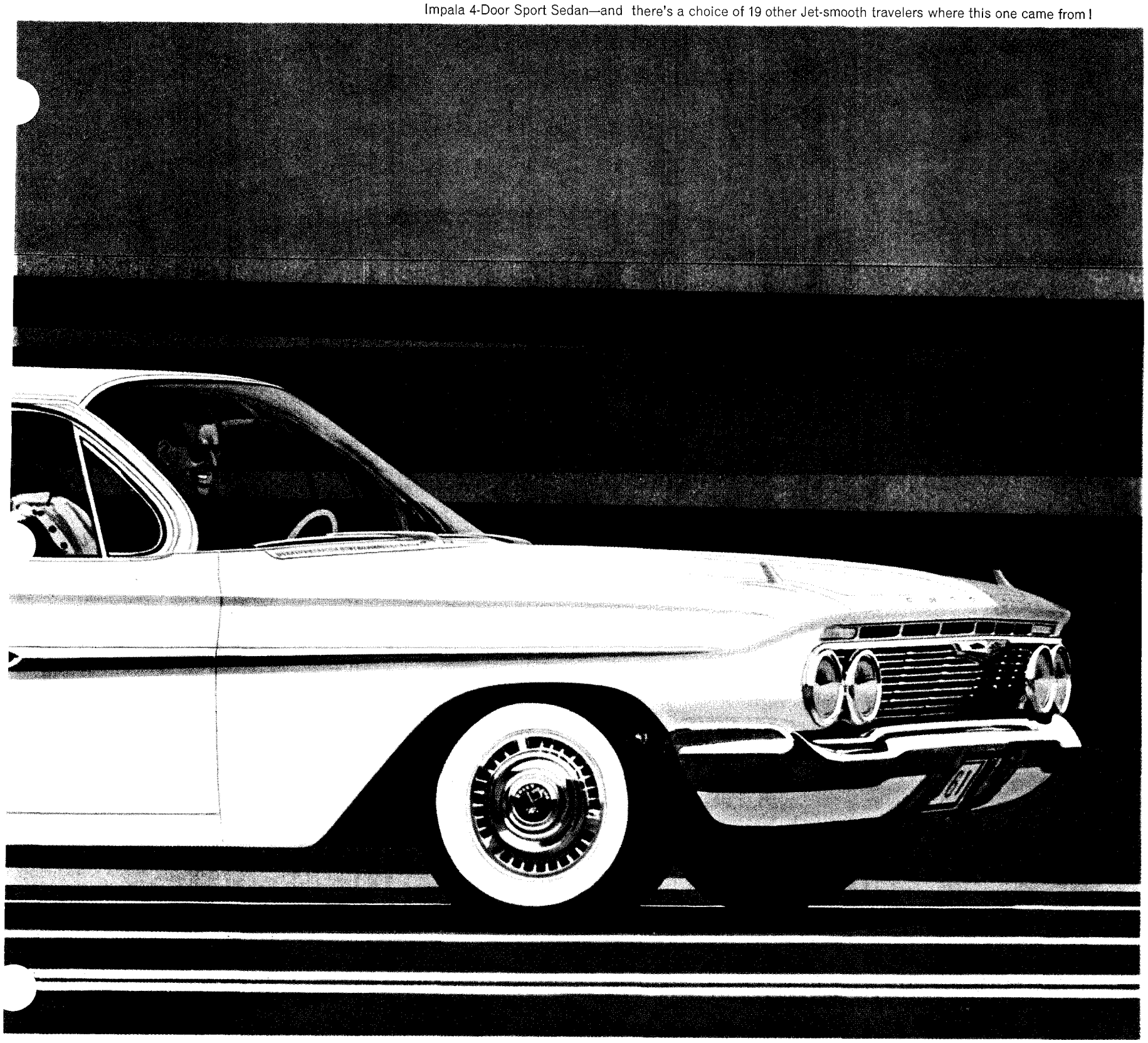
This one's got owners of high-priced cars muttering to themselves about the money they could have saved. Chevy's ride is that good. Our ingenious engineers explain their handiwork with technical talk about Full Coil suspension, precision balanced wheels, special chassis cushioning, and the superbly insulated Body by Fisher. But why not take a spin and let Chevy do its own sweet talking? Pick a road, any road . . . and see how it's an improved road under this Chevy. See how Chevy's new ride adds up to less sway, less jounce, less dip, less dive, less tilt, less noise, less . . . well, you name it. And while you're out sampling Chevy's smoothness, take a good look at the nice way Chevy surrounds you with roominess, comfort and luxury. Makes paying more pointless, doesn't it? Thing to do is have a heart to heart talk with your Chevrolet dealer. When it comes to budget buying you'll find him talking your language....Chevrolet Division, General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET

Impala 4-Door Sport Sedan—and there's a choice of 19 other Jet-smooth travelers where this one came from!



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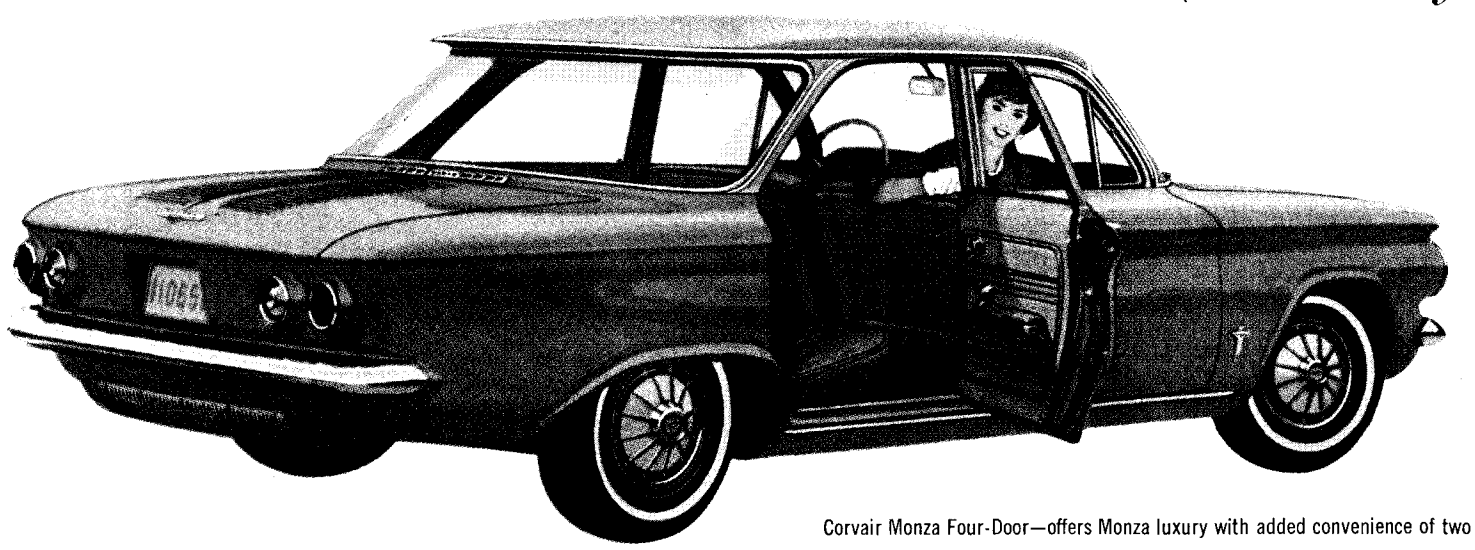
take your pick of a pair of

Corvair MONZAS

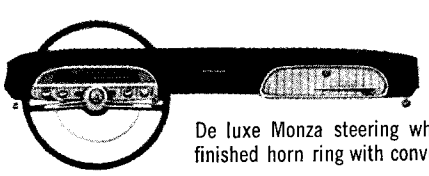
(with two or four doors!)



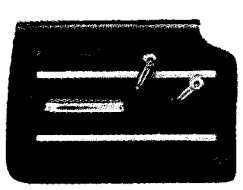
Corvair Monza Four-Door—offers Monza luxury with added convenience of two more doors!

Corvair Monza Two-Door—just one of 10 Corvair models to choose from in '61!

If you've been able to resist a Monza up to now—and that's quite an accomplishment—get ready to capitulate. For now you can choose this most distinctive Corvair with either two *or* four doors! In either case, the Monza offers luxury-car features, custom interiors like sports-car type bucket seats,* custom door and window fixtures, deep-twist carpeting, and a de luxe steering wheel. Things that go with the spirit of this machine. Of course, if you need any more persuasion, then apparently you've yet to sample such Corvair advantages as rear-engine traction, Full Coil suspension, precision steering and a virtually flat floor. Your Chevrolet dealer's eager to show them off. Just ask him! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



De luxe Monza steering wheel features chrome-finished horn ring with convenient thumb buttons.



Elegantly crafted vinyl door trim adds note of luxury. Monza interiors are offered in six color combinations, too.

*Individual bucket-type front seats are standard on the Monza Two-Door and an extra-cost option on Monza Four-Door.

CHEVY CORVAIR corvair

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Leave My Husband Alone (Continued from Page 35)

job. But there's a way to even it up if you'll take it."

Nora measured him carefully, listening with her eyes as well as her ears. Unbelievably she heard this strange man ask her in anger to marry him, and she let the moment pass when she might have laughed in his face and sent him on his way. Her mind speculated upon his roguish reason. She tried to remember what Michael had told her of this older brother who had seldom come home after their mother's death and had always been at odds with their wealthy father. He'd never played it smart, Michael had said.

Why couldn't they leave her alone, now that she had weathered the fury and the storm and had managed to go on living? She was her own woman again, and nothing their dark little minds could conjure up would possibly hurt her. But—and here was a gratifying thought—there might be something she could do to get back at the Torrances.

She smiled at him. "You may remember that I went through a ceremony of sorts with one of you boys a few months ago. Since then I have learned a few things, one being that justices of the peace don't live in Connecticut show places, nor are they usually just out of Princeton. I'm suspicious of what your papa calls 'a booyish prank.' So I don't marry a Torrance any more unless I know it's kosher. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Very much. Thank you." There were some dark green curtains at one end of the room, and these she pulled back, disclosing a tiny stove and a neat little sink. She put a kettle on the burner and spooned brown powder into two cups. "And now, Mr. Torrance, only another fizzled love affair would make a man take himself off the market in this fashion. If you want to talk about it, I'll listen."

"Can't you credit me with a decent impulse because I'm a Torrance?" His eyes raked her body, now that she couldn't see him, and a puzzled frown sat between his brows. "Let's put it this way, Nora. Whether I'm Scott or Michael doesn't matter too much—except to you. You speak of love affairs—you've had your disillusionment, heaven knows, and I've had mine, so we're through with that end of it. You live in New York; I live in Florida. Sounds like an excellent arrangement to me. You can divorce me at any time you like, but at least you'll have been legally married to a Torrance."

Nora brought the coffee, and they sat there drinking it, wary of each other. Her bright hair was drying by this time and curled gently about her face, restoring some of the warmth he had seen in the photograph. Only her eyes were hard as she spoke of Michael and the brief time she thought she had been married to him.

"You could have prosecuted. Why didn't you?"

"And have my stupidity made public? Besides, your father gave me ten thousand good reasons not to." She was quick to sense his withdrawal and shrugged. "I see. The mention of money offends you. Peter Torrance, here in this room, told me he wouldn't allow his son to marry me again, legally, because he wouldn't tolerate a nobody like me in his family—me, a MacDonald of Skye! So now you're inviting me in, whatever your reasons, by the front door. You know something, friend? I think I'm going to take you up on it."

"Yes. Well." Scott stood up, feeling curiously empty now that his anger had gone. "You misunderstood my attitude about the money. Under the circumstances I don't think it was half enough."

They were married four days later by an Episcopal minister in the chapel of his church, under due process of law. If they both winced at the admonitions in the ceremony, they kept their faces rigid so that neither one should know that this was a travesty, as false as the other had been, for all its legality.

And then out on the street, with the sharp winds of an early winter blowing upon them, they said good-by like two strangers who had met briefly and were not likely to meet again. Scott tipped his hat, settled it back on his head again at an angle. "You're a lovely girl, Nora, and when this is all over you'll find someone. No man worth his salt will object to a child, even if it is a Torrance."

"Wait a minute. Maybe I'm beginning to understand you."

"If it's a boy, you might even call it after me. That would clinch matters. I'd be proud if you would. Good luck, Nora." He stooped swiftly and kissed her cheek and went away from her, leaving her transfixed and staring after him. When she could move, she called his name, but the wind took it away. The man she had just married had left her, and as she looked down at the diamond circlet he had put on her hand, she realized that she hadn't the least idea of how to go about finding him.

In June the Florida weather had begun to bare its claws gently in the bright afternoons, and the residents were already assuring the first-year people that the heat wasn't any worse here than it was anywhere else; actually it wasn't as bad because it didn't sit on your chest and push the way it did up North when it got hot. There was always a breeze, and the nights were blissfully cool, so you could sleep.

Scott Torrance, ambling down Main Street from his coffee break at Willoughby's Drugstore, remembered well enough how it was in New York, and when he rounded the corner into Hibiscus and saw the lapis-tinted Gulf of Mexico spread out before him, he thanked God that he was here instead of there, for a number of reasons. For instance, there was sociability at the counter of Willoughby's old drugstore, and he was a sociable guy. There he met others like himself who went up or down or across the street from their offices for a leisurely cup, not so much for the coffee as for the change of pace, a chance to say, "Hi, Ken. . . . Duke. . . . Farnsworth (*Farnsworth!*). . . . What's the good word, Scotty?" Sometimes, like today, somebody came up with the idea to take somebody else's boat and go down around Punta Gorda after tarpon. In this case the boat happened to be his, and they were welcome to it, so long as they'd hose it down and tie it back at his own dock.

But even now, after two years of living in this easy way, he was hardly used to it. Back on the Vineyard, he reflected, in those long-ago summers he and Mike had spent there with their mother, a man wouldn't any more think of borrowing another man's boat than he would his wife. Maybe this give and take was better. You tossed your car keys at a friend if he wanted to run home for a minute and your car was handier.

Everything was fine; everything was dandy. He had a house on a bayou that led into deep water, a wonder of a house that he still considered his best piece of work. He had a bone-white low studio building with a crimson bougainvillaea sprawled across the front of it, the vine trimmed back so the sign with the raised gold letters would show: TORRANCE AND HEYWOOD, ARCHITECTS. So he had Will Heywood, his friend and partner, membership in a couple of good clubs, his health, his wits, and money that he earned himself. He had everything but love, and when he saw the pink Ferrari parked in front of his building, he clamped down hard on the memory of love, but even that died out and left nothing.

He strode into the outer office, as cool now as the freshly washed air that belted him, and held up his hand to his pert secretary. "I know. I've got company. How do I get these things? E.S.P.?"

"Aanh! Autumn Rain by Gamborelli at fifty dollars an ounce, plus Southland Bank and Trust. They both smell good from out here."

"Then stay here, baby, and sniff. But if I scream, come running."

And then when he saw Angela sitting in his office again, it wasn't like that at all—there was nothing flippant in the way he felt about her. She was still blond and long-stemmed and beautiful, and there was a spot in him that should have healed by now. She gave him a slow smile that had all the old gladness in it. "Scott," she said, rising. "We just got home from Europe last week, and I came as fast as I could. Say you've missed me, boy."

"A funny thing happened to me on the way to the senate today . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

To escape an unbearable contact with her, he went to his drawing board, picked up a pencil and stuck it behind his ear, just to be doing something. "I've been too busy to miss anybody," he lied proudly, remembering the hell she'd caused him. "So you're back. The honeymoon's over."

Her wedding to Kip Fowler had taken place just before Thanksgiving. He had fought to the last ditch, but when he was convinced finally that she intended to go through with her marriage to the biggest cattleman in the state, he had flown to New York like a stupid kid high-tailing home when he was hurt. That was one for the books because, back in Westchester, after two years' absence, he had found a bigger mess than he had left behind him. . . .

Suddenly his head came up. A thing had happened to him in New York, a thing propelled by some quixotic impulse he hadn't been able to understand himself, but it had happened, and it was a fact, a beautiful, airtight, legal fact. The pressure began to leave his chest.

Will Heywood lumbered into the office, and said, "Oh, I'm sorry," did a quick double take and stretched out both his hands. "Angela! Lord, girl, this seems like old times! We thought you were lost in the 'Glades with the Seminoles and the rattlesnakes."

Will was a large young man with crew-cut sandy hair and freckles, and his marriage to a plain little girl kept him in a state of benevolence toward all womankind. Right now, Scott saw with astonishment, in spite of what he knew Angela had done, the fool was beaming at her and radiating good will all over the place.

"Sit down, Willie. This isn't a private conversation. Let's face it, the bride didn't come to town for a game of cribbage. . . . What *did* you come for, Angie?"

There was the barest flicker of her eyelids as she looked from one to the other. She took out a gold-and-emerald cigarette case, extracted a cigarette, snapped the thing shut and left it lying in her lap so they could get a good look at it. Will jumped up, offering his lighter.

If she had wanted things, Scott thought, things like that vulgar bit in her lap, he could have given them to her. But in her own words she had wanted the world with a fence around it, and that's about what she'd got. Three thousand acres of cow country with a baronial mansion square in the center, and loud, brash Kip Fowler riding herd. So that was her world, and it was fenced, right enough, and she was welcome to it. In the meantime it was painfully pleasant to sit here and look at her.

Because of Will, she got at once to the business at hand, and her conversation was studded with references to her husband. Kip was the most generous man alive, and he was really a duck. Now that they were back, he realized that she couldn't be buried sixty miles away in Tuchawotomee, even though the Ferrari was the closest thing to flying. So he'd told her to go get some water-front property, as if it were a loaf of bread, and she'd just about settled on a spot—as it happened, only about a quarter mile from Scott. Did they know it? They knew it.

Mrs. Kip Fowler's golden face glowed. "And I want you boys to do my house, of course. Something simple—that will get me in one of those magazines featuring beautiful homes—half hidden in the jungle, orchids blooming in the trees, lots of glass and gimmicks; you know the kind of thing. Kip says the sky's the limit, but I think a hundred thousand, more or less."

Will stared at her. "A hundred—of course. I think we might manage to whip you up something nice for that. Excuse me. I have to (*Continued on Page 49*)

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To America's 85 Million Drivers:

A PROGRESS REPORT ON THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM

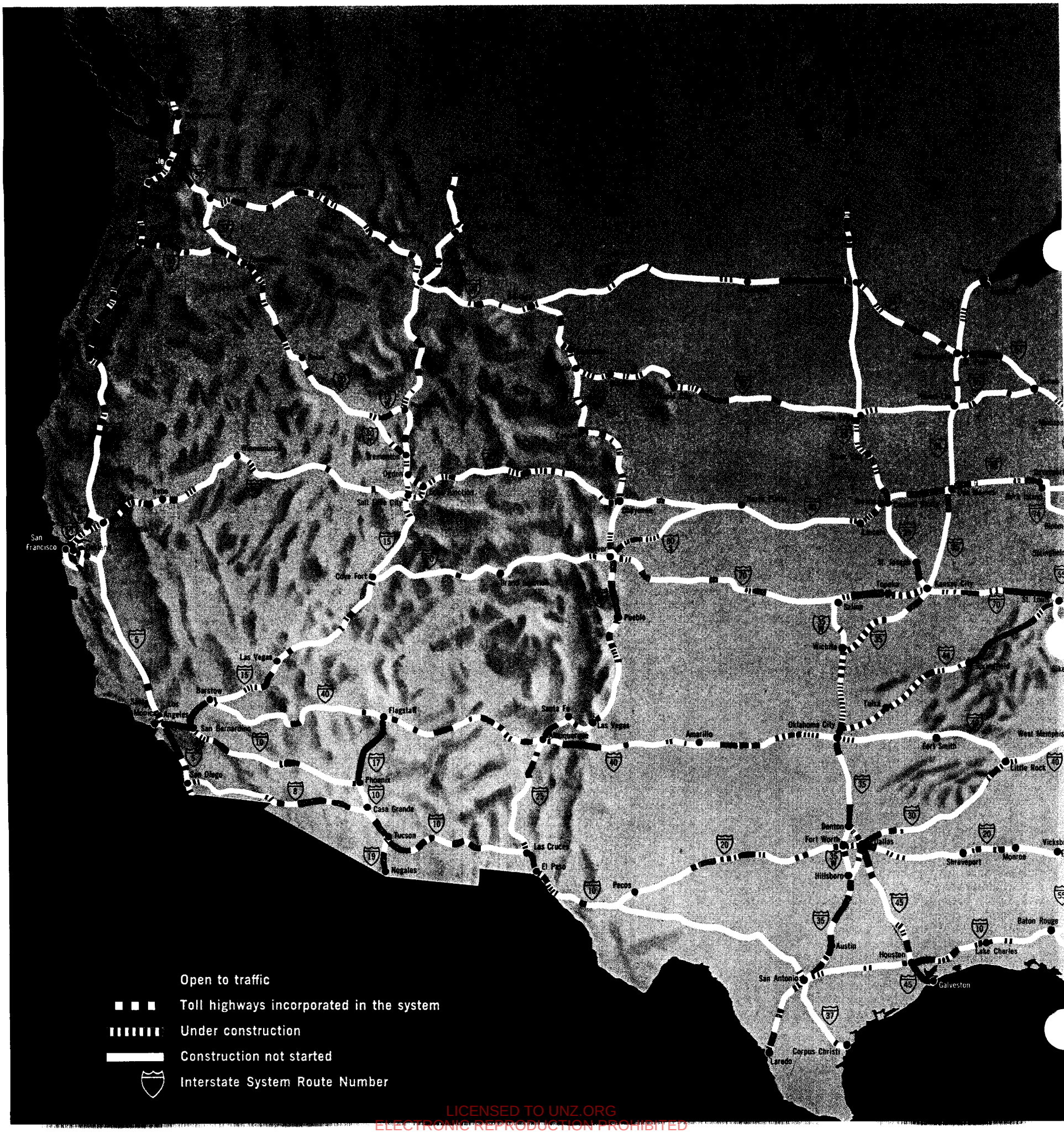
- **10,440 miles now open to traffic**
- **Work under way on 14,158 miles**
- **16,019 miles to go!**

Less than five years ago, America launched the greatest construction job in history—the 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. This vast network of modern freeways will sweep from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Canada to Mexico . . . linking practically every city of more than 50,000.

Progress has been remarkable. As the map shows, the system is taking shape in every part of the nation. However, of the 14,158 miles of work now under way, 10,032 miles are still in the "engineering" and "acquisition of right-of-way" stages. So there is still much construction to be started.

When finished in the early '70s, the system will carry 20% of the nation's traffic, estimated at over 100 million vehicles. Once on the system, you will be able to travel swiftly and safely to any part of the nation without a traffic light or crossroad.

No nation in history has ever completed a project of this magnitude. To stick with this job . . . to



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see it through to completion as planned . . . is a challenge. It's a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

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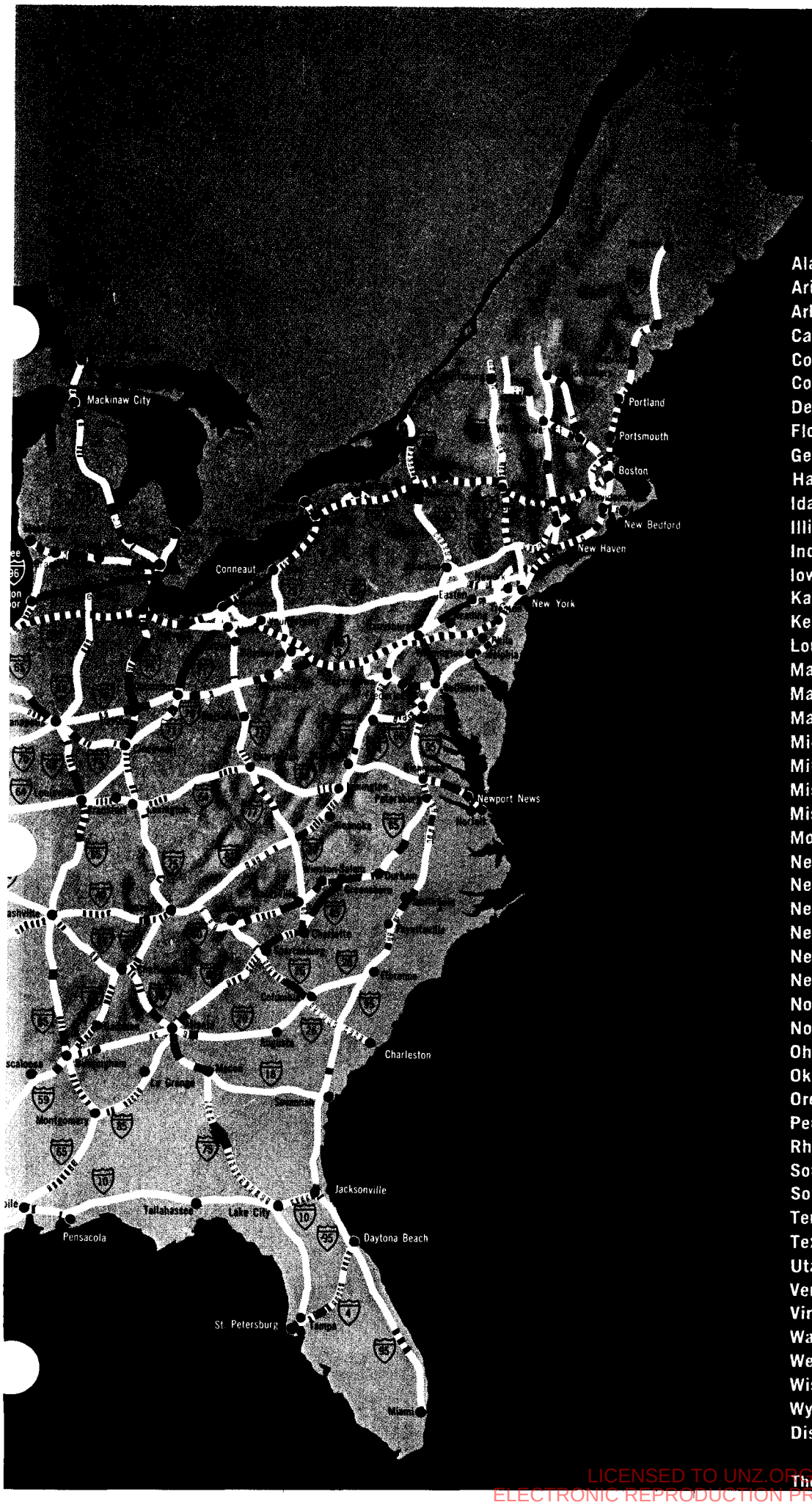

See the progress your state is making

(as of Dec. 31, 1960)

	(miles)	(miles)	(miles)
Alabama	59.5	360.6	453.8
Arizona	514.3	167.5	479.2
Arkansas	43.5	458.2	16.1
California	527.8	1,200.9	453.2
Colorado	228.7	175.2	544.1
Connecticut	138.6	136.8	21.8
Delaware	3.5	27.9	9.1
Florida	86.8	264.3	768.9
Georgia	169.4	269.2	670.9
Hawaii	4.6	00	43.5
Idaho	142.3	232	237.8
Illinois	492.2	622.9	471.4
Indiana	262.6	366.9	489.3
Iowa	213.2	258.9	236.6
Kansas	390.7	103.5	306.9
Kentucky	71	260.2	364.9
Louisiana	41.8	324.6	316.2
Maine	103.6	42.3	166.1
Maryland	120.3	199.9	33.5
Massachusetts	197.2	119.4	145.8
Michigan	382.1	370.5	327.1
Minnesota	79.8	367.1	451.2
Mississippi	43.2	305.5	329.5
Missouri	367.9	691.4	45.4
Montana	92.5	444.8	641.7
Nebraska	41.1	226.2	222.2
Nevada	56.2	158.6	319.2
New Hampshire	78.6	28.1	107.1
New Jersey	93.1	115.4	163
New Mexico	291.3	104.5	607.1
New York	668.1	317	242.1
North Carolina	285.3	145.2	338.4
North Dakota	197	50.8	320.1
Ohio	565.5	435.9	482.5
Oklahoma	303.8	258.8	233
Oregon	425.9	132.5	173.5
Pennsylvania	596.4	341.2	603.7
Rhode Island	20.7	15.6	34.6
South Carolina	126	241.3	311.9
South Dakota	115.8	279.4	282.4
Tennessee	15.4	518.2	514
Texas	879.4	1,426.1	717.9
Utah	69.3	183.5	681.5
Vermont	23.1	129.2	171.3
Virginia	158.1	342.1	552.9
Washington	297.6	287.6	140.1
West Virginia	89.2	106.5	188.9
Wisconsin	146	306.5	000
Wyoming	119.4	225.3	572.1
Dist. of Col.	0.5	11.7	16
	10,439.9	14,157.7	16,019.5

There are no Interstate Highways in Alaska.

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OASIS *MILD*
OASIS *FRESH*

The cool, green OASIS on every pack promise you the softest taste of all

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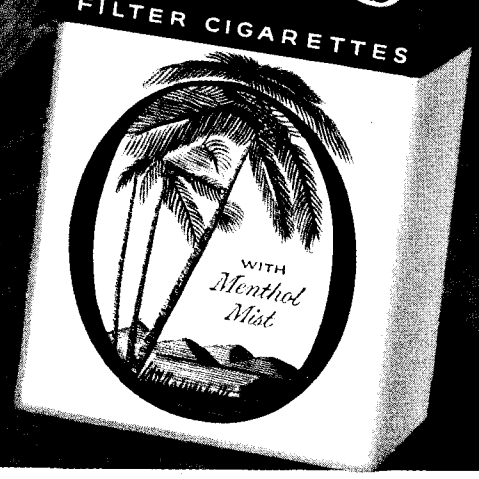
Just as the mist of morning dew refreshes a flower – keeps it fresh all day – so OASIS mists and gently penetrates each strand of mild, ripe tobacco with menthol.

The tobacco is soothed for the softest taste of all.

The tobacco's refreshed – so you smoke refreshed all day.

Menthol misting makes it so. Come to the OASIS...



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(*Continued from Page 45*) call Mary." When he had gone, Scott went to the little portable bar and mixed a Scotch and water, light, the way she had always liked it. Handing her the glass, he said, "It's good of you to give him the job. The town's crawling with architects, but none better than Will."

"Who said anything about Will? This is my dream house, and I want you to do it, boy."

He laughed, remembering how the stupid little name used to warm him. "I don't figure in your dream house, Angie. Not any more. Incidentally, where's Fowler going to live?"

"On the ranch with his beasts, and come up weekends. I told you things would work out." She smiled disarmingly. "Kip is everything you said he was, plus a few things you didn't think of, but he's openhanded with the long green. And darling, he needn't be considered. Someday you'll get over this silly idea, this childish feeling you've got—because that's all it is, boy. Just childish."

Incredibly he could see that she meant it. And if he hadn't walked away from her then, he probably would have hit her. He poured himself a drink, downed half of it. "Apparently you didn't know that I was married. And very happily, I might add."

She didn't move. Not a muscle stirred, but her eyes held a jagged panic, then cleared. "That's insane. You were so in love with me. You couldn't have done a thing like that."

"Good heavens, I could and I did. I married in New York last fall. My wife's a redhead and most attractive; in fact, she's quite as lovely as you, Angie, and far more decent."

Mrs. Kip Fowler laughed. Nobody was as lovely as she was, and what did decency have to do with it? "Oh, Scott, come off it! Do you take me for a fool? I went out to your house this afternoon and there was no wife in residence, or any sign of one. Wives usually make some sort of mark on the domestic scene, pet. I had a swim in the pool, just for old times' sake." She got up and brushed an ash from her chartreuse skirt. "I'm running down to the Bahamas for a few days, and then we'll get started on the house. Simply can't wait." She leaned toward him, and now he couldn't avoid it; she kissed him lingeringly, drowning him in memory with the frangipani scent she used. "You didn't think I'd believe a fantastic story like that, did you, boy? You couldn't get over me that easily, any more than I can get over you."

As soon as she had gone Scott Torrance reached for his telephone and dialed the telegraph office. Will Heywood, passing by in the hall, stopped short at the odd expression on his partner's face. It seemed to be a combination of anger, desperation and some other unbound thing that, if Will hadn't known better, would have looked suspiciously like fear.

"So this is your first trip to Florida!" The stewardess gave one of the warmly impersonal smiles that are peculiar to stewardesses. "We'll be landing in three minutes, Mrs. Torrance. I hope you enjoy your visit."

I hope I do, too, Nora thought doubtfully, and the use of her new name reminded her to slip on the ring she'd been carrying in her purse. Through the window she could see the bright expanses of turquoise water deepening to jade, and the white, glistening beaches she had read about. They came down gently, and the big plane coasted to a stop before a flat glass building. In the sudden lack of sound and motion Nora thought, *What am I doing here? I must be mad,* and then she went down the aisle and stepped out into the Florida sunshine.

Scott was waiting at the gate; she knew him because he looked like Michael—not the purposeless Michael she remembered, but the one whose picture had been in last Sunday's *Tribune* marrying a Somebody his father no doubt approved of. It didn't do to think about that. So, not thinking about it, she kissed the strange man with fervor and told him repeatedly how glad she was to see him, just in case someone he knew might be listening. The people at the baggage counter stared, and Scott beamed proudly. He left her and came spurting up in a little English two-seater, leaped out and settled her on the hot leather seat as though she were a princess of the royal blood. "Well! That was a peachy imitation of a loving couple if I ever saw one. Nora, it was good of you to come." He grinned at her, and they shot off with a roar. "I'd almost forgotten what a knockout you are. Still got the heather in your hair, though."

Nora smiled, hardly hearing him, while her mind responded to the differences all about her—the low, open-looking houses on jewel-bright grass, the wealth of brilliant flowers around them, and the palm-studded streets of a small, clean city. After a time she stole a glance at the Torrance profile. "That was a confusing wire you sent me, but here I am. Why, may I ask?"

He told her soberly of his affair with Angela Lewis, now Fowler, and found a measure of relief in the telling. She listened intently, and when she had heard him through to the end, she gave him no word of sympathy. "So even though you didn't realize it, your marrying me was a way of getting back at her. Let's face it—we used each other. Rejected, both of us. But there was more excuse for you than for me—you, at least, thought you were giving my child a name. I'm sorry you were taken in by that deception, Scott."

The car swerved sharply. After a moment Scott manufactured a laugh. "So there wasn't even going to be one. If Peter Torrance fell for that ancient gimmick, he must be slipping. Still, I don't blame you. After the lousy thing Mike did, you were entitled to all you could get out of the old man, in any way you could get it."

"Scott! You've got to believe ——"

"Oh, no. I'm through believing, doll. Let's just skip it, shall we?" *Doll.* And now, strangely, irretrievably, the little luster had faded from the day.

After a week Nora knew that it would be hard to leave this enchanted place on the moss-hung bayou. That she had to leave it was a foregone conclusion; her boss had allowed her two weeks without pay for what he snidely termed "an ill-timed jaunt," and since she valued her job, she'd have to get back to it soon, regardless of the still-missing Angela Fowler.

In the meantine her relationship with Scott had returned to an easy, surface friendliness; evidently he meant to forget the trickery that had led him into marriage with her, and neither of them alluded to it again.

He was a strange young man, this Scott Torrance, a little touching in his unguarded moments. When he had shown her the house pridefully, like a boy waiting for her delight, he had pointed out an orchid-walled bedroom opening off the *lanai*, and across from his. "You can close the glass doors and turn on the air conditioner, if you like, but if you leave them open, you can smell the jasmine that blooms at night. I—the house doesn't have prowlers, Nora. Let's have that understood."

"I wouldn't be here if I thought it did. Let's have that understood too."

Scott spent half days in the office, came home to go adventuring with Nora, to show her this new land of wonders. His voice, when he spoke of it, was caressing, like the voice of a man in love. "Get sand in your shoes, Noreen, and you'll always come back. Better yet, don't leave." As she came to know him better she realized that he was handsomer than Michael, in a way that had little to do with regularity of feature. There was an added depth in his eyes, a gentleness about his wide, mobile mouth. This young man had all of Michael's charm and none of his furtive weaknesses. There came a night when she told him so. It was the first time she had mentioned his brother, and he glanced at her in surprise.

"Oh, well. My father rather fancied having a young hellion for a son—'colorful' was his word for Mike. He bragged about the scrapes he had to get him out of. Probably, in spite of Mike's protests, he thought you were just another one —— I'm sorry, Nora. I think Mike cared for you."

They were sitting at the edge of the pool in the lavender tropical night. Soon, Nora thought, she would be gone, and all this magic and all this beauty would take on unreality in her memory. Nothing lasted; nothing was secure, except the inner core of self that a person had to tolerate or loathe down through the years. Softly she said, "There's guilt in me, Scott—for marrying you, because I hurt and because I hated. If you can forgive me—oh, help me to say it!"

He came and knelt beside her chair, and his face was strong and hard in her hands, and his mouth was warm and urgent against hers. When she could think again, she pushed him away gently. "That's not the help I asked for, my dear. Don't make me any more ashamed than I am."

"I don't care about the rest of it. All that was in another world, another lifetime. You and I are here alone together. We want each other."

"Yes. But we don't love each other."

He drew back at that, wincing, so that for a moment she thought it was a physical thing. It was all the answer she needed. She leaned toward him and kissed him again, gently. "It's all right. Just be my friend, in the little time we have left."

The next morning, Angela, just in from Nassau, called Scott at the office and invited him and the Heywoods to dinner at the Cabana Beach Club to discuss The House. A note of amusement crept into her voice. "Oh, and darling, do bring a wife if you can dig one up, won't you? We wouldn't want you to be the odd man ——"

Furiously he hung up the phone on her rippling laughter and dialed Nora. "This is it. This is D night. Do me proud, kid, whatever happens. No. Wait a minute. Maybe it doesn't matter. Suddenly it doesn't seem to —— *Nora?*"

"I'm here. Of course it matters, Scott. We're never completely grown up, do you think? So we'll put on the dog for your Angie."

Angela Fowler, purposely seating herself beside the plain little Mary Heywood, looked at her massive husband with distaste. Kip didn't perspire as normal people did; he sweat. She smiled at him tightly and edged away from the moist contact of his hand. "What's the matter, baby, you nervous about meeting your old boy friend? Don't be silly. You got Big Daddy now to keep the wolves away." He winked across at Will. "You know what she used to call that fella I took her away from? *Boy.* And that's what he was, I guess. Took a *man* to get her!" He started a knee-slapping guffaw and broke off in the middle of it. Scott Torrance was standing in the doorway. Beside him, her hand on his arm, was an extravagantly beautiful woman in a shining sheath that caressed her body. They stood for a moment, surveying the diners, then the girl came toward them, and heads turned to follow her as though they heard the strains of a Viennese waltz. A scent as simple as violets stirred the air.

Kip got to his feet. "My sainted aunt," he said. "Here's a woman as is a woman."

Scott was amazed that he felt no animosity for the man; his intoxicating pride in Nora left him little room for anything else. He took a deep breath. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is my wife, Nora."

"Your *wife? Married?* By thunder, it's a good thing I didn't see her first, buster!"

"Ah, but you didn't. And she's known rich men before, Fowler." For the first time he looked full at Angela and saw the total outrage in her face.

Somehow they got through the evening. They drank and ate and danced, and skillfully Nora parried Kip Fowler's heavy-handed gallantries and gave a star performance in the role of a wife who adored her husband. Then mercifully it was all over, and they were riding home in

"Did you bring my magic space ring?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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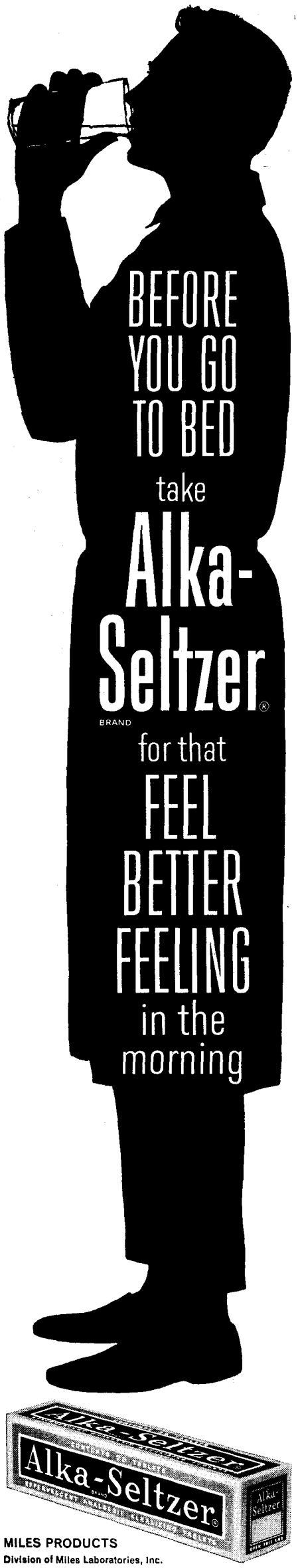


the soft night. Nora leaned her head against the back of the seat with a little sigh. "It's sad, but she hasn't given up. She's in love with you, Scott. I think I shall worry about you."

Again there was that grimace that looked like physical pain. "Don't kid yourself. She's in love with one thing only. Money. Nora, why is it that you women will sell your integrity for a few lousy bucks? Heaven knows I can even understand Angie better than I can understand you."

She stared at his handsome profile, sickening from a little shock. After a weighted moment she said, "I see. You've never really forgotten that I took money from your father to salve my injured feelings."

"That's putting it better than I would dare to. Oh, it wasn't the money—it was the idea behind it. Nora, it matters so much to me ——"

"I don't know why it should. By tomorrow I'll be gone, and you can rid your mind of the whole stupid business."

"All right! If you're so blasted anxious to get out of here, go ahead. There's nothing I can do to stop you." The moon shed white radiance on the waters of the bayou, and the scent of jasmine filled the air, and they were more strangers now than they had ever been. Once in the house, Nora said good night curtly and left him.

Out of her restless dream she heard him call, and there was a dreadful urgency in the sound of her name. She must have stopped for robe and slippers, but later she couldn't remember putting them on, or skirting the pool to get to him. She found him sitting on the edge of his bed holding the telephone in his lap. "My doctor says it sounds like appendicitis. He's sending an ambulance. Nora, I'm scared. I've never had an operation."

Now she could understand him. She took the telephone from his hand and set it on the table beside the bed, pushed him back against the pillow. For just an instant she slipped her arm under him and he turned his head against her blindly, and she held him while the tension went out of him. "I'm surprised at you—such a baby." And even to her own ears the words sounded like a caress. "It's probably a judgment on you for saying such awful things."

"Nora, don't joke. I know you don't love me, but can't you pretend for just a little while that I'm Mike?"

She kissed the top of his head, and when she released him her arms felt empty. "I've got to get dressed so I can go with you. All right," she said from the doorway, "I'll pretend you're Mike, and you can pretend I'm Angela. Good grief, what a combination!" Strangely she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

At seven o'clock the surgeon found Nora waiting in the solarium. "Mrs. Torrance?" And for the first time she answered, "Yes. Yes, I'm Mrs. Torrance. Is my husband all right?"

"Fine. The appendix was red hot, but we got it in time. He must have had considerable pain lately, hadn't he?" All the time they were fishing and swimming and dancing, she thought, all the time he was showing her this lavish country that he loved so much, trying to make her love it too. And for what reason? So she'd stay? And all he'd had to do would be to ask her. . . .

"You're beat, Mrs. Torrance. Why don't you go home and try to get some rest? Nothing you can do till he wakes up, anyway."

But when he woke he saw her face and felt her hand against his cheek, and he smiled and said, "Ah, I smell the heather. Don't go, Noreen," and went to sleep again.

The next day she met Will Heywood on the hospital steps. "Maybe you better not go up just yet, Nora," he said uncomfortably. "The truth of the matter is that Angie's up there. Angie Fowler."

"So? What's she got that I haven't, except a weak mind?" Flashing past him, she flew down the long corridor to Scott's room, then hesitated outside the open door as she heard his angry voice. "Yes, I'm married to her! Yes, I'm in love with her! Can't you understand me? What kind of a woman are you anyway? Here I've just been cut up ——"

"A lousy little appendix!" Scorn whipped through the door and sailed down the hall. "I just want to know one thing. How much did you have to pay that redhead you imported from New York to pose as your wife? And what kind of a story are you going to tell when she goes back? O-ho, you didn't think of that, did you, boy?"

Nora spoke from the doorway. "Who's going back to what?" She went in, past the glistening blonde and straight to Scott. She kissed him and smoothed back his hair. "How do you feel, lamb?"

"Rocky. She still doesn't believe we're married." Their eyes held a private laughter. "You tell her, Nora, and get her out of here. She's making me have a relapse or something."

"I'll do more than tell her. I'll show her." She took a paper from her purse and handed it to Angela, and with some satisfaction saw her face fall apart as she read it. Angela passed a long-nailed finger over the date and looked up incredulously. "November twenty-ninth. But that was only six days after *I* got married! You didn't have any right to do that."

There really were people like this, Nora thought, marveling. People like Angela. Like Michael. Someday after the anger and then the laughter there might be pity. "Mrs. Fowler—Angela, why don't you give up? When a thing is finished, it's awfully dead."

Angela's features were drawing themselves together again. "And I'm sure you're the girl who can tell me."

"Right. I'm the expert on unrequited love. Now get out and leave my husband alone." Nora went to the window and fixed her attention on a poinciana tree in full bloom on the hospital lawn. When the atmosphere lightened in the room, she turned around and smiled. "Well, I did what I came for. I got rid of her for you; now the rest is up to you."

"Not so fast. You meant what you said about things being over. Is that the way you feel about Mike?"

As though she hadn't heard him, she said, "I did not tell your father that I was going to have a child. That must have been the bourbon fumes talking in Michael's sick brain. When your father threw it at me, I simply didn't deny it, that's all. And then I forgot about it. The money ——" And now the ugly memory returned, and with it the backwash of old anger and humiliation. "Certainly I took his money, and I'd do it again. There they stood, that impossible rich man and his spoiled son, and it seemed to me that they'd never done any good for anybody. The Torrance money—so I took what was offered me and gave it back to God; I figured that was the only way He'd get it. I endorsed the check and sent it to the rector of a little kirk on the Island of Skye, where I was born, and where they're probably still sending out grateful prayers for a man named Peter Torrance. So there's the story, and I don't care much whether you believe it or not. You're so high and mighty, aren't you?"

Scott stared at her for a long moment, his face reddening; then he deliberately turned his head away from her into the pillow. Nora's belligerence vanished, and she began to view him with some alarm. Perhaps he was sicker than she thought—this was pretty rugged treatment for the day after an operation. She was about to ring for a nurse when he gave a healthy heave and turned over. In her relief she wanted to clout him. She wanted to kiss his laughing mouth. "You frightened me. You—you're a —— Look, I wouldn't live with you if you were the last man on earth. I'm leaving. I'm going back to New York tomorrow ——"

"The hell you are. You're my wife. Get me my pants!" He threw back the covers, and she rushed to him.

"You'll rip your stitches, you imbecile! Oh, Scott, Scotty, my love. Be good. I'll stay. I promise!"

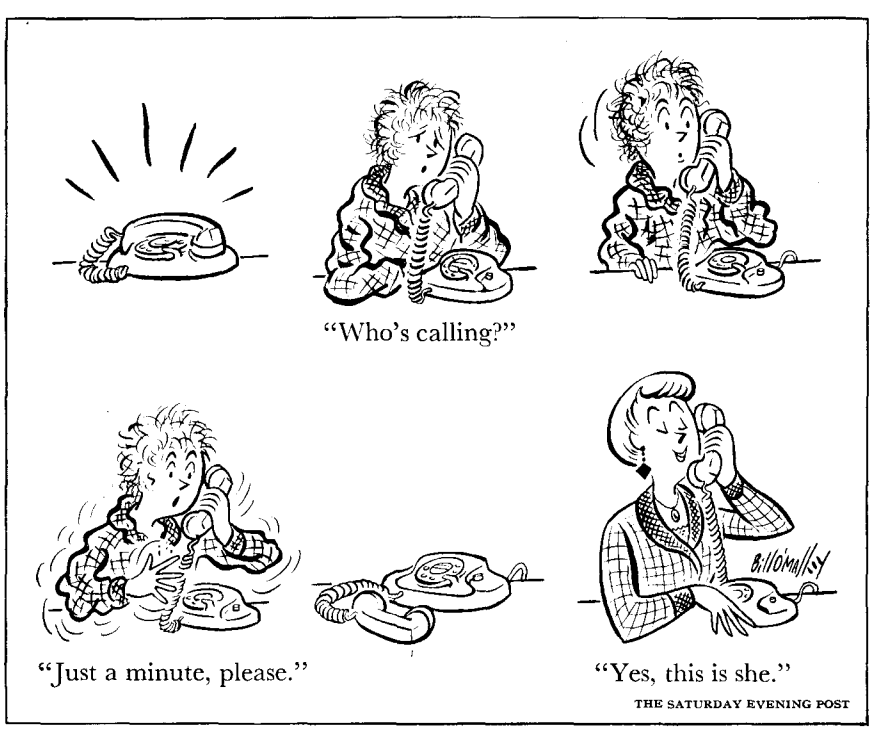
"That's better. So where would you like to go for your honeymoon as soon as I get out of this blasted bed? To Skye maybe, where they pray for the s-soul of Peter T-Torrance?"

"I think it would be lovely, darling. And I might even add a prayer of my own, I'm that grateful to him. Stop laughing."

He let her push him back against the pillow, and he sighed blissfully, loving the tender touch of her. "Noreen, without a doubt this is the world's craziest marriage. Do you think anything good is likely to come out of it?"

She took his face between her hands. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised," she said.

THE END



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Bully on the Beach (Continued from Page 24)

as he dared, "That's solid gold, that is. I could have got four, five bucks for that!"

"Two," Malloy said. "Anyhow, it has a sentimental value. Squares run heavy sentiment, Holtzy." He clicked the ket open. The picture inside the little gold heart was of a dark-haired woman, head and shoulders, pretty in a grown-up way. In twenty years, Zeb reflected, the girl would look a lot like her.

Holtz crowded in to peer, his feeble mad forgotten. "Nuts! I figured it'd be her boy friend's picture in there."

"Ought to be," Malloy said. "A chick like that. But maybe her education has been neglected." He twirled the locket so that the chain circled his finger. He smiled, staring at Zeb. "Wouldn't you say so, Zeb boy? Wouldn't you agree?"

Zeb said nothing. The girl, standing before them with sea and sky soft-blended for background, had put him in mind of a colt. She had that same combination of awkwardness and young grace. He let the last of the sand slide through his fingers.

Sudden as a trap springing, Malloy's fist clenched in his hair. Flipped over, a knee between his shoulders and his head wrenched back, he heard the lazy voice above him.

"When we're spoken to, Zebulon, we wer. We answer fast and polite. I'll peat the question." The hand yanked; agony seared Zeb's scalp. "Need's educating, don't she, boy?"

He gasped out a "Yes." Malloy loosed him, and Zeb bounced to his knees, eyes watering and brain in a perilous teeter between caution and rage. *If I had thirty pounds*, he thought. *If I was tough like him, if I could fight like him.*

Caution won. Around Malloy he was chicken; he knew it and hated himself for the knowledge. Malloy knew too. He had already turned away and was lounging against his log, finishing the beer.

Holtz said with a jerk of his shaggy blond head toward the south point, "Hey! Lookit what comes."

Nothing to get excited about, not the girl returning, but a dog and a man. The dog, leashed, was a German shepherd. It paced close to its master and slightly ahead. The man wore swim trunks and a sport shirt open down the front and carried a towel looped around his neck.

Zeb scowled at the approaching figure—rich, fat cat, walking the beach as if owned it, probably come to run them , with his watchdog to back him up. His resentment seemed to drive out like a bullet. The man tumbled headlong. Holtz sounded off with his cawing laugh, the loose hair flopping over his eyes. Malloy drank the last of his beer and slung the bottle out to shatter on a pebble bar that flawed the run of sand.

The man knelt with the dog nuzzling his face. He roughed the fur over its shoulders, then began to scoop for something with both hands, making sand fly. Presently he gripped and hauled, straightening with what appeared to be a metal barrel hoop. He pivoted and lobbed the hoop—a long throw, but it carried easily, sailing high over the drift logs to drop in a thicket.

"Jeez!" Holtz gaped with bony face screwed up. "Gramp's got an arm, huh? He oughta watch where he puts his feet, though."

"He should carry a white cane," Zeb said. "That's a Seeing-eye dog, dopey. He's blind."

Dog and man continued their leisurely progress. Without command, the shepd halted five feet from them. Even at his range, the man's age was hard to guess; but younger, Zeb decided, than his close-clipped gray hair indicated. His face was seamed, with an odd stiffness about it, as if wax had been pumped in to harden under his skin. He unlooped the towel and peeled the sport shirt. Nice build—you could see how he managed a throw like that.

"How's the water?"

None of them had made a sound, but he knew they were here. If it weren't for the harnessed shepherd with its stiff, U-shaped lead, you would never guess he was blind.

Holtzy, the clown, glanced to Malloy for his cue. "Wet, mister—awful wet."

"It's cold," Zeb said.

"Warmer in winter," the man said. "Or feels so. I suppose because the spread between air and water temperature is less."

He strode down toward the cove with his dog.

"Smart guy," Malloy said. The pebble bar with its smashed beer bottle lay directly across their course. "But is he as smart as he thinks, I wonder?" His face wore the fixed, small smile that came when someone was about to get hurt.

Zeb felt the shout of warning rise in his throat. But the grin was for him now.

"Don't louse it, Zeb boy," Malloy said. "I wouldn't like that." Then, as the shepherd skirted the broken glass, "Correction—the pooch is the smart one."

As if following an accustomed drill, the shepherd wheeled at the cove edge. It trotted back to settle by the blind man's towel and shirt. The brass plate on its collar carried a name, "Rankin," and a telephone number. The dog watched the gray-haired man intently as he waded out and dived.

"Yi!" Holtz peered. "Guy's got seal blood!"

Zeb was a fair swimmer himself, but not in the blind man's class. The realization brought him a dour satisfaction. He timed the swimmer—finding his count hard to credit—till Rankin turned in a tight swirl at the edge of the kelp bed that flanked the south point and cut back along his own wake.

A low-pitched rumble, not quite a snarl, fetched Zeb's head around. Malloy, hand arrested in a reach to the sport shirt, stared at the dog, which eyed him calmly. Malloy, he deduced, had been about to raid the cigarette pack in the shirt pocket.

"Man's faithful friend," Malloy said. The rumble sounded again, and he drew his hand back. "Rankin—now who ever heard of a mutt called Rankin? Putting one and one together, him making big out there is Mr. Rankin. Adding another one, the chick is Miss Rankin." He gave Zeb the smile which was not a smile; he had taken the locket from his jeans and swung it daintily. "That is her daddy. Her name is Helen Rankin. Inside this, it says so."

Zeb didn't answer. He risked another mauling, but he was sick of Malloy and had, he realized, been growing sicker of the big guy for weeks. He wished Malloy had never drifted into the hangout that night in July—older than the high-school bunch, tough in a way none of those kids were—not exactly throwing his weight around, but establishing an island which, a couple of nights later, he had permitted Holtz and Zeb to share. Even with Malloy's car deal about set and real money in prospect, he was sick to the teeth of Malloy.

Zeb levered himself up from his nest between logs. "Come on, it's late," he said gruffly. "Besides, this place is dead; it creeps me. Let's go."

That night, hot and sleepless, he tried to concentrate on the coupé he had sunk his July work money into, wondering whether his split from Malloy's deal

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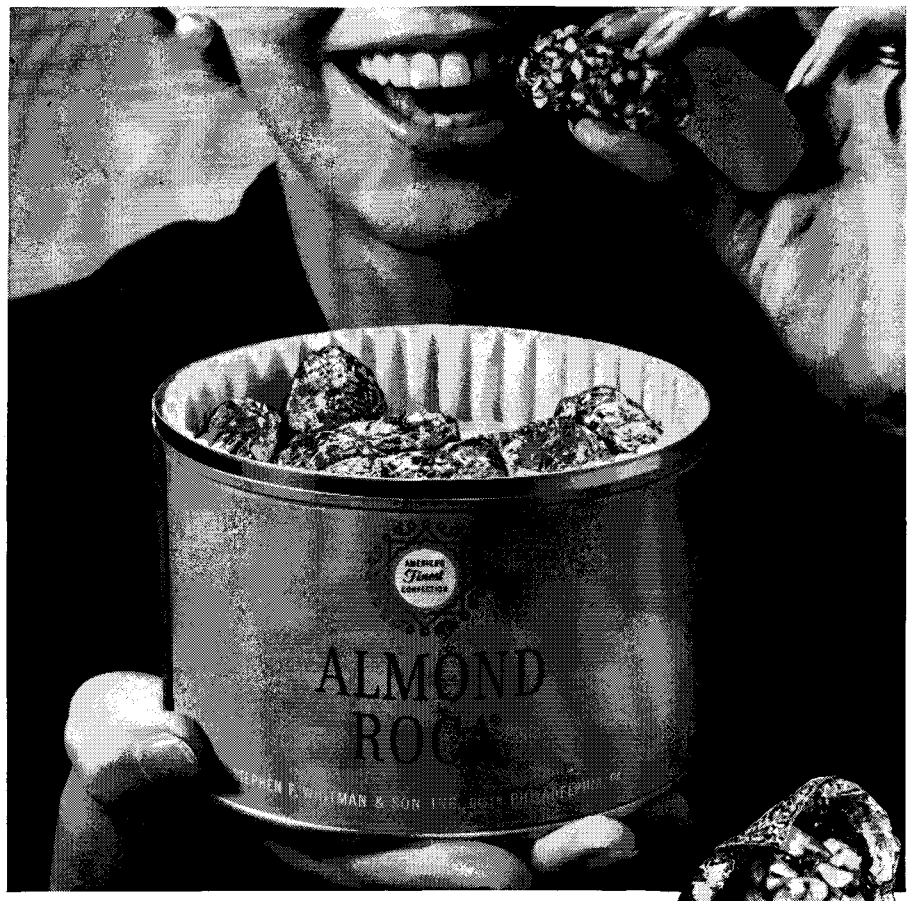

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would let him chop and lead the heap and work the engine over—enough money, perhaps, to turn it into a real rod, a bomb with a four-barrel carb.

But his mind kept drifting back to the blind man who walked so sure in his world of darkness, to Rankin and his daughter, the mop-haired kid in the striped jersey. Her and her locket—if it had been him found it, he would have teased her a little, since that was expected with girls. But not for long, and in the end he'd have dropped the locket with a flourish in her hand and watched her face light up.

Zeb went to sleep thinking about her, but he dreamed of Malloy, himself down and the big guy putting the boots to him. It was a nightmare from which he was glad to wake, sweating.

The next day yawned empty. By the terms of Malloy's probation from Young Offenders' unit, he had to keep employed, and he worked at a potato-harvesting job. Zeb trimmed lawn edges for his dad, got scolded as usual for running a ragged line and, without bothering about lunch, clattered off in his heap.

Driving aimlessly, he played with the notion of backing out of the car-swipe deal. But even while he let that fancy develop, a glum inner voice told him he wouldn't do it. Malloy would look at him with the thin smile, and he'd chicken, play along.

He found himself clear of town and rolling west toward the ocean. The sea lured him, glimpsed sparkling blue between trees of the big beach properties on his left. He had, Zeb realized now, been heading this way as if drawn by a magnet. He left the heap on the road in what shade he could find, then slipped down through the nearest property to the shore.

The beach was as they had come to it yesterday—empty, clean and deserted. Zeb searched for a girl in shorts and jersey, but saw no life other than the gulls that planed gracefully above the blue-green shallows or foraged on the tide flat.

He mooched south along the curve of the cove, his sneakers scooping sand. The afternoon stretched before him, dull as his morning had been. Down where they'd loafed yesterday, the twinkle of smashed glass caught his gaze. He had collected most of the broken beer bottle when pebbles crunched behind him.

She stood watching him as she had the day before—wary, but not scared. She wore a blue swimsuit and in one hand she swung a sifter of the kind gardeners use. Her eyes took in his handful of glass shards, and it seemed to Zeb the cool wariness eased.

"Aren't your friends with you today?"

He shook his head; he didn't much mind her calling Holtzy his friend, but suddenly and very definitely he disliked to hear Malloy spoken of so. Sure—he did what Malloy said, kicked around with him. But they weren't friends.

"Just me." He picked up another chunk of bottle. "I thought maybe you or some kid might get cut on this stuff."

"You missed one," she said. "The worst one." She bent and recovered a section of bottle base from which glass jutted in a wicked spike. "I don't suppose you found my locket?"

Zeb wanted to tell her why neither she nor he would find the gold heart, but there, too, he was chicken. "Sorry." He had swim trunks on under his jeans. "You going in?"

"No. I'd better start looking." Over a brown shoulder, turning away, she said, "You can help me if you like."

"There's an awful lot of sand. You can't sift it all."

"It has to be somewhere," she answered him stubbornly. "When I lost it, I was running along the beach close to t logs. We'll start at the north point."

A dreary task, the more so for bei pointless—only good thing about it, Z thought gloomily, was that it gave hi her company. They sifted dried oran peel and cigarette butts, crumpled and a nickel—debris of a summer a done. It was amazing what you t up, even on a little-used beach like th The sun had dropped a foot lower, ar they had covered a mere twenty feet so of their strip when the girl called a ha

"Swim now?" Zeb asked her.

"I wish I could, Zeb." They had trad names, although hers he already knew guilty knowledge that continued to d press him. "But I have to keep my ha dry. I'm going out tonight."

"A date, huh?"

She gave him her quick nod. "Yach club dance." Her smile turned her ve pretty. "I'm excited—this is the first ye I've been old enough."

Well, so she had a boy friend after a Malloy was wrong. And no skin off h nose, he assured himself—girls he coul take or leave alone.

"Are you mad about something, Zeb?

"Me? Oh, no." He dusted sand off h palms. College guy, probably—smoot operator with a white jacket and one those low-slung imported sport cars he' seen and envied. "Have a nice time," said to Helen Rankin and headed fo cove.

He had swum less than halfway acros the cove mouth and was tiring, when hand stroked past him, and a gray hea and leather-dark shoulder slid into hi bleared vision.

"This," said the blind man, "we do b numbers. Try it with me."

He loafed level, demonstrating, in structing. Presently Zeb began to get th rhythm, the timed beat and flutter. Wea riness forgotten, he found that his arm were slicing in cleanly, the outer bulbs o the kelp bed close.

Rankin swirled and passed him. "Tr it back?" he asked, and Zeb grinned int the sightless face and answered, "Sure!"

He made it clear to the other point. H was breathless, and his arms dragged lik lead, but he had done it. He had neve made that distance before, or half of it and the pride of accomplishment wa solid and good. He doubted Malloy ha ever swum that far.

They sprawled in the sand, the shep herd crouched close, sun drying the Helen had returned to her sifting. Aft while she came back to where they but not to linger.

"Time I went up, dad." She gave Zeb a smile and a casual "'By now." Chin on wrists, brooding, he watched slim legs and straight back and brown head out of sight.

"What happened to you, Mr. Rankin?" His mind had been on Helen; the question seemed to slip out. And it could be something a blind man wouldn't care to talk about.

"Highway crash." If Rankin resented the question, his voice and his seamed face failed to show it. "We were run off the road at night."

His daughter showed no scars. Zeb guessed the other in the "we" would be the dark, sweet-faced woman in the locket. But that question he couldn't ask.

Rankin answered it. "My wife was killed instantly. The doctors patched me up."

Rankin reached for cigarettes. He had a neat way of lighting up, the match nipped between his finger tips. That was the thing you noticed and kept on noticing—his sureness.

"For a year, Zeb," he said quietly stuck in a kind of no-man's land, a mi dle ground. I couldn't die and I had no wish to live. But the middle ground is an

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illusion; it doesn't truly exist. A man drifts back or he goes forward." The smile gathered the seams of his mended face. "Finally I elected to go forward. Slow work, but I have Helen and good friends to ease the way."

Me, Zeb thought, *I wouldn't do so well. Being chicken, I'd drift back for sure.* That's what he was doing now, dropping back. Before he met Malloy he hadn't been anything much, but not, at least, the thief which Malloy would turn him into some night soon.

"I'd been a research physicist," Rankin said. "Next month I start on a new job, assistant professor of physics at MacBride College. I like to teach; I look forward to that."

There was another question, harder to ask. Zeb fought it down, but it filled his heart and his mind, tearing its way through his layered unhappinesses.

"Mr. Rankin, what chance is there for a guy like me?"

The blind man stayed silent so long that Zeb wondered if there'd be an answer. Not that any answer would help. Then, when Rankin did speak, it was no reply but questions of his own.

"Chance, Zeb? Chance for what? To make a million dollars? Win the *Grand Prix* in a red Ferrari? Marry the prettiest girl in the world?"

They were dreams that had lured him. But only as dreams, awake or asleep. Yesterday he would have settled for very much less—just the money to turn his heap into a shiny rod with white sidewalls and a souped-up engine. But yesterday seemed far back now, and what he had wanted then was no longer enough.

"To know where I'm going," he said. "The way you do."

The blind man rose. He looked tall and wide, outlined against the sea-sky blending, a big man.

"You're young," he said. "That's a powerful asset, son. Intelligent, or you'd be content with things as they are. Decent, I think, otherwise you wouldn't be concerned that children might cut their feet on glass you didn't break, or bother to help a girl look for a keepsake she treasured." He reached for the shepherd's lead. "I can't advise you. I can only tell you from my own experience that a man goes forward or he drifts back. It's your choice, Zeb."

He moved off, unhurrying, guided by his dog. Zeb scowled after him with misery unеased. He had guessed wrong about the gray man; Rankin was like all the rest of them underneath, one with father and mother, teachers and principal. They talked, and it mushed into nothing, sifted like sand through your fingers, because you didn't get to choose. That was the laugh, the big lie. You went with the luck, you moved ahead or back as you were pushed. What Rankin had hit him with was only another sermon.

Zeb tried hard to believe that, but he couldn't make it stick. His flaring rebellion shocked against the fact, the bitter and unassailable truth. Rankin was blind. Even with all he had, Rankin was alone, and in thirty years he would still be alone and would die alone in the prison of his sightlessness. Even so, deliberately and in the face of that horror, he had forced himself to go forward. Forget the words! The man was the sermon, and you had to heed it—you couldn't escape it.

Zeb lay, head on arms, while afternoon merged with evening. The rustle of brush roused him from a half-sleep. He scrambled up. Holtz was squirreling toward him over the gray drift logs. Malloy stepped out of the trail mouth, big and unhurried.

Malloy was pleased with himself; it showed in the set of his heavy shoulders and the way he balanced atop a log with thumbs in belt. Maybe, Zeb thought—with the cringing already started inside him—maybe if Malloy felt good, he would withhold punishment. Malloy wouldn't have liked it, his hiding out on them, and when Malloy didn't like something, people got hurt.

"We're in, Zeb boy." Malloy spoke amiably. "All set. One car, my friends want. Just the one tonight. You and Holtzy turn it over to me on the back road. I deliver." He stepped daintily as a cat from his log; the cat purr was heavy in his voice. "We meet in town, split a bundle and repeat tomorrow night. Sweet, no?"

"Sure." Zeb fetched words from a dry throat. "Except I didn't know we started so soon."

"Hell, boy, did you think I meant next year?"

Malloy was smiling. His left hand swung gently. Zeb caught the shimmer of metal, the locket twirling on its broken chain. He said, making talk, knowing he was licked and had been from the instant Malloy showed, "How'd you locate me?"

"More arithmetic." Unless you knew him you'd swear he was all friendliness, slouched there with one hand still in his belt and the locket swaying. "Simple addition. You had a look in your eye yesterday when her with the shape dropped in. I figured you'd be back." He was looking over Zeb's head, down the now shadowed beach. "You know, I've been feeling kind of mean about this—me having it and her hunting for it. Don't you think she and me ought to talk it over?"

"You go up there," Holtz oared in, "and you're dopier'n I am, Malloy! You want the cops on our neck?"

"Oh, I wouldn't go up," Malloy said. He dangled the locket, smiling. "Zeb wouldn't either. He hangs around down here and sends signals. Telepathy, they call it. No need to go up."

But it couldn't be Helen. She was safe in the big house above, getting ready for her dance. Her date would call around nine and he was a right guy—she'd be safe with him.

He stared at the moving blur, seeing it resolve into a slight figure in shorts and jersey, approaching between tidemark and tide. She swung the sifter in her hand. Zeb tried to will her into turning, running, getting out of there.

Helen saw him and waved. He should call to her, warn her she was walking into trouble and it was no use to count on a sick-heart coward to help her. But Malloy watched him with his smile gone thin, and Zeb did not call.

She came directly to him. "Hi, Zeb. I didn't think you'd be here." Then he saw her stiffen, picking out those background figures, peering at the locket that swayed from Malloy's fingers.

In a small, flat voice she said, "You found it." Perhaps she read Malloy's face as he eased toward her. Or it could have been something in the air around him, the taint of evil. Her chin lifted. "Thanks," she said, holding her voice steady. "I'd planned to offer a reward. I don't have any money with me, but ——"

Holtz laughed. When Holtzy brayed like that, he was nervous. The dope wasn't really bad; it was just that inside his head he had never grown up. But he wasn't so dumb that he couldn't smell trouble too.

"Let's talk about my reward," Malloy said. "Just you and me." Not turning, he said, "You two shove off. You know where to meet me."

"Zeb." She was scared now, her voice wobbled. It was a direct, urgent appeal. "Zeb!"

He said with the fear solid in him, "Malloy, don't be a fool. Leave her be."

"You don't hear so well lately, boy." The fixed smile was on him, beating him down. "Shove off, I told you."

Holtz gaped at them, arms hanging slack, his eyes luminous-seeming in the twilight. Malloy said to him in his other voice, crisp and mean, "Take care of him. Get the creep out of my hair."

No middle ground. Rankin had said it, and he was a wise man. You dropped back into self-hatred and a shame that would never release you, or you met the loaded moment, willing yourself forward on legs (*Continued on Page 62*)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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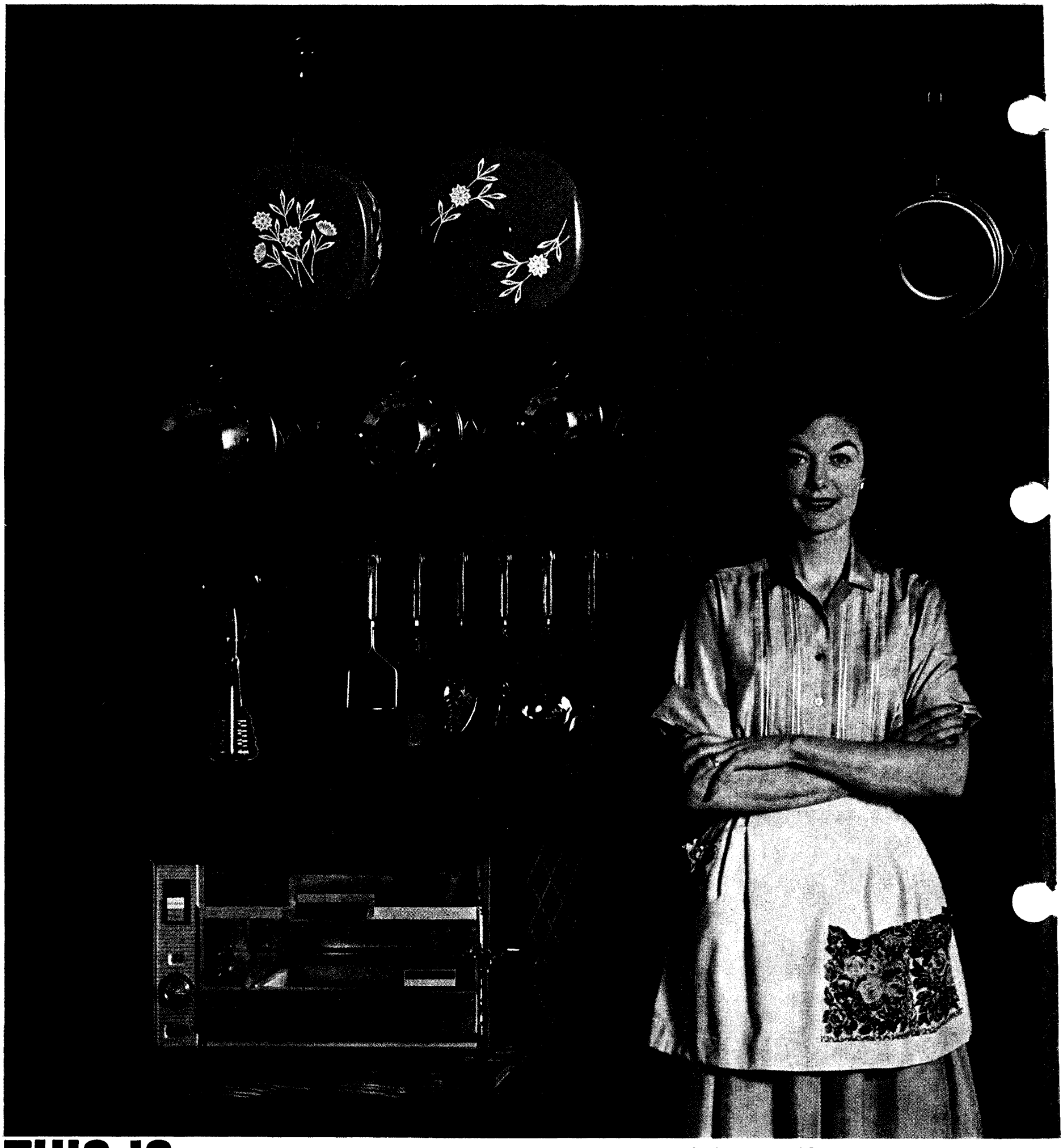

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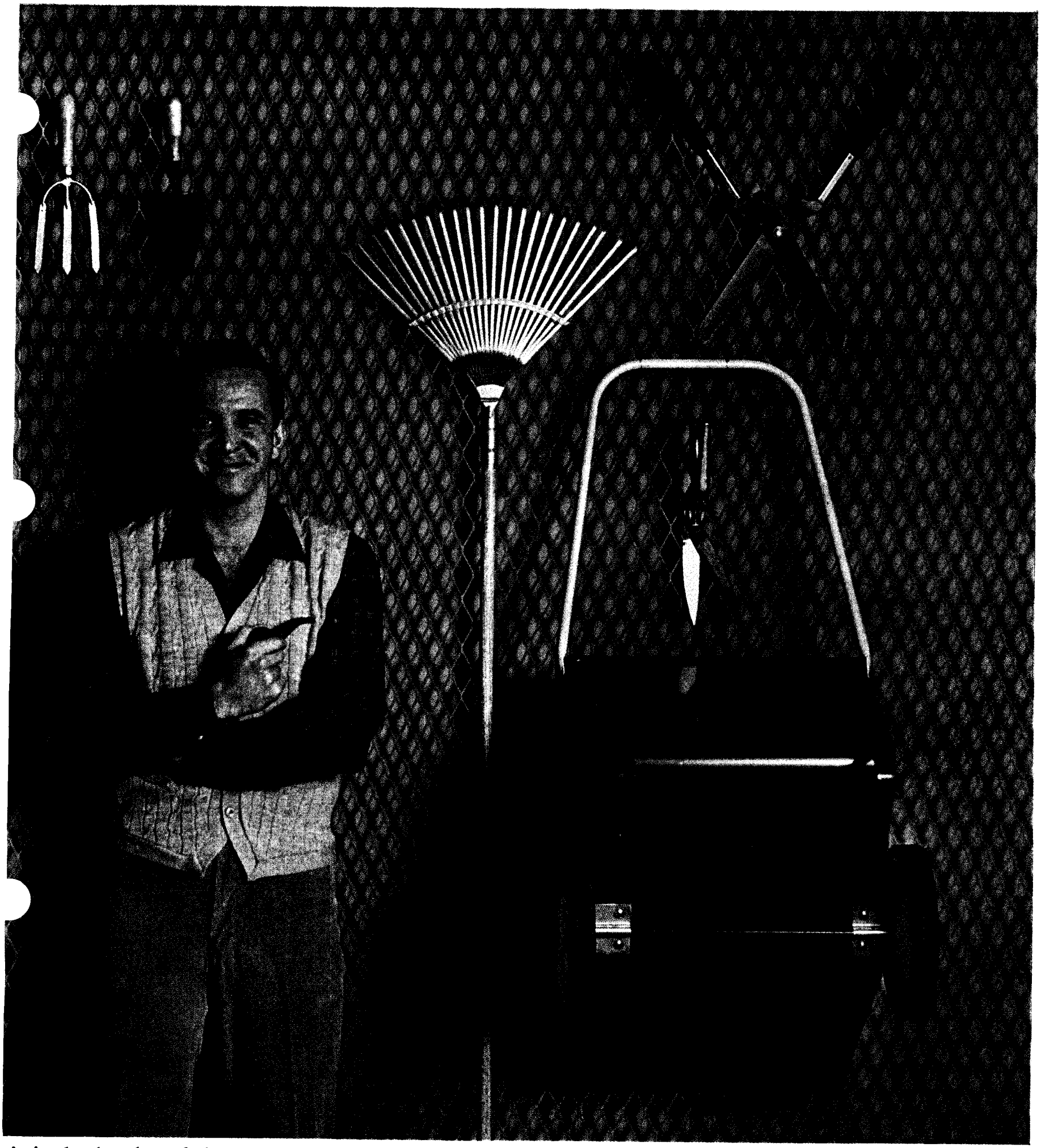

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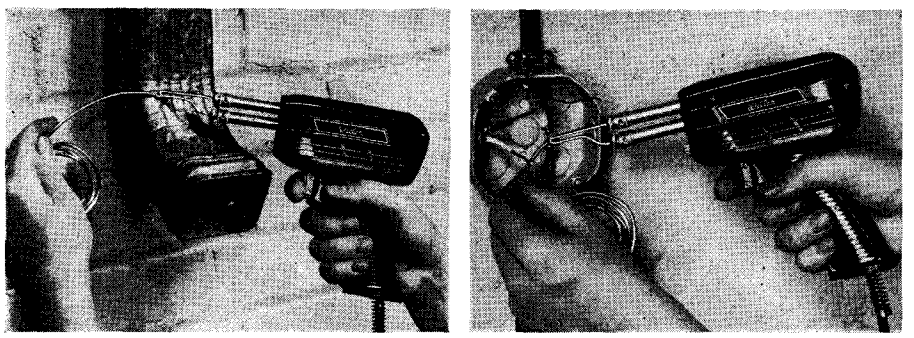

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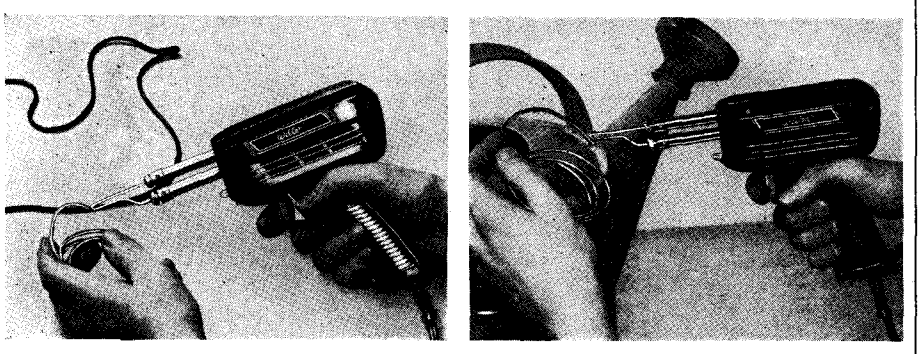

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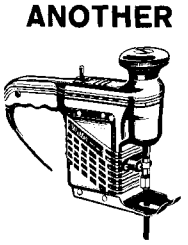

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WELLER ELECTRIC CORP., EASTON, PA.

HARDWARE WEEK 1961 "HAPPY HOME VALUES"

(*Continued from Page 53*) turned to rubber. No safe and easy middle ground—forward or back.

Holtz was sidling in on him, not wanting to, worried but obedient.

"Helen!" Zeb's voice was a thin sound coming to his ears from far away. "Beat it. Run!"

Holtz he could handle anytime. The dope had a nose that, if you so much as flicked it, started to bleed. Zeb swung and landed and, as Holtz's hands came up, jackknifed him with a knee. Holtz flopped and rolled, scattering sand. Malloy came in fast with shoulders hunched and head low. Zeb's knuckles skidded off bone. He tried with the knee, but found no target, only scissored hands that latched and heaved, tumbling him backward. His head smacked a log. Dazed, he tore at the hand that raked with clawed fingers for his eyes. Malloy's head slammed his chin, battering him back. He felt himself flipped as if weightless, then the clamping pressure of a forearm was against his throat, crushing in on breath and life.

Zeb heaved and bucked, but the weight bore heavier on his back, the arm vised tighter under his jaw. Through the tumult in his ears he sensed a thud, a flat thump like a stick on punkwood. The arm slacked. He bucked once more, hurling Malloy off his back and across the log. He caught Malloy as his shoulders lifted, slugged him and kept on slugging, hitting from his knees, feeling the jar of each solid impact clear to his shoulders. Someone was calling to him, tugging at him, but he hunched over Malloy, pounding him, battering him against the log with fists gone slippery. He slugged till in a dim and muddled way he realized Malloy had quit trying to break loose.

Voice and hands got through to him. "No more, Zeb. Please! You'll kill him!"

He staggered to his feet, sucking air in great gasps. The spinning world of shadow and risen moon steadied. Two scared white faces swam into focus.

With help, Holtz might stay safe on the middle ground, never amounting to much, but at least keeping out of trouble. Zeb panted at Holtz in language the dope would understand.

"You keep away from him, see? I ever catch you with him again, I'll work you over good. Now take off! You go up to my car and get in and stay there."

Holtz's panicky crashing through the brush diminished. Zeb turned then and took Helen's hand. She was crying; the tears shone in moonlight. "He won't bother you again," Zeb told her, the words coming clumsily through split lips. "Or me either." He felt big now, strong and sure. "Not him or anyone like him."

"Zeb, he isn't dead, is he? I hit him as hard as I could."

"You hit him?" There had been that sodden thump.

"With a piece of drift. He was choking you. Oh!"

Crying again. She ought to be home. Zeb tightened his hand on hers and started them away from there, along the moon-flooded beach. He looked back once. Malloy was up and lurching toward the brush. He didn't know how far Malloy might have carried his stupid caper. Chances were, Malloy himself wouldn't know. The Malloys could only drop back, reform school to young-offenders unit, with the pen waiting for the next fall. A week, a month, and Malloy's stolen-car deal would explode in his face. But he wouldn't be taking a couple of stooges behind bars with him.

His face hurt, and so did the back of his head. He ached all over—and felt wonderful. But a minor puzzle remained.

"Your date. You were going to that dance."

"He has chicken pox." The tears had stopped. Helen spoke lightly, in disgust. "Of all things! When a boy gets to be sixteen, wouldn't you think he'd be through with childish ailments, Zeb?"

His picture of the assured cavalier deflated. White jacket and imported sports job improbable; his folks' car, maybe, if he rated a driver's license.

"That's a shame," he said, almost meaning it. But his brain had been taking a holiday—too long a one. Now, with Malloy out of his life, he could see a number of things very clearly. For these years, it was with kids like the boy with chicken pox that Helen Rankin belonged. "Look, I have to get you home, Helen."

"Couldn't we look for my locket? There's a wonderful moon. I know where it is, Zeb, I saw him drop it."

"You can come down tomorrow."

... ...

Child On a Chair

By Louise Guyol Owen

This is what happens when you tell
A child to sit and be still for a spell:
He's perfectly quiet . . . ten seconds at least.
Then he begins to work like yeast.
He wiggles his fingers, wriggles his feet,
Cranes his neck to stare at the street,
Reaches out to slap at a fly,
Draws his six-gun and shoots a guy.
He itches—he scratches; he stretches, he twists;
Screws up his face and balls his fists—
Leaves like a jet when you've had your fill.
Children sit fast; they don't sit still.

... ...

"You too?"

"Nope."

Taking care of her was getting to be a habit. Perhaps he would never see as clearly as the blind man, but he knew it would be easier from here on to find his answers. Some he had already found: for now, it was better that he think and work and dream alone—better for Helen, better for them both.

She poised above him on the steep path, gazing down. Zeb said to her gently, "I'll see you again. I've decided to go back to high school this fall. I want to be in your dad's physics class at MacBride. Will you tell him that?"

She was younger than he; she lived in a different world, but she understood. "I'll tell him. I'll watch for you there, Zeb." She bent and touched his bruised mouth with a moth-wing kiss and was gone.

Zeb gave her time to reach her house, then started for the car. The plans buzzing in his head didn't leave much space for a rod, not even a shiny job with plenty of chrome up front. It came to him that he was unlikely ever to make a million or win the *Grand Prix* in a red Ferrari. But just possibly, one day in his forward reaching, he might marry the prettiest girl in the world. THE END

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UNFADING PROOF: Both panels were painted with "Dutch Boy" Latex House Paint. Panel at right was just painted. The test panel at left was exposed to 2 years of actual weathering. The pictures tell the story.

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HARDWARE WEEK 1961 "HAPPY HOME VALUES"

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WEST BEND 50th ANNIVERSARY 1911 1961

The West Bend Company

FORMERLY WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.

Dept. 574 WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

The Lion and the Dagger

(Continued from Page 39)

"I didn't mean to tell anyone. It—it happened."

"It doesn't matter." With a start of joy, she thought, *And that's true.*

He hesitated and said, "You know, Sarah, he might have found out."

"That's no excuse for you," she said sharply.

"I know."

"But it's really true it doesn't matter. I'm even glad he knows." A regret—and something less avowable than regret—pinched her. "But I wish *I'd* told him. I hate myself for that."

"Don't," Robin said in a low voice. "It only means you think you're better than the part of you you hate. That doesn't get you anywhere."

She said warmly, "I hope you'll be able to make it all right with him."

He lifted his eyebrows. "With ——"

"With the governor."

His face twitched. "Dear Lord, I hope so—I can't think what came over me to make such a fool of myself. Well, I must go." In the doorway he hesitated. He said, "Thanks, Sarah," and ducked out of the room.

Alone, she stood looking out of the one cracked, dirty window. For the first time the thought of Boyd started a shudder in her, at such a depth that it was painful and frightening. She sat down, folding her arms across her thin body, and tried to think it out clearly. Not a great way from this room a man had been tortured, by his countrymen, by men using the same words as he for bread, pity, pain. *No, no, it's too frightful*, she thought. She felt ashamed of herself and horribly inadequate. *I let Totty off far too easily*, she thought with a spurt of anger. *Far too easily. But what can I do? If only I could ask Andrew.*

Without giving herself time to have doubts, she decided to ring him up. *I can't tell him about it on the telephone*, she thought, *but I can tell him he must come back, I need him, he must come at once.*

She got up and hurried across the landing to her stepfather's room, where there was a telephone. *If Charles is already there, I can't do it*, she thought. *But if he isn't, it's a sign—it means I'm right to tell Andrew.*

The room was empty.

It was sometime after five when the governor called his secretary to his room. During the hours of waiting for the summons the young man lived through all the circles of his hell of uncertainty and self-accusation. He had never felt more mortified, more ashamed of himself. *Only let me get safely through this*, he prayed, *and never, never, will I make such a fool of myself again.* What, after all, did Boyd matter to him? What did anything or anyone matter to him except himself and his needs and sane, decent hopes?

Long before he was summoned, the thought of Boyd had dropped below the troubled surface of his mind, out of sight.

When the young man came into the library, the governor allowed him to stand at the other side of the table for a full minute before glancing at him. He was coldly angry. He felt as though he had spent a large sum of money on a painting or a piece of china which had turned out to be a fake. His judgment had been badly at fault. And—the real point of his bitterness—Frent had been looking on at the exhibition.

"Well?" he asked ironically. "Are you recovered?"

The young man's eyelids quivered. "Sir, I can only apologize—very humbly."

"Your behavior was inexcusable."

"Yes, sir."

"What the devil possessed you?" the governor asked, frowning.

Robin hesitated. For less than a moment Boyd's mutilated face and body floated to the surface. He choked down the sickness and said quietly, "I thought that the prisoner was in pain."

"Was that a sufficient reason?"

"No, sir."

"I haven't had time to decide what to do with you," he said coldly. "You can go."

Robin's face expressed nothing but his sober acceptance of a punishment he had deserved. He went out without a word.

For a moment Ormston sat still under the weight of his uncertainty. Never in his adult life had he doubted himself and his power to handle any situation, any person, and turn them where he wanted—never until now. He thought suddenly, *I shall have to see him.*

Oh, nonsense, he told himself sharply, sheer nonsense. Pointless. But—he knew it—now that he had allowed Boyd in, he would have to see him. His mind cleared, and he felt confident.

Frent, he learned at police headquarters, was out. An officer named Senior was on duty in his room, a big, stout, comfortable fellow with burnished cheeks and twinkling blue eyes, the spit of a country grocer, very reassuring. The prisoner, he said cheerfully, had been put to bed in one of the cells, he was not sure which, but the prison doctor had seen him, and if His Excellency would like to talk to that officer ——

Ormston cut him short. "I want to see the prisoner. At once. I haven't much time."

A little to Ormston's surprise—he had not known it existed—they went down, by a flight of stone stairs cut off from the ground-floor corridor behind a door and a grating, to a basement.

"Has the prisoner been down here all the time?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"How long have you had him here?"

Captain Senior could not say.

When did they move him down? Ormston wondered. *For the final interrogation?*

The staircase and the narrow passage in which it ended were lighted by electric bulbs set in the walls—well lighted. But he had an impression of airlessness and gloom, stifling, as though the light were being beaten back by darkness pouring from the walls. *Yes, dark*, he thought vaguely.

A young soldier was on guard outside a cell. Wagging a hand at him, Captain Senior opened the door. He seemed about to edge his large body inside.

"You can go," Ormston said.

He shut the door against Senior's face. A single electric bulb, hanging from the ceiling, lighted the cell. It was not a strong light, but strong enough to light up so narrow a place—and the man on the bed.

Standing with his back to the door, Ormston looked at him, in the first sickened instant taking in only the face, or what he could see (Continued on Page 66)

A successful TV cowboy is one who can outdraw the program opposite him.

DAN BENNETT

HARDWARE WEEK 1961

"HAPPY HOME VALUES"

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DON'T SPOIL YOUR NEXT PAINT JOB BEFORE YOU BEGIN

Paint better and easier with any kind of paint, on any surface with well-made brushes filled 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX®

You'll find these brushes make painting easier and better. Now, Du Pont has established a quality mark which is your guarantee that brushes are filled 100% with tapered TYNEX . . . a filling material made for quality paintbrushes. These brushes can be used with any type of finish, even the new water-emulsion paints . . . are easier to clean . . . and give you professional-looking results. You can save time and paint like an expert when you use well-made brushes filled 100% with tapered TYNEX.

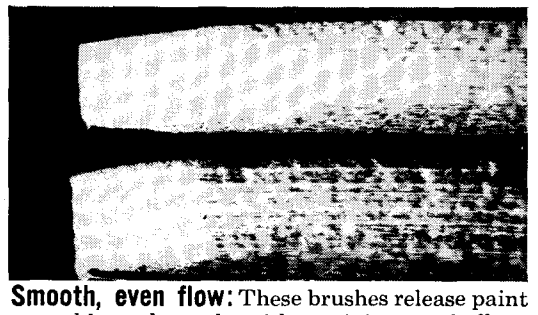
To determine higher quality brushes look for these features:

Full Stock: They will contain enough filling material to feel firm at the heel and soft and flexible at the tip.

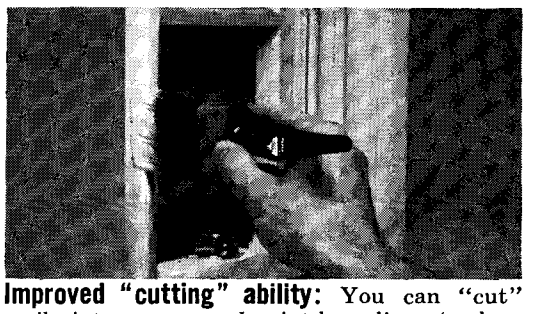
Mixed Lengths: Better made brushes contain a mixture of different length filaments.

Finished Tips: Properly made brushes are processed to give a soft finish to filament tips to assure top performance.

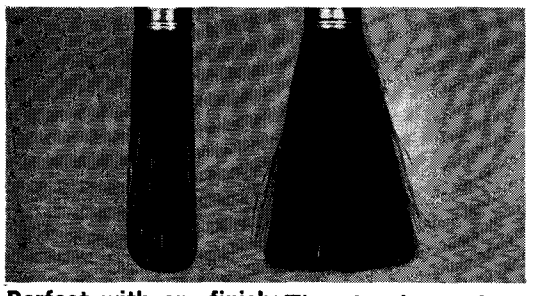
Then, be sure they are filled 100% with tapered TYNEX nylon filament and you'll get these advantages:



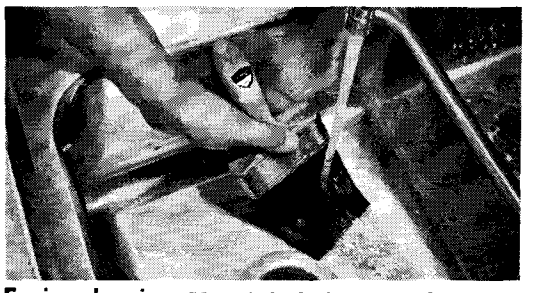
Smooth, even flow: These brushes release paint smoothly and evenly with a minimum of effort. A poorly-made brush releases paint too quickly, so . . . you put on an uneven coat and work harder to spread the paint.



Improved "cutting" ability: You can "cut" easily into corners and paint long lines (such as window molding) without frequent dipping because well made brushes of 100% tapered TYNEX come to a natural thin tip.



Perfect with any finish: These brushes perform well with any finish, and are recommended for water-emulsion paints. Natural bristles can absorb 15% of their weight in water and swell as much as 25% becoming bushy and hard to use.



Easier cleaning: You'll find these brushes easy to clean because they absorb almost no moisture. They rinse easily, thoroughly and dry quickly . . . retaining their shape and flexibility. And they can be used immediately.

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL: Next time you buy paintbrushes, look for the bright red and white seal that guarantees your brushes are made 100% with tapered TYNEX. And be sure to check for these features . . . Full Stock, Mixed Lengths and Finished Tips.

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HARDWARE WEEK 1961 "HAPPY HOME VALUES"

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1961 Big Power Mower Value

Atlas-Aire

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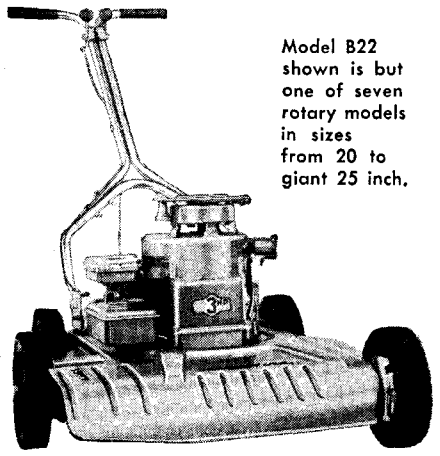

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(*Continued from Page 64*)

of it; there were bandages over one eye and across the jaw, and the flesh between them was black and tumefied. Also there was something not right with the unbandaged eye. As he took a step forward, Ormston thought that the lid had been singed.

He stepped back again. The door he thought he had shut had only been ajar; it closed sharply when he leaned against it. Boyd's single eye opened. It seemed to focus with difficulty. Very slowly, in silence, his hand moved and pushed at the bandage over the other eye.

"Don't," Ormston said instinctively.

Boyd's lacerated mouth twitched in the parody of a smile. The fingers of the hand he could still use tried vainly to push the covering from the lower part of his body, gave it up and lay still. A trickle of blood came from a corner of the contorted mouth. He had not said anything.

Ormston forced himself to move nearer the bed. He began, "I didn't know—I didn't intend. . . ." The same parody of a smile cut him short. He controlled himself to say, coldly and distinctly, "There has been a mistake, a horrible mistake. The men responsible will be punished—I'll see to it."

The rasping thread of sound coming from Boyd was almost inaudible. "No, you can't. You have no right."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Dawn Bird,
April

With rapture he heralds
The sodden hour,
Lustily singing
In the shower.

R. H. Grenville

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Ormston had been struggling against nausea; it rose again at the back of his throat. "Anthony ——"

"I talked—yes," Boyd muttered. "I vomited answers. But don't think that finishes us. You'll have to kill or torture thousands of us to do that."

"Don't blame yourself," Ormston said with pity.

The flicker of Boyd's single eyelid was a point of irony. "D'you know what you've done?" A little energy came into his voice. "I believed there was something in me—in any man—that could survive anything, torture, anything. I believed that. If you like, it was my religion. Now I don't know whether it's true; I don't know whether what is human in us is stronger than what is inhuman and obscenely cruel. I no longer know. That's what you've done to me."

"Forgive me."

Had Boyd tried to laugh? "My dear boy, I don't flatter myself. The role of victim—is less disturbing, far less interesting, even less elegant than that of his torturer."

Ormston said again, "Forgive me."

"It's not"—Boyd paused; from somewhere he gathered strength—"*not* true that—at a certain point—anyone will give in. I was unlucky to be so hard to kill." The brutal contempt in his voice was not, Ormston thought, for himself, though he went on, "Another man might not have given in. *I* did. You made a rat of me. You, Ricky."

A phrase forced its way up in Ormston from so far back that he did not recognize it. When in his life, his childhood, had he cried it before? "It wasn't my fault!"

Silence. Then Boyd whispered, "Come a bit nearer, can't you?"

Ormston came to the side of the bed. Looking down, he saw only the disfigured eyelid and the lips, split open and blackened, pushed against each other by the bandage below them. Beads of sweat lay along the upper lip. An unpleasant smell came from the bed.

"Something to say," Boyd muttered. "Closer, can't you?"

Ormston bent over the grotesque face. A second later he stepped back, lifting his hand blindly to his cheek.

The effort of spitting had exhausted Boyd. His eyelid dropped.

There was nothing his friend could do but go.

He came out into the sharp honey-yellow light of early evening. Turning his head he saw, floating in this light, the pure hull of a mountain. Behind it the sky was a dead calm, clear through depth below depth.

He was infinitely astonished that none of these had changed. The feeling of separation, of being not there, not in himself, persisted; it was his other self who acknowledged the salutes of the sentries at Government House, crossed the hall and walked with him up the great staircase to the library.

He sat for some minutes, in the same more-than-half-oblivious state. The sound made by his hand tapping the polished wood of the table startled him into consciousness. He realized that during these minutes he had been thinking about Robin Hind—and had come to a decision. He had decided to get rid of him.

A sudden access of energy sent him to the telephone; he had himself put through to police headquarters. Colonel Frent was still absent.

"As soon as he comes in, tell him I want to see him," he said. "Here."

Putting the receiver back, he touched the bell that rang in his secretary's room, and when Robin came in said, "Sit down. I'm going to talk to you for a minute." As if speculating what use the young man could be to him, he watched Robin seat himself stiffly in the chair facing him across the table. "You realize that you've shown yourself capable of something very like hysteria—at best a shocking lack of control."

"Yes, sir," Robin said quietly.

"I hope you realize, too, that another such . . . indiscretion—whether it happened here or in London—would be the end of you. No one cares to have a subordinate about whose nerves are not under control."

"I realize it entirely, sir," Robin said in the same low, steady voice. "I ought to have held my tongue. I know." He went on with a light touch of urgency. "It would never happen again."

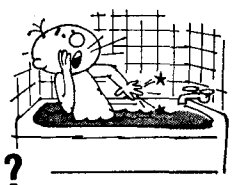
"I hope not," Ormston said, "for your sake." He felt a cold pleasure in what he was going to say. "I can't keep you. You must go elsewhere to hold your tongue. You'll have a pressing family reason for returning to England. I'm commending you to a safe friend of mine in the department. You'll be all right—so long as you behave yourself properly."

The young man's lips trembled—the first sign he had given of distress. In a voice you could believe very deeply moved, he said, "Thank you, sir. You—I'm immensely grateful."

"You ought to be," Ormston said coldly. He moved his hand. "That's all. Go away."

Frent came ten minutes later. He brought news which his dry, precise voice offered as though he were seated behind his desk, dictating it to one of his clerks. During the morning a security force had surrounded one of the hide-outs given away by Boyd and picked up not only

LEAKY TUB JOINTS?



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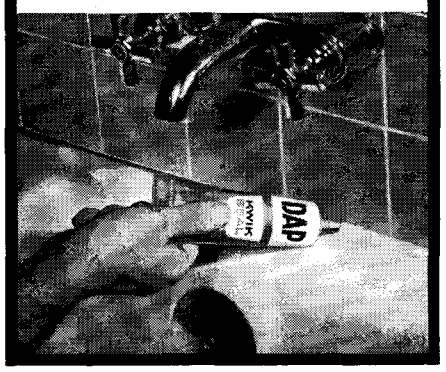

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wo so-called area commanders but also he plans for a raid on three villages, with he names of the men to be shot or anged, and details of a scheme for oisoning wells used by English troops n patrol in the hills.

"Perhaps," he said, with his aseptic mile, "this scheme would not have been ied out. But the other, the attack on villages and the massacre that was to ow, would certainly have come off in he next week or so. So, at sometime, vould 'B' Day and its murders and detruction. We have been very lucky."

"Yes, yes," Ormston said almost absently.

As though he were slightly—very slightly—taken aback, Frent insisted a little. "The importance of this, I may call it, first fruits of Boyd's capture is something we can congratulate ourselves on without"—he smiled again—"without being too cock-a-hoop."

"Tell me," Ormston said dryly. "Was it necessary to be so—brutal?"

Frent's eyebrows rose. "You understand, there was no time to proceed slowly or by careful stages. And it was impossible to allow any but the very briefest intervals for recovery. Time, in fact, was of the essence."

After a moment Ormston said, "I have seen Boyd."

"Sir, I regret sincerely that we had to use strong, even cruel methods. But—as you yourself agree—we were up against an evil thing, and you can't fight evil with blunt weapons." He paused a moment. "By sacrificing one man—and after giving him every chance to save himself, don't forget—we have saved I hesitate to say how many lives, avoided God knows what atrocities."

He stopped, moving his shoulders in a hint, without disrespect, of a shrug.

"Yes," Ormston said. "No doubt. A great many lives have been saved."

"Impossible to guess how many."

"You believe it justified the use of torture to break Boyd."

Coldly, with polite surprise, Frent said, "Sir, I don't follow you."

Ormston looked at him. "You've seen him?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

The wings of Frent's nose quivered a little. "They all break at some point," he said quietly. "Some need longer—more pressure than others."

"You gave the orders," Ormston said.

"Yes, of course."

"Did you watch them being carried out?"

"Certainly not."

Ormston thought, *He gave the orders, he knew what would be done, he saw the result. He didn't like it, but he feels no remorse, no excessive discomfort.*

I too, he thought. *But I'm viler than Frent. He knew what he was doing, but he knew it without feeling. He was only the instrument—in* my *hands.* With a drop into darker, colder waters, he reflected that he had taken care not to know too much beforehand; he was a coward as well as vile.

"It sickened me," he said calmly. "It shouldn't have been done."

The oblique glance Frent gave him between half-closed eyelids conveyed—under the indifference of the bureaucrat—all a soldier's contempt for the civilian.

"With the utmost respect, sir—you authorized me to use any means."

Ormston stood up. "Yes, I did."

Frent held himself stiffly. "If you consider the value of the information—incalculable ——"

"I have considered it," Ormston interrupted.

"He—Boyd—is not a pleasant sight. True. But men and women with their throats cut across are not pleasant."

"I have," Ormston repeated, "considered that."

His night was short and untroubled; a heavy sleep fell on him almost as he lay down; he woke at six, with a light shock, like a swimmer coming to the surface after a plunge—the sensation of breaking through a brittle skin to find himself in a suddenly luminous world, full of sounds and wings. He got up and pushed open the shutters. Without warning he was invaded again by the overwhelming feeling of surprise that the world outside him had not changed in some drastic way. *No, nothing has changed*, he thought.

The change was taking place in himself. There the whole landscape had been torn up, as by an earthquake, houses reduced to rubble, trees torn down, all the known contours effaced. He turned to go back to the bed table, to ring for coffee; to reach it, he had to step over Boyd's torn body lying between window and bed.

Vexed, he thought, *This won't do—it mustn't happen again.*

During the afternoon, about five, when he was working in the library, his secretary came in and asked, "Sir, will you see Mrs. Boyd?"

"Is she here now?" he asked without turning his head.

"Yes, sir."

Must I see her? he thought, with a reluctance which had little to do with Anthony; she must have come about him, but, he told himself, *I can deal with that.* What he detested was this sense that one side of him had been flayed and was a raw, naked surface, the ends of the

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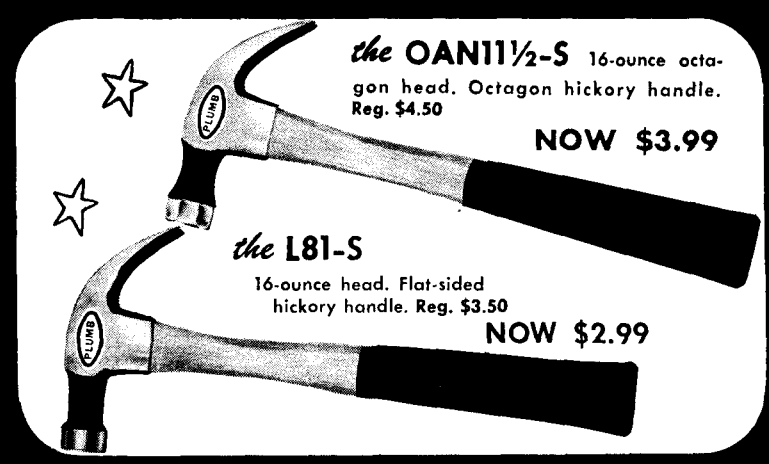

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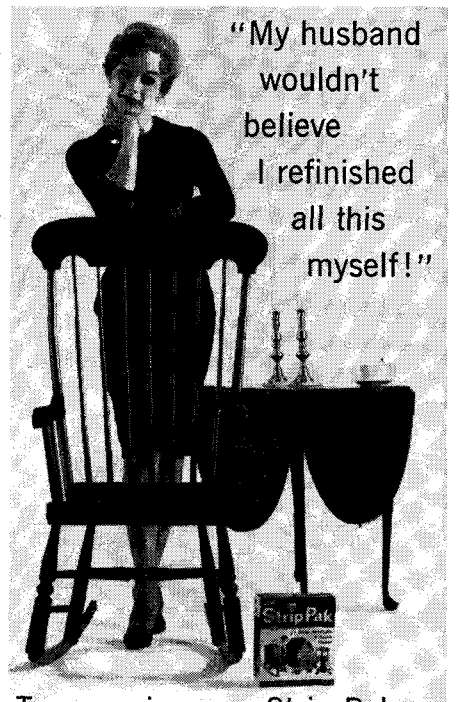

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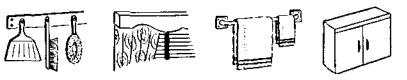

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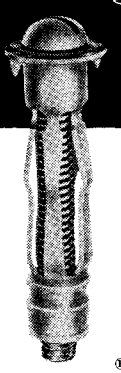

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nerves exposed, and that she might catch sight of it.

"Very well. Bring her in."

He stood up as she came in. She had wrapped herself in a long thin coat, and was wearing a hat with a veil that covered her face; drawn closely under her chin, it was knotted on the crown of the little hat. From the way she walked he saw that she was nervously tense; she had a faint color in her cheeks.

"Why did you come?"

She sat down and began to pull at the knot of her veil with impatiently blundering fingers. It did not give way; she stopped trying and folded her hands. Without any haste she said, "I've heard—I heard it from Agathe, who has so many cousins and uncles that they are a grapevine in themselves—that Anthony, not that Agathe knows his name, is ill. That he's in pain."

"So naturally you came here to ask."

"Naturally."

"It's not true." *Why am I taking the trouble to lie to her?* he thought ironically. "He's exhausted—they've been questioning him for a long time."

She looked at him with an almost sullen attentiveness and said brusquely, "I want to see him."

Ormston smiled. "You can't do that, my darling; it's not possible."

"Why not?"

"It's not possible," he repeated.

"You mean you won't give me permission."

He hesitated. "No, I won't."

Anne stood up and leaned against the table. The fingers of the hand she rested on it were shaking. "Then it's true. The police have ill-treated him."

She came close to him, close enough for him to catch the light scent of geranium, and began speaking in her low voice. "Tell me the truth, my darling. I can forgive you anything—you know that. But tell me."

"Take your veil off," Ormston said.

Slowly, working at it, she got the better of the knot so far as to be able to push the veil off her face, and to offer him her mouth. . . . "There," she murmured. "Are you satisfied?"

He felt a strangely numbed joy. It was more than longing for the release, the comfort, she could give him—and no one else could. A confused notion of atonement came into it; there must be some restitution he could make, a simpler life—simpler and harder—that he could live, with her. Once she had forgiven him. Absolved him. It was absolution he wanted from her. He believed, his body believed, that she had been sent here to give it to him.

"It's true," he said. "True. I'm sorry."

The change in her face, to loathing, did not at once make any mark on him. He was holding her too closely against him, the warmth of her body under her thin coat penetrating his, to see her distinctly; it was only after a moment, when she began to struggle against him, that he understood. For another moment he went on holding her because he was afraid, if he let her go, that she would fall. She was crying, long, harsh cries, that must tear her throat. He made her sit down, and he dried her face gently with his handkerchief. She pushed him away. No longer crying, she looked at him with a cold, vindictive, almost evil expression. Her face was distorted by it.

"You had him tortured," she said. "You. You're quite loathsome. D'you know that?"

"If you say so," he said, staring at her. A great deal of his energy was going on the effort to hide his anguish from her.

"You were jealous of him—always—long before you began making love to me. That's why—why you did it."

"Why I made love to you?" *No, t isn't what she means*, he thought. *Sh not—not so ill-bred.*

"Why you wanted to hurt Anthor to kill him." Her eyes dilated. "*Have y* killed him?"

"No."

She's not ill-bred, he thought, *but s is stupid—with the peculiar stupidit affair of the soul or the senses, of women. It would be unkind to tell her truth. Let her believe that it was jealou only jealousy; let her comfort herself believing it. Any comfort is better th none*, he thought coldly, *and to a wom any flattery.*

Anne stood up. She was making effort to be calm. The look of rancor h settled on her face again, aging it. "I going to see that you're punished."

"As you like," Ormston said.

"It's no use," she said dully. "course, it's no use. I can't do anythin You'll hush it up. No one will believe no one will *want* to believe it."

"My poor girl," he said very gentl

She shrank from him. "I should lil you to suffer."

He watched her for a moment. "D you ever love me?"

She did not answer. She smoothed h dress, pulling the veil over her face, ar went out of the room.

It was six o'clock. He had agreed te Gouraud at that time, before th

---

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DAVE MURRAY

Frenchman left on the evening plane fc Paris, where he had business. On th telephone he had said that he would b away a month or six weeks, and h wanted to say good-by. "After all, at m age, one never knows. Not that I hav any intention of being buried in Franc but there is the risk."

He came in, with his amiable liples smile, and held out a limp hand to b shaken. It was exactly eight days sinc Ormston had talked to him for two min utes, on his way to see Anne, but thei talk had taken place in a former life between two other men. The man stand ing in front of him, friendly, smiling a stranger, as if he had come from an world.

Gouraud ran over him a glance use to uncovering, in a formless mass o earth, the outline he expected. "You'r tired," he said.

"Not more than usual."

"Forgive me," Gouraud said, "yo are not usually tired. Tell me, you'll b here when I come back?"

"Yes. Oh, I believe so. I might be"—his mind refused him the English word—"*dégommé*. One never knows."

"That would really break my heart," Gouraud said. "You have become th salt of my life here."

"You're very kind," Ormston said smiling.

Gouraud folded one skin-and-bon knee over the other; his hand smoothe the dark cloth appraisingly, as though he were going to make an offer for it. He turned the same gaze on his friend. "I didn't come only to say good-by. You know how inquisitive I am—I had a question, but don't answer it if it annoys you. My foreman—I call him th flatter him—tells me that an E officer has been captured working the rebels.

(*Continued on Page 70*)

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(*Continued from Page 68*) He believed it. Have you heard the rumor?"

"It's true," Ormston said.

The old Frenchman's eyes brightened, but he kept a serious face. "Ah. Embarrassing."

It would so delight him to be told the story that Ormston could not refuse it to him. "I'm going to tell you the name," he said, "then you'll know more than all but a very few people—it's not being published until I come back from London next week. The man is Anthony Boyd."

No trace appeared on Gouraud's face of all he must be turning over in his mind—that storehouse of secrets, experiences squeezed to the last drop of pleasure and bitterness, ironies, subtle egoism—about the relation between his friend and Anthony Boyd's wife. He spoke with unaffected kindness. "I am sorry that you are having to deal with treachery in one of your own people. It is very mortifying. I am really sorry."

Ormston had a sense, very consoling, that he had been taken back into a civilized society. His desperate need of companionship drove him. "I knew Boyd at school," he said slowly. "We were close friends. He was—is—very stubborn, very hostile to the more respectable virtues and persons."

"It's even worse for you than I supposed," Gouraud said. He moved his hands in a gesture of extreme delicacy. "A friend as well as a fellow countryman."

"Yes. Yes, it doubles my—my guilt in allowing him to be questioned brutally ——"

Gouraud's hands swept this away. "My dear fellow! What some overzealous or clumsy subordinate does is not your business. But it's repugnant—of course it is—to have to hand a friend over to justice. One of the burdens of your position. You're not, I think, a believer?"

Unhorsed, Ormston said, "In God? No."

"Neither am I. Let's say that I believe like Pascal—but without his anguish—that the few years of our life are all that is given, our whole destiny on earth. Because I believe it, I also believe that men like you, intelligent, informed, sane, upright, have the right—if you wish—to impose your feeling for order on the anarchic mob. Men of your sort have the right to do anything necessary to achieve this. Anything. You are the depositories of our civilization and its values—its reasonable skepticism, curiosity, tolerance—but you know the rest."

"How far would *you* go to preserve them?" Ormston drawled. He hesitated and said calmly, "As far as torture?"

"No, not so far. It would be a contradiction, and I am very logical. Passionately. Also"—he smiled—"I have a weak stomach."

Ormston was silent. An idea came into his head for the first time—was it the first time, or had he only just noticed its shadow falling between him and the light?

"I could resign."

Dismay and disapproval tightened Gouraud's mouth to the point where it became a sunken line, a wrinkle in the worn, sallow skin. He sat up. "No, no, you have no right. You are our Creon, you carry that burden. Some of your duties are repugnant, like signing the order for an execution—or handing over a friend. But you mustn't resign." He checked himself and said gently, "I'm tiring you further."

"You never do that."

"Yes." He stood up. "I'll go. Good-by, my dear fellow, until I return."

"Take care of yourself."

"Nonsense. I'm not important—except to myself. To myself, very. But you must be careful. Remember—it is in you, in men like you, that the future lies."

"The future?" Ormston felt himself beginning to smile; he checked his smile before it could spread and disconcert the old Frenchman. "Thank you."

He had no engagement for this evening, but the thought of dining between his mother and Sophie, the one exacting and intelligent, the other silent, bored him. If he could have his mother alone. . . . Not possible. On the excuse of work, he had sandwiches and a bottle of claret brought to him in the library.

He turned over on his tongue the irony of his position if what he had done turned out to have saved the country and ruined himself. The taste was sharp and, curiously, subtly, familiar.

I am very much alone, he thought. Abruptly he decided that he would bring Andrew back, at once, tomorrow.

He felt tired. It was early, not yet half-past nine, but he could read himself to sleep; he hesitated a moment whether to ring up Frent, to ask after Boyd, and decided that it was useless and unwise. Outside the door of his bedroom, he stood still. An impulse as unreasoning and instinctive as any of his childish fears for her and need of her sent him to cross the corridor to the door of his mother's room.

When he went in, she was lying back on the sofa, her head propped on a mound of pillows, and Rose Bain was busy massaging her throat and face. Rose's tongue was well out between her teeth and quivering slightly, and her face was twitching in a pious ecstasy. At the sight of him she threw up hands glistening with cold cream and exclaimed, "Heavens. But nearly finished, nearly finished. If you come back in ten minutes, operation beauty will be over."

She burst out laughing at her joke. She was flushed and in pain; sciatica was racking her, but she believed it would go away if she ignored it, and Mrs. Ormston encouraged her in this stoicism.

"Shall I leave you?" he asked.

His mother looked at him with a trace of annoyance. "My dear boy, give me at least a quarter of an hour."

He turned to go. The impatience that seized him was as anguished and irrational as the child's to whom a minute is eternity. He said roughly, "Go away, my dear Rose. You can come back later."

Flustered, she looked at his mother for orders.

"If my son is in such a hurry . . ." Mrs. Ormston said, closing her eyes. "But take the cream off first—you can begin again when you come back."

Mrs. Ormston was sitting bolt upright on the sofa. After Rose left she waited until he had crossed the room to her, then said calmly, "Well?"

He did not answer at once. With a savage self-mockery he realized that he had come here meaning to throw himself in her arms. The delay while Rose wiped the cold cream off had chilled him strangely. *How ridiculous*, he thought. *A man over fifty, kneeling before a handsome old woman, bawling for comfort.*

"Well?" she repeated, irritated. "Why are you staring at me? Do I look odd?"

"How old are you, mother?"

"You know exactly how old I am—seventy-two."

"When I was born you were nineteen," he said, smiling. "It must seem a long time."

Mrs. Ormston raised her eyebrows. "Your interest in our ages is—what shall I say—eccentric."

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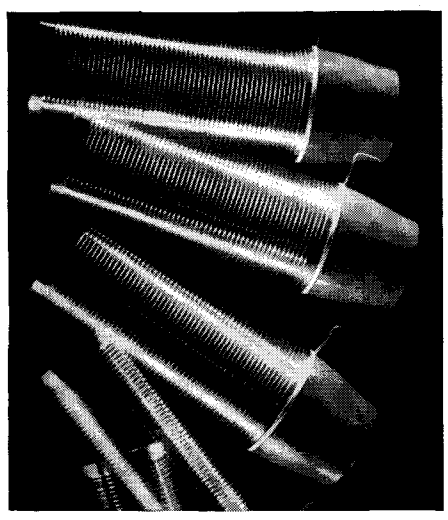

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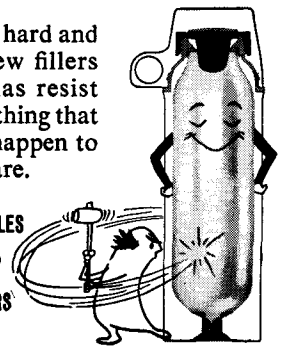

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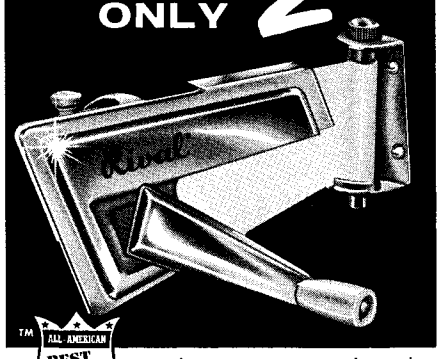

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"Do you want to be admired for making the discovery?" she mocked him.

His mind made an abrupt jump. "You may have made a mistake in pushing me into an ambitious life. Why did you do it? Can you remember?"

"I haven't the least idea what you want me to say, my darling. You're in a strange mood, aren't you?"

Pulling a chair close to the sofa, he sat down and lifted one of her hands. She frowned and drew it away without haste.

He got up and dropped on his knees, feeling blindly for her hands. "Help me. You can. You'll understand, you're so calm, so wise. The one person I can trust."

Her voice reached him from a great distance. "What is the matter, Richard? Are you ill?"

"Tell me, if everything I've got for myself—for you too; yes, for you—were going to be destroyed, if I were disgraced, my career broken ——"

"What in heaven's name are you trying to tell me?" she cried.

"Would you—as you always have—go on believing in me and admiring me?"

His mother made a noticeable effort to stifle the distaste she felt for this frenzied emotion, but her voice gave it away. "Really, my dear boy. This extraordinary scene. . . ."

With a physical shock, he saw himself kneeling ludicrously at the side of the sofa, clinging to one of her hands; he saw the hand, too, brownish ribbed skin and long, narrow, pointed nails, with stupefying distinctness; he dropped it and got up. In the same instant, as though the shock had broken a way into some walled-up recess of his mind, he felt a murderous rage, a wish to hurt, even strike her. She was wiping her fingers on a ridiculously small handkerchief. His own hands were shaking, and he folded them behind his back, out of harm's way.

"Our prisoner decided to talk," he said. "I had him tortured."

She rolled the tiny handkerchief into a ball and let it drop. "You what?"

He hesitated. A question that had plagued him, and was unanswered—perhaps unanswerable—chose this moment to return. *Had* he, after all—when he told Frent that he could use any means—had he known clearly what these would be? *I don't know*, he thought wearily. *I do not know. It's not important.* He said calmly, "It was the only sensible thing to do—since he refused to help us."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes."

His mother was silent; no change came in her face, but the fingers of one hand scraped across the sofa with the unpleasant sound of nails on silk. "Is there going to be trouble—a scandal? Is that what you meant?" She lost her composure suddenly. "Richard, you must stop it, you must protect yourself."

Ormston smiled. "You mustn't be disgraced."

Both words and smile stung her. "You had no right to tell me," she said icily. "Why should I have to know about such horrors? You should have kept it to yourself."

"Yes, yes, you're quite right." His anger, like his weak longing to be comforted, had gone; something at the back of his mind was trying to draw his attention to itself. It wavered and came closer, then slipped aside; he felt curiosity and a prick of fear.

"Aren't you making too much of it?" his mother said. "The man was surely worthless?"

"Perhaps," he said with indifference.

"Why did you tell me?"

"Why?" He frowned. "I have no idea now why," he said simply.

Her glance moved over his face, slowly, with a controlled disgust. "You must have been mad to do such an unpleasant thing. Even your father—brute as he was ——" She checked herself.

A feeling of boredom seized him; it bored him to go on talking. "Yes, I dare say," he said. He yawned. "He wasn't a self-righteous hypocrite. His—his lusts didn't need an unnatural outlet?" *Unnatural?* he thought. *Nonsense. Entirely natural and human.*

"I don't know what you mean."

"You ought to know," Ormston said. "You and I are much more alike than I am like my father."

"I tried to make a gentleman of you," his mother said softly, with extreme bitterness, "a man able, as he wasn't, to behave decently."

He looked at her with amusement. "My poor dear. What a disappointing life you've had."

"We won't discuss my life, my dear boy."

The memory that had been evading him stepped forward, slyly, like a clown with a stick held behind his back. "Oh, but we will," he said lightly. "D'you remember the time I'd been laughed at and told I was a common little beast, and I came howling to you to be comforted?

... ...

Encounter

By Doris Moore

It is through our eyes
We crawl into each other;
In this statued gaze
Now trade our lives forever,
Exchanging through our
eyes
One view for another.
And that is why my gaze
Goes blind in yours forever.

... ...

It's of no importance, but I've just remembered how it ended. You were as cold with me when I told you as if I'd said or done something offensive. You pushed me out of the room; I was disgracing you, you said."

His mother smiled slightly. "By crying?"

"Oh, no, not at all. By existing."

"Yes," she said at last, "it's true. I never liked you. I never wanted you."

He looked at her with a mocking smile. "Now we know."

He turned and walked quickly to the door. It was ajar. Pulling it open, he was astonished to see his wife standing in the corridor, against the opposite wall. He stared at her. She was very pale. *How long has she been there?* he wondered absently. *How much did she hear?* He felt indifferent. Did it matter what she had heard? Drawing the door to behind him, he walked past her and went to his bedroom.

Sophie stood looking after him for a moment, then tiptoed across the corridor and, stealthily, without sound, pushed the door of her mother-in-law's room open a few inches and peered inside.

Mrs. Ormston had her back to the door; she was looking at herself, leaning into the mirror with an air of bewilderment and stupefaction. If she lifted her eyes very slightly, she would see Sophie reflected behind her, watching. She did not lift them.

Stepping back, Sophie closed the door carefully and hurried along the corridor to her own room.

As his father opened the door of the room, Andrew (*Continued on Page 73*)

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(*Continued from Page 71*) turned sharply. He had been standing staring at the titles of the books in his father's bedside shelf—all of them, except a new life of Napoleon, were books of memoirs—without paying them any attention. He frowned and began, "I came back ——"

"I see you did," Ormston interrupted. 'May I know why?"

He knew why—he had known the instant he set eyes on the face of the boy. Unexpectedly he felt a lift of the heart, excitement, almost pleasure. The agony of disillusion he had barely had time to taste dropped out of sight. *My last chance*, he thought swiftly. He brushed aside the half-formed question: Chance to do what? Andrew was his—even more than his son, his creation. He knew, knew certainly, that he could convince him of the rightness of what had happened. *With him I can't fail*, he thought. His mind had cleared suddenly; he felt quietly confident and in control, like a surgeon picking up an instrument he knows precisely how to use. It was a familiar sensation, as old in him as the moment when, a young man, he was waiting with two others to be interviewed for his first job; then as now he had had this calm certainty of being able to please and impress men not easily impressed or charmed. Glancing at his two rivals, he had felt a touch of contempt; compared with him they were ignorant amateurs at the game of handling people. It brushed him again now, this contempt; never, he thought, never at any age had he been so young, so defenseless, so capable of giving himself away as Andrew, without knowing it, did in every line of his young hard face.

With an obvious effort Andrew said, "Is it true, father, that you have had Boyd tortured?"

His father took this clumsy thrust easily. "Let's sit down." He settled himself in a low chair. "No, no, sit down, boy. I can't do with you standing up like a sentry. . . . That's better. Who gave you the fellow's name?"

"You did."

"No, I didn't. Tell me who did."

Andrew moved his long fingers. "Everyone knows it."

"Everyone? That's nonsense. They will next week—when they open their newspapers. But who told you this story that he had been—what was it you said?—tortured?"

"It's being said ——"

"Bazaar gossip," Ormston interrupted, smiling. "And you swallowed it?" He watched Andrew as the young man jumped up. "Can't you sit still, my dear Andrew? All right—but it's time you went back to England."

"Then it's not true?" Andrew said in an uncertain voice. He paused, scowled, and said, "But it is. I know it. I know what was done to him. Don't try to make a fool of me."

"I'm not," Ormston said gently.

He hesitated. *But this is my last chance*, he thought coldly and lucidly. *My last and only card.* If he continued to lie, it ceased to be, in any sense of the word, a chance. By cheating he would be throwing his card away. There would be no victory, no triumph, no reconciliation. Nothing. Nothing except his flat, pointless refusal to play his card, trust his luck, or skill. He said slowly, "Suppose it's true—and suppose there were no other way, beyond all argument *no other way* to save this country from more bestial killings, misery, useless deaths—wouldn't you say it was justified?"

"No," Andrew said.

"Tell me why," Ormston said patiently.

Andrew's grimace of contempt made him look older and less vulnerable. "If you want to know—if you really don't know why a torturer is the filthiest creature on earth, worse than any murderer, too filthy to touch—I can't tell you."

His son's insolence stung Ormston because it was involuntary; the boy did not mean to be insolent, was not conscious of the loathing in his voice. He felt a momentary doubt, an almost physical queasiness. Mastering it, he said coolly, "Don't let yourself become emotional, Andrew. I want you to use your head—not react like a hysterical woman. Think. If you were responsible—as in effect I am—for the lives of all the people in this country, from helpless old ladies like Mrs. Durham to children, even unborn children—they killed one of these the other day, when they shot a young woman who was pregnant—what would you do if you were faced by the refusal of a man, one man, to give you the information you needed to break a rebellion which is both a civil war, for they kill their own people, and a vicious circle of fear and hate? What would you do? Would you sit down and say piously, 'It's too bad he won't speak, but I've kept my hands clean'? Or would you use violence—if you like, cruelty—to force him to speak?" He lifted his hand quickly. "No, wait a minute. Remember that we spent four days, four long days—while the killings went on, unarmed men, a young English girl, a boy—trying without any physical pressure, except keeping him awake, to get Boyd to speak. We tried every argument. Every sort of appeal. *I* tried. I"—he paused briefly—"I implored him. I almost went on my knees." He smiled, a half-ironical smile. "I would have crawled on them if it had been any use. We—I—failed. Well? Would you, at that point, have given in and let him get away with it—with our chance of stopping this cruel, bloody mess? Think, my boy, think."

Andrew was pale and scowling. "I don't know," he said under his breath.

His father's heart leaped; he looked down, to hide his triumph. "It's not easy to govern," he said quietly. "If you have to decide between one man, one criminal—that's what Boyd is, you know, a peculiarly evil criminal, unreliable, vain, arrogant—if you have to decide between him and all the helpless men, women and children he is condemning to misery, it becomes an agony of mind that is ——" He broke off. He had been going to say: that is worse than the agony of a man twisting and screaming between the hands of his torturers. *No*, he thought. He closed his eyes for a moment. And it would be a mistake to say it.

"Could you have tortured him?" Andrew said abruptly.

"No."

He had spoken without thought, the word jerked out of him. Andrew's face, distorted by disgust and an almost childish grief, told him what he had done.

"You see?" Andrew cried. "You order other people to act like—like animals, and you, you keep your gloves on. It—it's the most contemptible thing I ever heard."

The blood rising in Ormston's temples was followed by a sensation of cold, moving behind his eyes, across his skull. He looked at the furious young man facing him—his son. He steadied himself and said, "My dear child ——"

Andrew interrupted him rudely. "If it had been anyone but you. . . . I suppose you'll deny it if it gets out, but people won't believe you. You'll be discredited—a leper."

The puerile insult, the wish to hurt, stiffened his father. He said dryly, "You're wrong. Nothing is forgotten so quickly as unpleasant facts. Nothing."

Andrew's mouth twitched. "*I* shan't forget it."

He's going to break down, Ormston thought. With deliberate sarcasm, he said, "Your self-righteousness does you credit."

Andrew bent down, bringing his face close to his father's, and seized his arm. Instinctively Ormston drew back.

"No!"

Taken aback, Andrew stammered, "What? I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

"Nothing," his father said, "it's nothing. For a moment I thought you—it was a mistake." He made an immense effort and said, "You haven't been tested yet. You've been safe. I shan't always be able to protect you."

"You?" Andrew said. He smiled. "Do you think I want protection from you? I loathe your idea of safety."

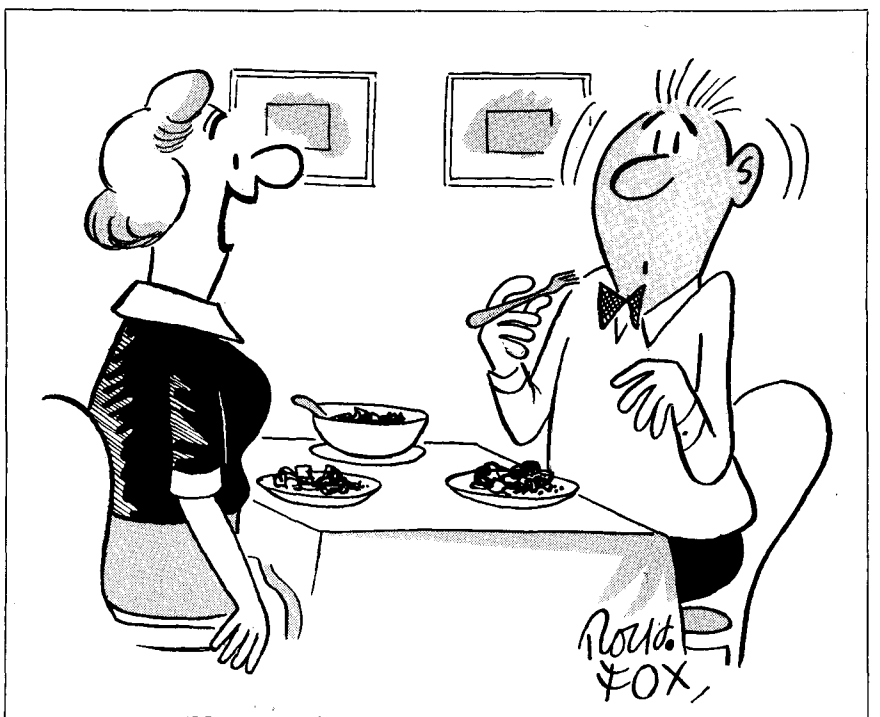
Ormston did not speak, because he did not know what to say.

"I'm sorry," Andrew said again. "It's no use, is it? I'd better go."

His father felt an anguished need to keep him. "Boyd isn't dead, you know. He's being well looked after. Nothing irreparable has happened."

Andrew smiled with the same young, cruel mockery. "Is that what you think?"

"You—you don't believe me?"



"Note how the addition of horse-radish, chili peppers and Tabasco makes it come to life."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Andrew seemed to hesitate. "That you did it is irreparable," he said almost gently. "You can't put that right. You're ——" He spread his hands in a confused gesture. "No, it's despicable and disgusting."

His father did not go on. *I can't get near him*, he thought. Yet if he put a hand out, he could touch him, touch the hard, warm flesh, feel its warmth, its energy of a young animal.

"You mean that I am?" he murmured. Since Andrew said nothing, he went on, "I've always tried not to fail you."

"What I can't bear is that *you* did it," Andrew said.

It was a child crying out. Ormston smiled without irony. "You don't trust me—not any longer—to know what ought to be done?"

"I don't trust you at all," Andrew said. He walked toward the door.

"Don't go," Ormston said involuntarily. "Stay with me."

Andrew stood still, his reluctance so plain it was like a blemish on his face. "I can't. I'm sorry."

"Help me."

"How can I help? There's nothing I can do—is there?"

A single thought steadied Ormston on the edge of he scarcely knew what—despair, laughter. *My last card was no good.* He said very gently, "You'll see Sarah, won't you?"

"Yes, tomorrow." No point in saying that he had seen her already this evening. Besides, his father must guess.

"Well, go," Ormston said.

Alone, he stood for a long time, several minutes, without moving, afraid to move, afraid of the vacancy round him, the absence of all voices and absence of himself.

It was late, but he could not go to bed. Not yet. He had first of all to clear his mind of the—he hesitated—the fog of unreason clouding it. The memory of something Gouraud had said returned, and he thought coldly, *What, after all, did I do? A responsible act—it saved many, many people. Anthony was a dangerous man, a criminal; for their sake he had to be made harmless; he himself made brutes of us. Then what did I offend against? Not any Christian law. Forgive your enemies. Is it my place to forgive the murderers of innocents?*

"I was right," he cried suddenly. "I had every right."

He did not believe what he said. He believed it with his reason, and his reason was foundering in cold and darkness. *And very likely I shan't be accused*, he thought, *or not openly. My trial, my damnation, is taking place in darkness and silence, before no human tribunal—and no God, since I don't believe in Him. What shall I do?*

"What shall I do?" he repeated aloud. *Resign. I shall resign.*

The decision made itself; it had sprung in a recess of his mind, fully grown, even before his son left him. Of all the decisions he had made during his life, this, he thought lightly, was the one with which he had had least to do—he had had almost no part in it, no choice.

He felt an overwhelming relief. *Now I can sleep*, he thought. He stretched his arms, smiling. It was two o'clock. He undressed and lay down, and fell asleep.

Lying there, eyes widely open in the early light filling the room, he thought almost with surprise, *I have no one.* He remembered that he had embarrassed Andrew last night by asking him to stay, and for the first time saw the injustice, egotism, folly—the folly especially—of expecting a young man, with his own life clawing him, to help.

(*Continued on Page 76*)

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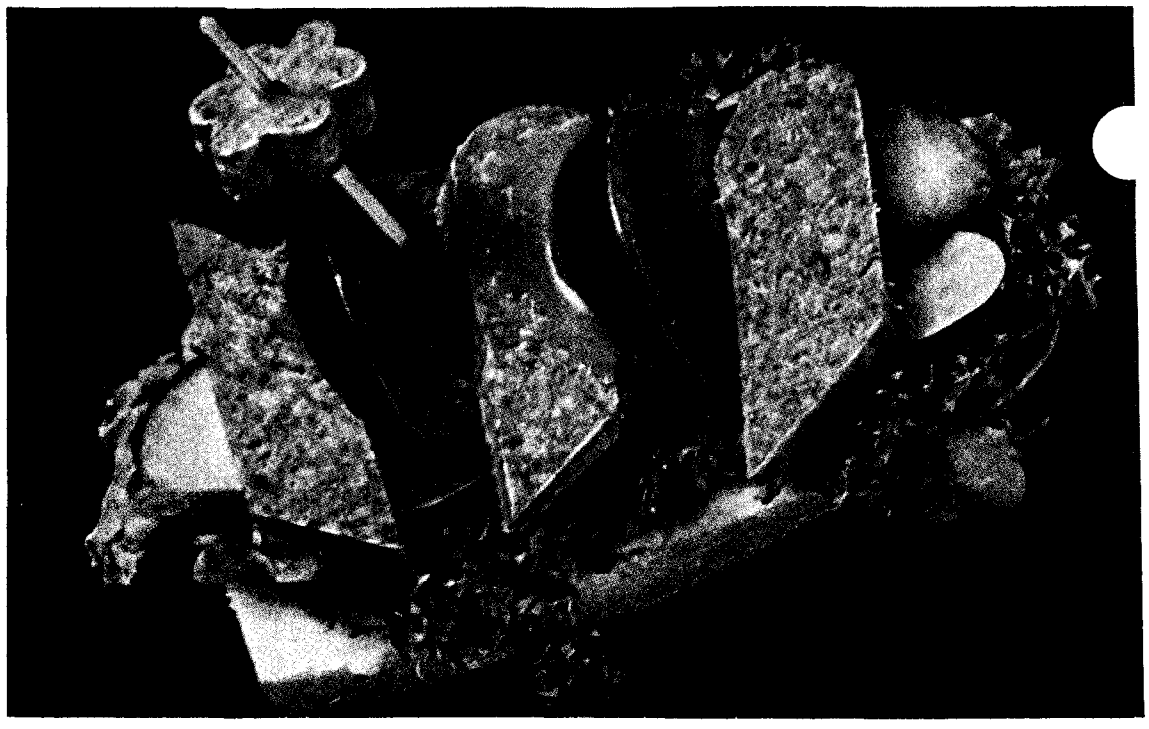
"Dansk Design" Be as famed as the Danes for fascinating sandwiches Savor the hickory-smoked flavor of Wilson's Mor with these authentic Danish fixings: sour cream, chopped onion, blue cheese, pimiento, sieved hard-cooked egg yolk and anchovies on rye. Mor is 100% pure protein-packed pork.



"Petite Salad" Sandwich "Mm—magnifique" is the word for this French-y combination of crisp cucumber, radish, tomato, French dressing and curly lettuce—with the hickory-smoked flavor and tender pork meat in Wilso Mor. For more of an Old-World flavor, serve it on buttered French bread.

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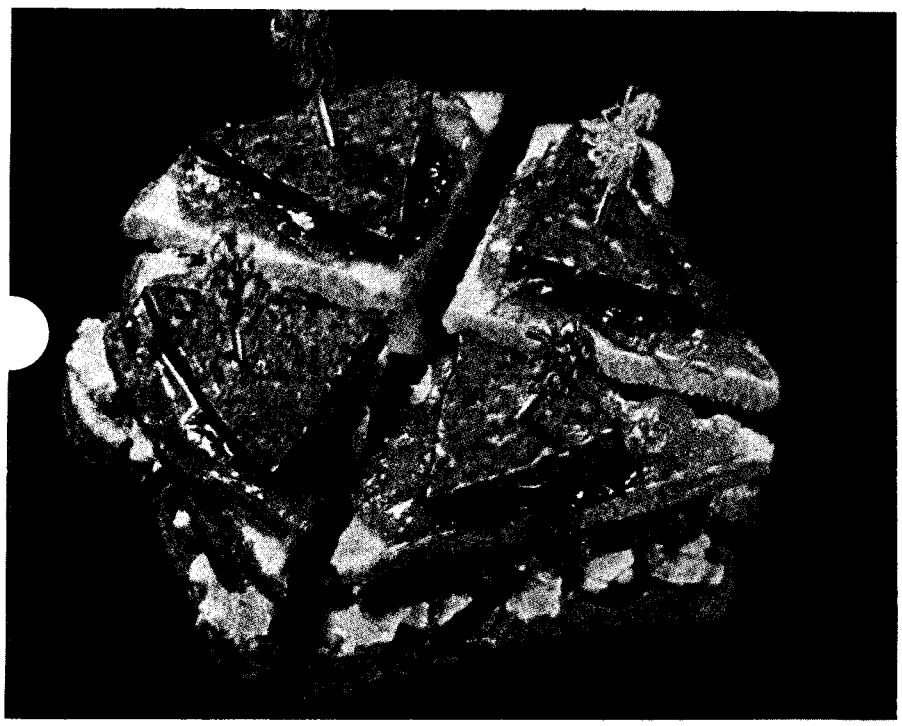
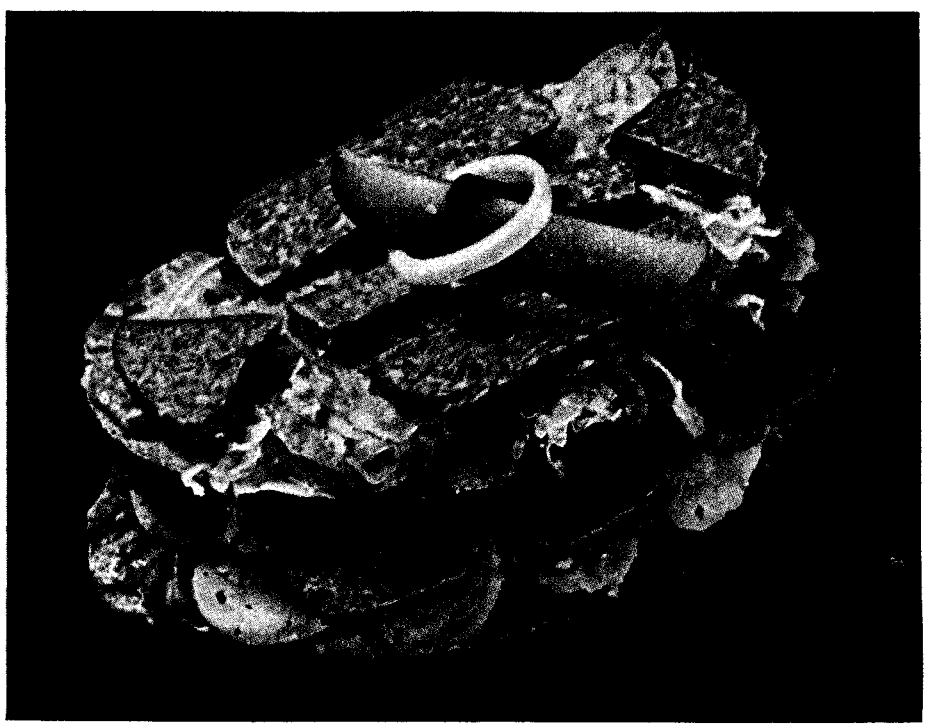
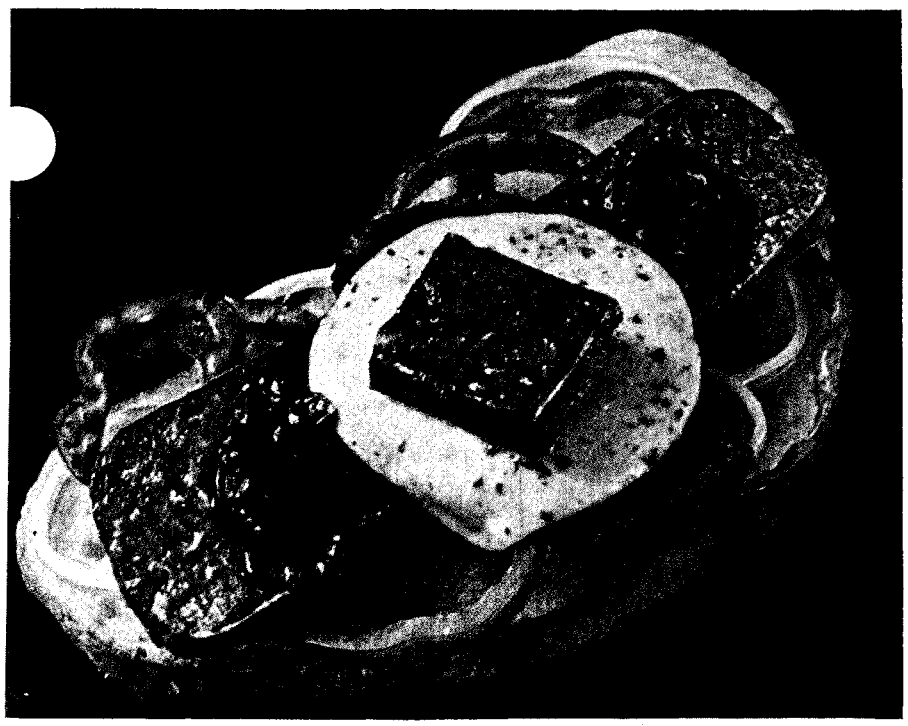


"High Tea" Hospitality Add cottage cheese, orange marmalade, Bibb lettuce to Wilson's Bif on thin white—double-decker style—and what jolly good hospitality! Pure chopped beef in Bif puts the high-tea heartiness in this one.



"Rathskeller Rave" Hearty eaters relish the Deutsch touches in these 2 layers of tangy sauerkraut, potato salad, lettuce and rich rye—with Wilson's Mor, the only pork luncheon meat with hickory-smoked flavor. Easy, too!



"Bella Pizza" Please 'em with pizza day or night; Wilson's Bif keeps on the shelf. Put juicy delicious Bif slices, onion and pepper rings, tomato paste, provolone cheese, oregano and parmesan on Italian white—and broil.

Hickory-smoked flavor

Pure chopped beef

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(*Continued from Page 73*) *There is no one else*, he thought calmly.

He began, with the greatest lucidity, to sum up in the case of Richard Ormston versus—versus whom?

A prudent fellow, this Ormston, fastidious, well-mannered, charming, intelligent, scrupulous on one level, only unscrupulous in the service of his lawful ambition. There were no vulgar betrayals to confess; he had always veered away at once from any possible entanglement or start of interest in pretty but dowerless young women; the married woman who was his mistress when he was a young man was kind, sensible and approved of his marriage; there had been no unprofitable friends he needed to shed as he climbed, since instinctively he made friends in the right places—from the start, even when he was poor. As soon as he had money he was able not only to choose the right friends but also to indulge himself in a few enemies. Had Anthony, as boy and young man, been what he became during the war, he would not have been intimate with him.

For less than a second he remembered the bawling child. *It wasn't the first incident of its kind*, he thought sharply. There had been others, irrecoverably buried, a frozen, buried lava of grief. He felt a frightful bitterness, and checked it, telling himself derisively, *Before you begin to feel sorry for this unloved child, notice what he became.*

He had nothing but the most unshakable contempt for the notion that a child is bound to be the victim of its foolish, unhappy parents. *I was born greedy, violent, violently sensual*, he thought. *Is it my fault that I never learned to live with so much violence? Entirely my fault. I could have done better.* Another thought brushed his mind as lightly as one of those spider's threads stretched across a path, invisible until they cling to your face. *Your indifference to Sophie—inexcusable.* But his poor Sophie hardly existed—even though she had given him his son. Her money, at a time when he had very little of his own, had been useful to him, and he had not been unkind to her. *That's completely unimportant*, he thought impatiently. *Nothing is of importance except to remember that I made myself; I* wanted *to be what I am—a power in a world where the greedy, the single-mindedly ambitious, the hard, survive and flourish. I willed it. There is no excuse. No defense.*

He raised himself to look at his watch. Six o'clock. There were sounds outside, all the sounds—voices, footsteps, a distant airplane, cock crows—of this early-waking country, a rumor as deep and continuous as the beating of his own heart. He had a fleeting sense of being part of it, part of the life of common men, with their courage, fears, cruelty, kindness, hate, love, their desires and deaths—the last the only thing they succeed in without having to learn the trick.

It was late in the afternoon, nearly five o'clock, before he found time to sit down in the library to draft the letter of resignation he meant to take to London with him. Unexpectedly he found it very difficult to get the right tone, cool, aloof, final. He made several drafts before one satisfied him and he could put it aside.

He felt tired and empty. The thought, only half-formed, of some kind of expiation—but what? What could he possibly do?—came into his mind. First of all—and at whatever cost to himself—he had to try to get leniency for Boyd. After that ——

Robin Hind's entrance annoyed him. He looked up, frowning. "I told you not to disturb me."

The young man's engaging air of embarrassment was followed, momentarily, by a gleam of excitement and curiosity. He said quickly, "I'm sorry, sir, but there is news."

"What news?"

"The prisoner—Boyd—has killed himself." He paused, but when the governor, staring at him with a heavy attention, did not speak, he went on in his cool, pleasant voice, "A nurse and an orderly were taking him to the operating theater in the hospital. It's on the third floor, and he broke away when they were passing an open window and threw himself from it—onto the concrete."

Relief—was it relief he felt? "You say he's dead?"

"He was alive when they picked him up," Robin said. "He died in a few minutes."

"Is that all?"

"No, sir."

"Well?"

His secretary held out a memorandum sheet on which he had written a sentence. TELL HIS EXCELLENCY THAT I FORGIVE HIM. Glancing at it and laying it on the table, the governor said, "What *did* he say?"

Robin lowered his eyelids. "That is the message I was given, sir."

"Be good enough to give me the exact wording," the governor said coldly, brutally.

Robin stammered, "He said, 'Tell—tell your damnable old governor that I've let him off.'"

A slight smile crossed the governor's face, a smile which lifted the ends of his mouth in a spasm of contempt and ironical pleasure. He said calmly. "Yes, I see. Last score to him. You can go."

Robin was shocked to the heart by this smile—or what he took to be his heart, an organ which so far had given him more satisfaction than trouble. He hurried out.

As soon as he had gone, the governor picked up the draft of his letter of resignation, read it carefully through, altered a phrase, read it again and tore it into the smallest possible shreds before dropping it, together with his secretary's memorandum, into the wastepaper basket.

He finished destroying the few personal letters and documents kept in a leather case in his bedroom. His watch, which he had only half wound the night before, had stopped, and he had to cross the room and look at the traveling clock on his dressing chest to see that the time was approaching midnight. He had one more thing to do, a letter that ought to be written. Since it mattered very little to whom it was written, he chose a friend whose name caught his eye on the political page of *The Times* lying open in front of him.

Composing the letter gave him a mild amusement, it came so easily and quickly. *I should have been a novelist*, he thought.

My dear Alan: I hope to see you next week in London, and congratulate you then on the new job. But since you may, if I am unlucky, have left before I arrive, let me tell you now how delighted I am that for once the right man and the right job have coincided—I don't wish you luck, you scarcely need it. When—if—we meet, there are one or two personal matters, not very important, on which I'd like your advice. I could ask for it now, but—to tell you the truth—I'm too tired to write personal letters. Really I'm abominably tired, and sleeping abominably badly. The sensible thing to do, and in five minutes or less I'm going to do it, is to take a couple or more of old Dent's knock-out pills—do you still go to the old boy, by the way?—and turn in.

Remember me to Mary—and try to be still in England when I come.

Yours ever,
RICHARD ORMSTON

He addressed an envelope, but left the letter lying on the table, open, as though he had been too tired or too lazy to fold and seal it.

Without feeling sorry for himself, he thought again, *I have no one. My mother never was with me; that was an illusion of my own making, entirely of my making.* With pity, the first pure pity of his life, he thought, *My poor mother. I wish to God I hadn't told her about Anthony; I did it out of malice and spoiled what little pleasure she had in me. Oh, fool, fool.* Anne? Something half grief, half self-contempt brushed him as he watched the current sweep her away. *She was no use to me*, he thought. Even on the edge of the precipice, he had not changed. A mortal cold and solitude, complete, final, inescapable, enveloped him.

Suddenly energetic, he got up and went over to the dressing chest, pulled open a drawer and began searching it for what he wanted. Just as his hand knocked against it, he heard the door open behind him, and he turned.

His wife had not often looked less attractive than she did in the dressing gown she was wearing, dark-gray wool, shapeless, held together by a cord; probably she had bought it in the boys' department of a London store. A plait of her gray hair hung over one shoulder; she might have been a prematurely aged schoolgirl if her lean, dark face, flat cheekbones and small hooded eyes ha not given her the mask of a peasant, Spanish peasant. Exasperated, Ormston thought, *The last person I shall see—no, no, it's too much.* He forced himself to speak gently. "What do you want, Sophie?"

Except by one of her absent good-humored smiles, she did not answer. She took her time about crossing the room. When she reached him, she quite coolly whipped the little bottle of sleeping tablets from his hand, glanced at it, set it down and said in a light voice, "What next, I'd like to know."

He could not keep his irritation out of his voice. "Really, my dear girl, what is it? What do you want? I'm just going to bed."

She glanced at him slyly. "Don't bother, Richard. I know what you're going to do."

"My poor Sophie, what kind of nonsense have you got into your head now?"

"Since I tell you I know, why are you taking the trouble to lie?"

He felt terribly bored. There was no reason why he should take her into his confidence—even if he had wanted to.

"My dear, go to bed," he said, sleepily polite. "It's after midnight."

"And leave you to kill yourself?"

"You have more imagination than is good for you," he said dryly. He went on in a lighter, mocking voice, "Even if I meant to make such a fool of myself, why should you bother?"

She frowned. "Perhaps I shouldn't—you don't care what I think. But you care about Andrew. Do you want to give him that burden to carry for the rest of his life?"

"The rest of his life? Nonsense! My poor Sophie, the young recover a great deal more easily than that. They don't let us burden them with our troubles—rightly and very naturally."

"I dare say," Sophie said. "But you have no right to do it."

He struggled against his annoyance. It was very much the annoyance he would have felt if he had been asked an impudent question by a man who had no conceivable right to ask him anything at all. The temptation to snub her was very strong. "I value your opinion."

She looked round her vaguely and sat down. In a light, almost childish, voice, she said, "Before Anthony Boyd died, he had been tortured, hadn't he?"

Angry, he said, "Did Andrew tell you that?"

"Oh, I don't need to hear things from Andrew." Her small, dark eyes flickered. "I'm not quite without friends here, you know. The man I get bananas for the monkey from is one of them, and the girl who washes my hair when I don't do it myself is another. It's true, isn't it?"

She had not answered his question about Andrew. He did not persist. "Boyd was in the hands of the police."

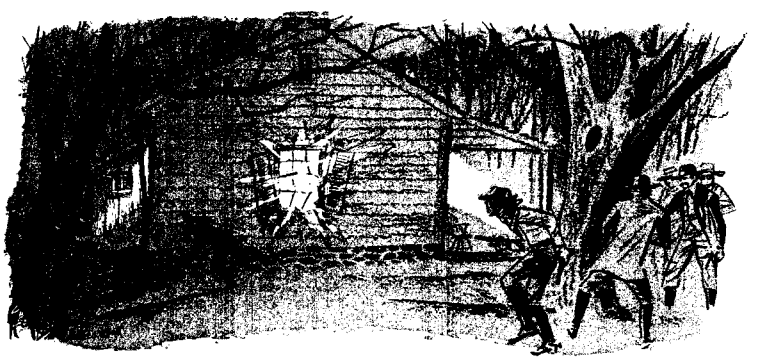
"You gave them the order, didn't you?"

She had exasperated him to the point of wanting to punish her for inflicting herself on him now. Meaning to hurt her, he said, "Yes, I did."

Her face did not change. "Why?"

To his immense astonishment, he felt a wish to justify himself to her. No, not to justify, but only—for the last time, at the last moment, and before this nonentity, this puppet of worn dark wood—to know himself, to know what, what cruelty what cowardice, he was capable of.

"I didn't torture him. And if I'd been told—I say, (*Continued on Page 78*)



What's Going On Here?

A heavily armed posse of law officers and citizens surrounds a low, frame farmhouse in the Midwest. Stealthily they sneak up to a window and toss in a bomb. The resulting explosion causes two casualties, but the victims are not the notorious lawbreakers whom the posse was after. Whom did they want, and who suffered instead?

Olney Rhode

(*Answer on Page 78*)

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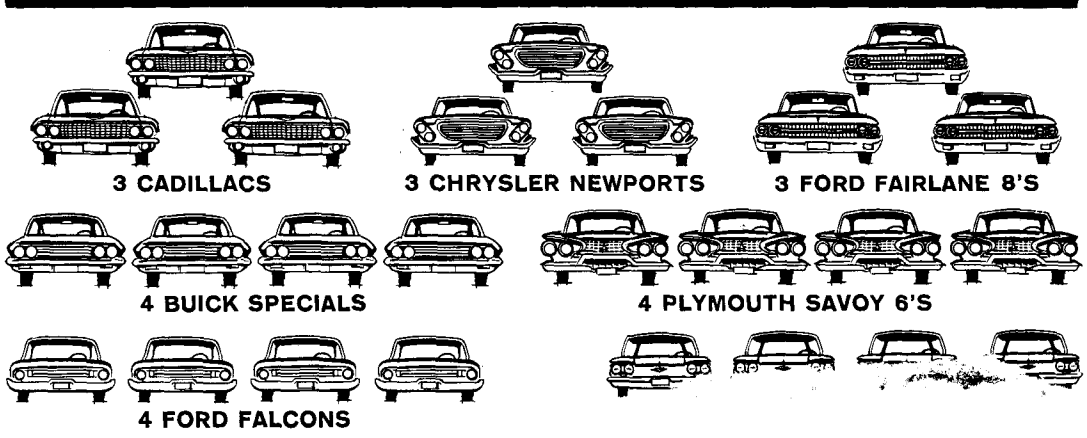

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RULES

You may enter this Sweepstakes as often as you wish. All entries must be deposited with participating Mobil dealers by May 15, 1961. Only one prize to a family. Winners will be determined by a random drawing conducted by D. F Blair Corporation and notified by telegram about 6 to 8 weeks after the close of the Sweepstakes. This Sweepstakes void in New Jersey, Wisconsin, Florida and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. Residents of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky and Mississippi are not eligible to enter. Employees of the Socony Mobil Company, Inc., and members of their immediate families, employees of its advertising agencies plus Mobil dealers and their employees are not eligible to enter.

Selection of winners: First prize drawn will receive Grand Prize of $25,000 in cash. The 25 names drawn will win a brand new duplicate of one of the class winners of the 1961 Mobilgas Economy Run. (3 Cadillacs will be given as 1st prizes, 3 Chrysler Newports and 3 Ford Fairlane 8's. In addition, 4 Plymouth Savoy 6's, 4 Buick Specials, 4 Corvair Monzas and 4 Ford Falcons.)

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(*Continued from Page 76*) *told*—what they were going to do, I should have been forced to forbid it. I wasn't told."

"But you knew."

He hesitated. After all it is not so easy to look at yourself without first arranging the image. "Yes, I knew what they were going to do—and I didn't stop it."

She gave him a shrewd, almost merry, glance, and he caught himself thinking that there was a kind of earthy mischief in her that he had never noticed; it must always have been there. "He was a terrible nuisance to you, wasn't he? Your career ——"

"Yes. Yes, that's true too," he said. He felt lighter suddenly, relieved, as though something that had been eluding him all his life had rolled gently into his hand, as though he were not, not absolutely, destitute.

A curious smile crossed her narrow face. "You don't know yourself very well, do you?"

A ray of light—or this smile—fell through some crack in the bones of his skull across his mind. He thought, *There is something more.*

"I—yes—I got a satisfaction out of it." A shudder started in him and wormed its way upward. "What am I? What am I, Sophie? I used to love him—I thought I did. I thought I loved Andrew—and my mother." He looked at her with a hard stare. "The truth is, the only person I've loved is myself. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"No. Oh, no, you didn't love yourself. It would have been much better for you if you had. Why, my poor Richard, you hated yourself."

Stupefied, he thought, *And that's true.* There was a store of hatred in him, more of it, far more than he could have used up on any other human being; it overflowed onto Anthony when his stubbornness became a stumbling block, a threat; on Sarah Leng when she took his son from him; on his mother. *And on myself,* he thought. An unexpected laugh shook him. "When I look back, I see myself as a thoroughly dislikable brat, all self-satisfaction and careful charm."

In a light voice she said, "That's not how I see you. I see a child keeping a sharp eye on people he is afraid of—yes, afraid—but with a secret hope that they'll suddenly become good and kind." She gave her quick, clear laugh. "You poor child."

If she had thrown a cup of water in his face, the shock would have been less rude. In the same instant he had a feeling of relief, almost gaiety. She had not changed, not suddenly become moving or attractive; it was as if she had stretched a finger out and touched in him a nerve that had been lying inert, dead, for years, for almost the whole of his life; the pain for a moment was excruciating, and then the gaiety, the warmth, took over; he wanted to laugh aloud, to talk, to drag everything from his mind and lay it in front of her, a child bringing his mother the pebbles and rubbish he has picked up. He said gently, "Why, Sophie, I never knew you."

"You never cared to."

"Can I talk to you?" he asked. "You're not tired?"

"Don't be absurd, my darling."

"In the last day or two I've realized, you know, that there is a point of selfishness and unkindness—cruelty—that I can't step beyond and endure myself. I thought I could do anything—for a good motive. Or even a merely sensible motive, such as getting on in the world. That's simply not true. I know that now. There's a line I can't cross and forgive myself for crossing it. And this has nothing to do with my evil nature—I mean, with the evil which is part of me. I had all kinds of good motives." He smiled in an embarrassed way. "I wanted—I sincerely wanted—to save this poor country from any more horrors. But my good motives don't excuse my bitter offense against"—he hesitated—"against all men."

"You believed you had the right to save it by hurting atrociously one man, only one man."

"Yes." He stopped, and went on with a sick bitterness, "I made myself believe it, Sophie. There is no excuse for me. I did something that was absolutely evil."

Sophie's smile was half sad, half quizzically amused. "Goodness me, how d'you know there is any such thing? Aren't you being rather vain?"

He had begun to walk about the room, suddenly very restless, and the word brought him up like a whip cracked in front of his eyes. He blinked and turned on her. "It's incredible that I'm talking to you like this."

"It's easy to talk to a complete stranger," Sophie said, smiling, "a woman you don't really know."

He made a confused gesture. Her calmness and simplicity did not surprise him—not any longer. What was surprising was in himself—the extraordinary ease he felt, the surrender, the solace of leaving himself in her hands, no need to guard himself, to think a move ahead, to finesse. It had never happened to him in his life—or so long ago that he had forgotten the taste of it. Almost humbly he said, "No, my wickedness is a fact, not—I didn't just make an error of judgment, a mistake."

"Your mother ——"

He cut her short, harshly. "My mother is sickened by this." He paused and went on in a meditative voice, "She never liked me, you know."

Sophie was looking at him with a serene, gentle irony. "Surely she knows that you wanted success—beginning with your school prizes—more than anything else to please and impress her?"

"How did you know that?"

"I love you."

He moved his hands. The words meant nothing to him—as little as a mother's caresses mean to a child. They passed over him in the same way, a touch too simple, too usual to distract him from

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Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 76)

A posse of private detectives and Clay County citizens raided the Missouri farmhouse of Mrs. Zerelda Samuels, mother of Jesse and Frank James, one winter night in 1875. Expecting to smoke out the desperadoes, they threw an iron bomb containing "Greek fire" into the place. The container exploded, blowing off part of Mrs. Samuels's right arm and killing her young son, Archie Samuels, half brother of the James boys. But neither James was at home. The highhanded bombing increased local sympathies toward the James boys.

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himself, from the discoveries he was making.

"I'm the only person who is to blame—no one else. You must see and believe that, Sophie. No one did me any harm. I harmed myself. I'm what I made—I could have made something quite different. I needn't have served this evil in myself." He thought she was going to interrupt him, and he said savagely, "No, no, don't say anything, and don't tell me it doesn't exist. If I didn't believe that, I couldn't believe that goodness is possible. I couldn't believe in your goodness."

He stopped. To his dismay, he was shaking; he felt dazed for a moment, as though he had been struck on the head. *Too late*, he thought, *it's too late to discover these things.*

He forced himself to attend to Sophie. *Poor Sophie*, he thought. *What am I doing to her? I ought to send her away.* He made no effort.

"No one has any right to judge you," she said tranquilly. "Neither your mother, nor Andrew, nor"—she paused very briefly—"your present mistress."

"I'm my own judge," he said sharply. "Even if they forgave me, I should hate myself. How can I forgive a man I don't know?" Unconsciously, with an unconscious timidity, he bent down and touched her cheek lightly. "Do *you* know who I am?"

Startling him by the loudness of her voice, she cried, "Yes."

"I don't believe you. I can't."

"You're very obstinate, Richard," she said simply.

Could anyone, he thought, go on living with the truth about himself without dying of disgust, or being frozen to death by its cold, its final hard deadly clarity?

He said almost inaudibly, "Nothing can save me now—and no one. I can't live with myself."

A silence.

"Richard—one thing. In the end, when all's said and done, you weren't indifferent."

"Well?"

"Indifference is the worst face of cruelty—not to see, not to know, not to admit the pain you've made another person feel."

He had no words—hers had entered him with a humiliating bitterness. It was the face he had shown her, always, throughout their marriage—although that is not what she was saying, he thought. "Forgive me."

"I don't forgive you, my darling," she said sorrowfully. "I don't want to—there's no need—I love you."

He was standing in a light so cold and blinding that it must, he thought, sear his eyelids; just able to see himself in it, and reject himself. "I sicken myself."

"You needn't, you know, forgive yourself," Sophie said lightly. "It's not your job. But you can be patient and live."

"No," he said, "I can't."

"Why? Tell me why."

He did not answer. To talk, even to her, had become useless—an effort he needn't make. He had seen himself now, it was finished; all he wanted was to shut his eyes and mouth, and keep them shut. It struck him that perhaps the last and the least thing he could do for her was to push away this lethargy closing on him, pressing him down like stone hands laid on his shoulders, and tell her—tell her what? *Tell her the truth*, he thought, *as much of it as I know.*

"The truth is I've reached breaking point. My breaking point. The fact that I had a man tortured is something that—I've broken some sort of law between men—that makes my life strictly insupportable. I'm—what is the word?—yes, irreparable. Past mending. Even if I were to do some kind of public penance—I did, you know, have a childish idea of expiation, but I've given that up." *No expiation is possible*, he thought calmly. *Not for me; what I really want is to destroy myself, not try*—he could not help smiling at the word—*to redeem myself.* "I've been able to realize what it was I did and that's as far as I can get—the very limit of my strength. Even with yours added to it. I *can't* live with what I did."

Sophie's voice carried a sadness to which there were no limits. "My love doesn't help you."

A junior executive is a clerk with ulcers. HAROLD COFFIN

Love? he thought. He felt a queer bitter amusement ready to twitch his lips, and he pressed them closely together. *I should tell her I love her. It might mean something to her. It might console her.* He couldn't do it. *One doesn't change*, he thought dryly. *She is the only person I want near me, the only one. The only person I trust and know—and who knows me. But I don't love her. If she can believe I do—so much the better.* He roused himself to say, "Yes, of course it helps—with everything except going on living."

His exhaustion struck him suddenly, like a fist—exhaustion and something else. Light, a different light, warmth breaking through it, as clear as a beckoning hand. He went on his knees beside her. A confidence far beyond ordinary trust filled him.

"But it can help me to die. I'm strong, Sophie, I should have to go on living for years and years—heaven knows how many." He laid his forehead on her hands folded on her knees. "Mu t I face that, or can I run away?"

He waited for her answer. He could feel no tremor, no movement at all, in her hands or her body. She was holding herself perfectly still. At last she said, "Oh, my poor love. Yes—yes, you can run away."

"Then help me."

He had to wait another long minute. "Get up, Richard."

He got to his feet and watched her go to the table and bring back the little bottle of tablets. She asked calmly, "How many of these ought you to take?"

"I don't know." He felt lightheaded with relief and gratitude, and he laughed. "I asked old Dent how many of them would kill me. He told me and I've forgotten."

"There are about eight left," Sophie said.

"That may have been what he said. I rather think so. Well—give them to me, Sophie."

Filling a glass with water from the carafe on his night table, she brought it to him, then shook the pills—exactly eight—out onto the palm of her hand. When she held it out to him, he noticed its smallness and fineness.

"You have very pretty hands," he said.

The least gleam of mockery came into her eyes; she blushed hotly, wave on wave of color rising in her sallow cheeks. She laughed a little. "It's not the time to notice that."

"I suppose not."

Turning his head, he caught sight of the letter he had written, lying on the table. "That will make it seem an accident."

She gave him an absent little smile. Had she even heard him? The hand she was holding out to him remained steady, until

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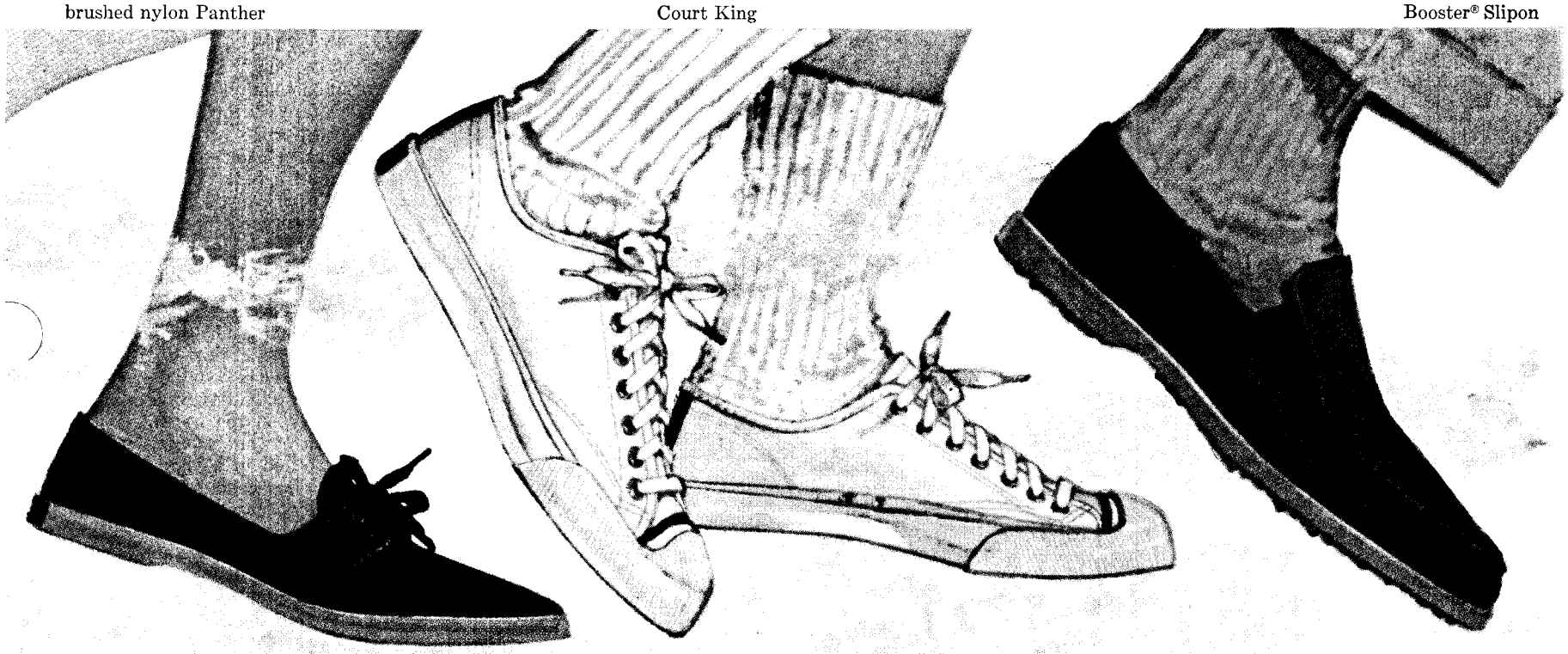

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he had swallowed the last pill. Then, only then, its fingers stiffened and curled inward, as if shriveling. She said quietly, "Lie down now, my dear."

He had undressed before he began clearing up; he lay down on the bed, pushing the single blanket out of the way—and suddenly he knew that what he had done was irrevocable: everything was lost. Cold entered him like a nail driven in. The agony did not last; it drifted away raggedly, like the vestiges of a dream. Sophie had seated herself on the edge of the bed, so that she could take his head on her shoulder; his body in its thin pajamas settled itself against her with complete familiarity, although he had never done it in his life—with her or any woman. But his body was now no longer his business. It was hers; he left it to her. He asked idly, "Am I heavy?"

"No."

"What I did to Anthony was abominable, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"How can you bear to touch me?" he asked—for the pleasure of hearing what she would be sure to say.

She did not answer. She went on smoothing the hair above his temple with one finger. He felt peaceful and curiously happy—and indifferent. *I have been accepted*, he thought. *As I am, for what I am.* "In spite of my sins," he said aloud.

"My love, my only love, you haven't—you're not more a sinner than the rest of us."

He turned this over for a moment. "The man you loved didn't commit any sins, but I wasn't that man."

"I always loved you," she said very gently. "Always. Before I knew you—when you were a baby. I shall never stop loving you."

A feeling of heaviness seized him, heaviness and speed, as though something were rushing past him, a swirling torrent of wind and darkness, rising in front of his eyes and flowing behind them, soundless, penetrating; he rose and fell with it. He had to make an effort to move his tongue. "Why didn't I know?"

"You know now."

"But it's too late."

"Nonsense," she said, "nonsense, my darling. We have plenty of time."

The word echoed in his head, returning and dying away in that dark labyrinth, baffling him with its sense of a double flow, the one in himself and the one, rising silently from an unseen well mouth to fill the whole boundless height from earth to night sky, outside. *But what time* is *it?* he thought. *What year? I don't know.* Images and fragments of images drifted by him, as toward the end of a dream, unseizable, all but unidentifiable—a young man's hurt, angry face . . . hair blown across a cheek . . . a stretch of water glittering close to his fingers; he did not try to touch it. He became conscious again of his wife's arms holding him, of a warmth and softness against the side of his face, and he thought confusedly that if he could tip all these fragments into her hands she would understand everything about him.

"Why, Sophie, why was I so cruel?"

"I don't know. So many questions we can think to ask have no answers. Simply no answers."

"It's not important," he murmured.

Again something dark rushed past him, and he felt himself ebbing with it into a blackness infinitely greater than the speck of light he had become, a speck flickering in and out on the horizon, many miles away, separated from him by a cloudy landscape, dark smoke of trees, fields, rivers, an estuary, gently swelling hills. The sea must be over there, he told himself, a lighthouse or the lights of ships; then, for less than a moment, he felt his wife's arms again; the shame and silliness of his life, drawn into the little flame of her love, wavered and disappeared; the room behind her darkened and dissolved into smoke; she, too, left him, her features first, then the echo of her voice speaking to him and last of all the light pressure on him of her hands.

What she had said was, "I don't know why you did this evil thing, my love. There is evil, there is violence, there is cruelty. And there is love. One has to leave it at that."

The stiffness and acute pain in her shoulders and the joints of her arms had become paralyzing; two and a half hours is a long time to sit still, holding up a man as heavy as Richard Ormston. His weight against her grew heavier. She looked down at him—and moved awkwardly from the edge of the bed, laying his body down as she did it. She drew the blanket up over him.

Two or three minutes passed before she felt able to walk easily. She was not certain where the bell near the foot of the bed rang; she pressed it and stood in the center of the room, waiting.

A very young orderly came in. Standing between him and the bed, she asked, "Do you know whether my son is in the house?" He ought to be, but she suspected that he had found a way to be out of it at night.

"I don't know, ma'am," he mumbled.

She sent him off to Andrew's bedroom to find out. He came back and told her that there was no one in the room. She reflected for a moment and said, "You'll see anyone who comes upstairs, won't you? As soon as he comes, ask him to come here—at once."

The boy saluted and hurried out, and she went back to the bed. Bending down, she whispered in his ear, "You don't mind waiting a little longer, do you? You needn't be afraid, I'm here."

As the door opened, she turned, expecting Andrew. Mrs. Ormston had come in and was walking across the room with the same step she would have used at a reception—short, dignified, neither reluctant nor hurried; she was made up as if for a reception too; her hair had been dressed, by Rose, of course, with elaborate skill, and she was wearing a dark velvet housecoat. At the sight of Sophie she allowed a surprised half smile to cross her lips. Very probably she herself did not know whether she was speaking maliciously or not, or condescendingly. "Why, Sophie, my dear girl, what are *you* doing here?"

Sophie did not move. "What do you want?"

Mrs. Ormston glanced past her at the bed. Lowering her voice very slightly, she asked, "Is he asleep?"

"Yes. But what do you want?"

"I heard people walking about—you know, I sleep so badly that I never put my light out before two o'clock—and I know that Richard often doesn't. I thought—but, really, my dear, I needn't explain to you, need I?"

"Did you come here to scold him?" Sophie asked. "You're too late. You won't be able to do him any more harm—ever again."

She stepped aside to let her mother-in-law come to the side of the bed, watching her as she looked down at her son's body, stooped, lifted one of her long, marvelous hands and touched his face delicately with a finger; the light caught its polished nail. She drew back, straightening herself carefully, and looked at Sophie with an expression ludicrously out of place on her powdered cheeks and carefully painted lips—bewilderment, horror. Suddenly these took on the look of an ill-fitting mask.

"Is he ——" She could not finish the sentence.

"He has killed himself," Sophie said quietly without a trace of emphasis, her face calm.

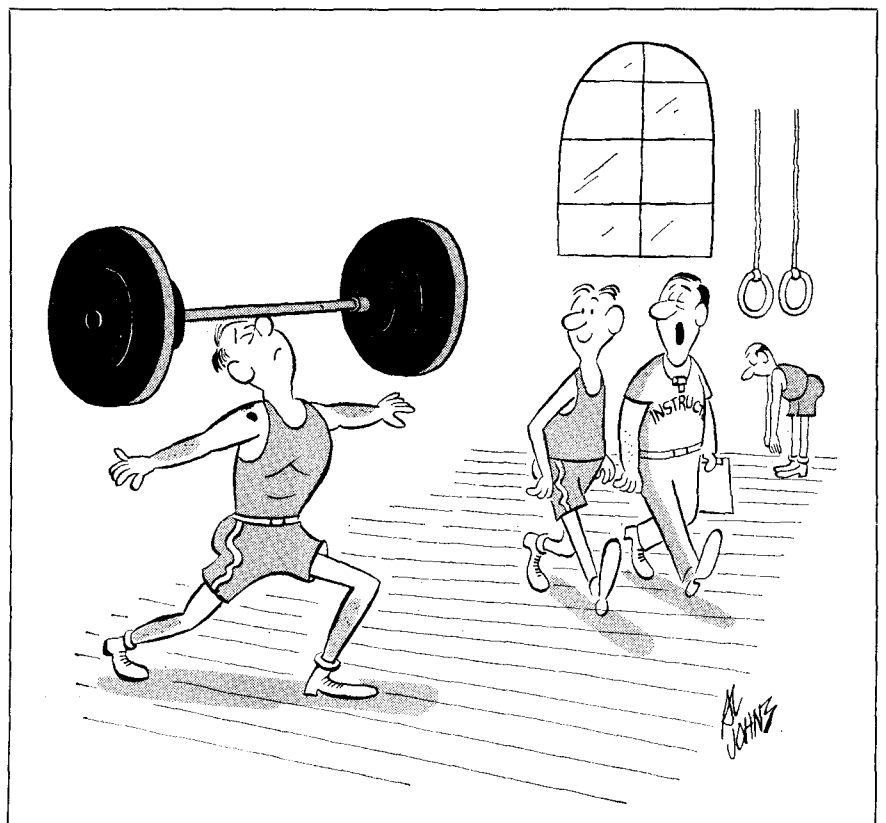
"Impossible," Mrs. Ormston said at last. "Quite, quite impossible. You're mistaken, of course."

"It's true," Sophie said. *I should be sorry for her*, she thought. *Her only child. I can't. Forgive me, I can't.*

The hands Mrs. Ormston drew down her face disturbed more than her complexion; together with the powder they removed a skin of arrogance and fine effortless reserve. She was left looking dull and heavy. Speaking to herself, she muttered, "What will people think? What will they say?"

"I can't think that matters."

"Sophie, I came here to—to forgive him."



"One of our more advanced students."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Forgive him for what?"

Mrs. Ormston made a heroic effort; her voice almost, not entirely, but almost, recovered its smooth, amiable tone of having to keep in their place, impersonally, without any dishonest consideration for their feelings, stupid people and inferiors. "You wouldn't understand it, my dear girl."

This mild insult, so like those she had been accepting for years from this quarter, did not touch Sophie. In some queer way—perhaps because, although she did not know it yet, the older woman's power to hurt, to condescend, to be uncommon, and uncommonly intelligent and detached, had died with her son—it started a movement and a warmth in her that she did not yet know to be the beginning of pity. "Anyhow, it's too late to forgive him now," she said gently. "It's too late for that now."

Mrs. Ormston swayed and caught at the back of a chair. Controlling herself, she asked in the same strong, drawling voice, "Did he complain to you about me?"

"Had he reason to?"

"No. But he might—he hasn't been himself lately, you know—he might have imagined he had." She pressed a handkerchief to her mouth for a moment. "Poor deluded boy." Tears came into her eyes; she let them pour under her lids, those heavy bluish lids, and trickle over her cheeks. "How could he do this? I loved him so, Sophie, and he was all I had. I don't know how he could leave me alone in the world. He knew how I have suffered. How could he do it?"

Shall I tell her? Sophie thought. "The only person you loved was yourself. He didn't find that out until yesterday. Well, perhaps some part of him always knew it—always believed he was unlovable, and disliked himself for it."

"What nonsense, Sophie," her mother-in-law said loudly. "Childish, hysterical nonsense. Or lies."

"I'm not lying." She took a step forward and looked closely into the older woman's face with its bruised lids, thin, dark nostrils like a hare's and the scrawl of fine lines. "He told me so himself. Four or five hours ago."

"I don't believe you."

Sophie shrugged her narrow shoulders. "Just as you like." She turned away. "I'm sorry. Don't let's argue in front of him."

The slow, shambling noise behind her startled her into turning back quickly. Mrs. Ormston had collapsed into a chair. It was not only her body that had given way; the face she lifted to Sophie was that of a terrified old woman, grief and fear rising in her, in the breathless sounds forcing their way out between her lips; her cheeks quivered in a very disagreeable way; somewhere in her had been dammed up a timidity at least equal to her vanity and arrogance, a great weight of timidity which had broken through at last and was sweeping dignity, self-possession, sense, away in its muddy torrent. She pulled at her mouth with hard finger tips. "Have I—did I do something wrong? How, tell me how."

Leaning forward, arms folded across her body, she rocked herself and whimpered. Sophie touched her gently. "It doesn't matter."

Her mother-in-law snatched at her hand. "Don't leave me. Don't send me away to live with only that fool Rose."

Was she always afraid? Sophie wondered. Compassion for the clutching, unhappy old woman came to her from—from where? She half turned toward the bed. Some other feeling, something shrewd, ironical, not unkind, made her say steadily, "I'll have to think about that. I might resent you, you know, and then it

(*Continued on Page 82*)

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(*Continued from Page 80*)

wouldn't work—for either of us. You must give me time to think."

"No," Mrs. Ormston cried, "don't leave me."

"I'll think about it and tell you," Sophie repeated. With an effort she added, "Would you like me to leave you with him for a short time?"

Mrs. Ormston pulled herself out of the chair with surprising energy. "No, no, no. Get Rose for me."

Sophie frowned. "She shouldn't be got out of bed at this hour. She's really ill, you know."

"I must have her, I need her!"

On the edge of an angry protest, Sophie closed her mouth. One can't save everybody.

Her mother-in-law hurried across the room. Before she reached the door, it opened. She brushed past Andrew without glancing at him; her voice filled the corridor with its blind need. "Rose, Rose, I want you. Rose!"

Andrew closed the door and came forward, raising his eyebrows with an air of sleepy amusement. "What's going on? What's wrong with None?"

His mother looked at him. *He has grown a great deal older since he came out here*, she thought. But at this moment his face had a blurred smoothness, eyes half-closed to keep the warmth and violence of his happiness from showing itself plainly; a smiling fold at their corners gave it away. *The girl*, his mother thought absently. *He has been with her.* She felt sorry that his happiness and contentment were going to be broken into, but only lightly sorry. *He's young*, she thought. *He'll recover very easily—as* he *said.* She spoke carefully. "Your father is dead; he killed himself."

He stared at her without any expression—then walked quickly past her to the bed. He looked down at the body for a minute, touched it, the face, the hands lying half-folded on the sheet, and he drew back. He turned, his face working. Frowning, he began, "Mother ——"

"It's all right," his mother said kindly.

"I don't—why did he do this?"

"Don't you know? Don't you know what he did? Surely ——"

"Yes, but ——" Tears came into his eyes, and he waited to get rid of them.

"He didn't want to go on living with himself," his mother said. A scalding grief filled her as she said it, with the thought, *I was no use.*

"It's my fault," Andrew said thickly. "If I hadn't turned against him, he wouldn't have felt—he —— I'll never forgive myself, never."

Sophie roused herself to deal with this. "Don't imagine that *you* could have saved him, my dear boy. That's only conceit." She saw the blood rush to his face and said gently, "I'm not laughing at you. I'm only reminding you that as long as a man is alive he is able to work miracles."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"He doesn't die until the last instant. Until then, until the very last second, he can always begin again. You had nothing to do with his—his refusal. Nothing. You'll forget what you said to him—whatever it was, I don't know. But you'll forget it and be happy. You'll see."

"No," Andrew mumbled, "I shan't forget."

"Well, don't," she said carelessly, "don't forget it. But remember everything, not just the last. And be happy." She felt a sudden triumphant energy, almost elation. "Don't be ashamed of being happy again at once. It's not the whole of life, but it's worth having—when it exists. Horrible things happen, but they're not the final thing, and death isn't final; he is dead, but you, you and Sarah, go on. Surely you see that?"

Her energy left her as sharply as it had come, and she had no sense that she had made him see what, with this shock of certainty, had broken through to her. He was shaking and trying to control himself. Going back to the bed, he leaned over it as though he meant to kiss his father, but he drew back again, a hand over his mouth. Sophie watched him and did not move. *I should comfort him*, she thought. *I can't, I'm too old, too tired. Sarah will do it much better.*

Andrew turned and came to her. "Poor mother," he said, and he kissed her.

She let herself lean against him for a moment, but there was no warmth for her in his young, hard body; she pushed him gently away. "It's all right. We must tell other people now ——" She stopped abruptly. Tell them what? She gripped her son's arm. "He mustn't be blamed," she said fiercely. "Let them think—yes, yes, a mistake—he took too many of his sleeping pills. Look—there's the empty bottle."

Andrew scowled; with something like embarrassment he said, "You know, they'll want to know why you were here."

His mother thrust her head forward at him in sudden fury. "Has anyone a better right than I have to come to his room?"

Taken aback, he stammered, "No, of course—I'm sorry."

"There, there, don't worry," she said calmly. "And don't interfere. Leave it to me, I'll manage. I'll manage everything."

"But I must get someone—the doctor ——"

She felt impatient. "Yes, yes, get him, get everyone."

He cried out. For an instant she saw in his face the child she had not been allowed to bring up, and could not protect or help

"Mother!"

She forced herself to smile. "When you see Sarah tomorrow—that is, today—bring her to me. I want to see her."

She felt a brief agony, purely and mercilessly physical; her body had become a stone, with which she was going to have to live out her life. *I have lost the whole meaning of my life*, she thought. *I was never much and now I'm nothing, nothing at all.*

Something in her moved, with infinite reluctance. She waited; it was like watching the blood from a deep cut well slowly to the surface.

As she waited, she became aware of something else stirring, at an even greater depth—a small far-off radiance, a cry. She thought wordlessly, *Yes! But this is not an end, not in any way the end. It goes on, on. It—but what is this* it? *What am I thinking? My poor head.* She smiled and shook her head, as if that could clear it of the cloud of grief, and deep instinctive joy. Tears burst from her, pouring down her face and falling on the bed, on his helpless hands. She fought them. *He mustn't be disturbed*, she told herself. She spread her hands over his, sheltering them, sheltering his body with her strength and love and warmth. *What a fool I am*, she thought, *what a weak, clumsy fool. Of course it's not the end.* There was resilience and a terrible hope in the life, scarcely started yet, of Andrew and his young woman. But she was not thinking of them, only of herself and her extraordinary happiness. *How easy when the time comes it will be to die*, she thought, *after such a life. For a few minutes I was wholly loved—and how many can say that?* Stooping, she kissed an icy forehead, which seemed to invite only the lightest caress, like a sleeping child. *Thank you, my dear, my love. Thank you for my long, happy life.*

Footsteps and voices began outside the room. She turned to face the door opening.

THE END

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The Girl Who Made Time Stop

(Continued from Page 22)

object once again. Consider his chagrin when he rounded the last curve and saw a girl in a blue dress sitting on the very section of the hallowed object that his goddess had consecrated the most!

He sat down as far away from her as the length of the bench permitted. Perhaps if she had been glamorous he wouldn't have minded so much. But she wasn't. Her face was too thin, and her legs were too long. Compared with the red dress Becky had worn, hers was a lackluster rag, and as for her feather-cut titian hair, it was an insult to cosmetology.

She was writing something in a little red notebook and didn't appear to notice him at first. Presently, however, she glanced at her wrist watch, and then—as though the time of day had somehow apprised her of his presence—she looked in his direction.

It was a rather mild—if startled—look, and did not in the least deserve the dirty one he squelched it with. He had a glimpse, just before she hastily returned her attention to her notebook, of a dusting of golden freckles, a pair of eyes the hue of bluebirds and a small mouth the color of sumac leaves after the first hard frost. He wondered idly if his initial reaction to her might not have been different if he had used a less consummate creature than Becky for a criterion.

Suddenly he became aware that she was looking at him again. "How do you xpell matrimony?" she asked.

He gave a start. "Matrimony?"

"Yex. How do you xpell it?"

"M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y," Roger said.

"Thankx." She made a correction in her notebook, then she turned toward him again. "I'm a very poor xpeller—expecially when it comex to foreign wordx."

"Oh, you're from another country, then?" That would explain her bizarre accent.

"Yex, from Buzenborg. It'x a xmall provinxe on the xouthernmost continent of the xixth planet of the xtar you call Altair. I juxt arrived on Earth thix morning."

From the matter-of-fact way she said it, you'd have thought that the southernmost continent of Altair VI was no more remote from Lakeport than the southernmost continent of Sol III and that spaceships were as common as automobiles. Small wonder that the scientist in Roger was incensed. Small wonder that he girded himself immediately to do battle.

His best bet, he decided, would be a questions-and-answers campaign designed to lure her into deeper and deeper water until finally she went under. "What's your name?" he began casually.

"Alayne. What'x yourx?"

He told her. Then, "Don't you have a surname?"

"No. In Buzenborg we dixpenxed with xurnamex xenturiex ago."

He let that go by. "All right, then, where's your spaceship?"

"I parked it by a barn on a dexerted farm a few milex outxide the xity. With the forxe field turned on, it lookx xomething like a xilo. People never notixe an obvioux object, even if it'x right under their noxex, xo long ax it blendx in with itx xurroundingx."

"A xilo?"

"Yex. A—a silo. I see I've been getting my 'X's' mixed up with my 'S's' again. You see," she went on, pronouncing each word carefully, "in the Buzenborg alphabet the nearest sound to the 'S' sound is the 'X' sound, so if I don't watch myself, whenever I say 'S' it comes out 'X,' unless it is followed or preceded by a letter that softens its sibilance."

Roger looked at her closely. But her blue eyes were disarming, and not so much as a smidgin of a smile disturbed the serene line of her lips. He decided to humor her. "What you need is a good diction teacher," he said.

She nodded solemnly. "But how do I go about getting one?"

"The phone directory is full of them. Just call one up and make an appointment." Probably, he thought cynically, if he had met her before Becky swam into his ken he would have thought her accent charming and have advised her not to go to a diction teacher. "But let's get back to what we were talking about," he went on. "You say you left your ship in plain sight because people never notice an obvious object so long as it doesn't clash with its surroundings, which means that you want to keep your presence on earth a secret. Right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Then why," Roger pounced, "are you sitting here in broad daylight practically throwing the secret in my face?"

"Because the law of obviousness works with people too. The surest way to make everybody believe I'm not from Altair VI is to keep saying that I am."

"O.K., we'll let that pass." Eagerly Roger launched Phase Two of his campaign. "Let's consider your trip instead."

Inwardly he gloated. He was sure he had her now. However, as matters turned out, he didn't have her at all, for in drawing up his plans to lure her into deeper and deeper water he had overlooked a very pertinent possibility—the possibility that she might be able to swim. And not only could she swim, she was even more at home in the scientific sea than he was.

For instance, when he pointed out that, owing to the ratio between the mass and the velocity of a moving body, the speed of light cannot be equaled and that therefore her journey from Altair VI to earth must have required more than the sixteen years needed by light to travel the same distance, she said, "You're not taking the Lorentz transformation into consideration. Moving clocks slow down with reference to stationary clocks, so if I traveled at just under the velocity of light my journey wouldn't have lasted over a few hours."

For instance, when he pointed out that more than eighteen years would still have gone by on Altair VI, and that her family and friends would be that much older, she said, "Yes, but you're only assuming that the speed of light can't be equaled. As a matter of fact, it can be doubled, tripled and quadrupled. True, the mass of a moving body increases in proportion to its velocity, but not when a demassifier—a device invented by our scientists to cancel out mass—is used."

For instance, when he conceded for the sake of argument that the velocity of light could be exceeded and pointed out that if she had traveled a little in excess of twice its velocity she not only would have traveled backward in time but would have finished her journey before she began it, thereby giving birth to a rather awkward paradox, she said, "There wouldn't be a paradox because the minute one became imminent a cosmic time shift would cancel it. Anyway, we don't use faster-than-light drives any more. We used to, and our ships are still equipped with them, but we aren't supposed to resort to them except in cases of emergency because too many time shifts occurring simultaneously could disrupt the space-time continuum."

And for instance, when he demanded how she *had* made her trip then, she said, "I took the short cut, the same as anyone else on Altair VI does when he wishes to travel vast distances. Space is warped, just as your own scientists have theorized, and with the new warp drive our Altairian VI scientists have developed it's no trick at all, even for an amateur, to travel to any place he wants to in the galaxy in a matter of just a few days."

It was a classic dodge, but dodge or not, it was still unassailable. Roger stood up. He knew when he was beaten. "Well, don't take any wooden meteorites," he said.

"Where—where are you going, Roger?"

"To a certain tavern I know of for a sandwich and a beer, after which I'm going to watch the New York-Chicago game on TV."

"But—but aren't you going to ask me to come with you?"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

A transformation Lorentz had never dreamed of took place in her eyes, leaving them a misted and an incredulous blue. Abruptly she lowered them to her wrist watch. "I—I can't understand it. My wodget registers ninety, and even eighty is considered a high-compatibility reading."

A tear the size of a large dewdrop rolled down her cheek and fell with a soundless splash upon her blue bodice. The scientist in Roger was unmoved, but the poet

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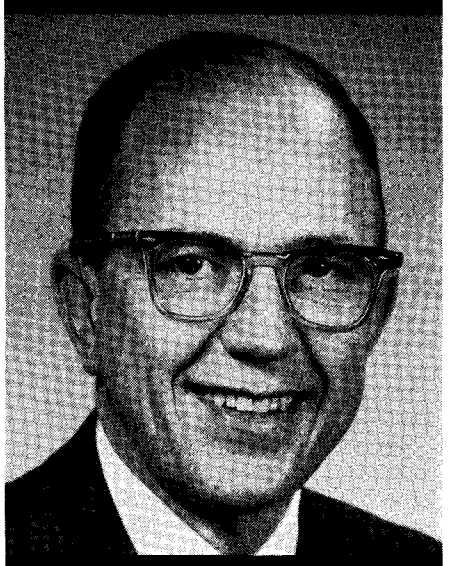

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in him was touched. "Oh, all right, come along if you want to," he said.

The tavern was just off Main Street. After phoning a diction teacher at the request of Alayne of Altair and making an appointment for her for four-thirty that afternoon, he chose a booth that afforded an unobstructed view of the TV screen and ordered two roast beefs on *kümmelweck* and two glasses of beer.

Alayne of Altair's sandwich disappeared as fast as his did. "Like another one?" he asked.

"No, thanks. Though the beef was really quite tasty considering the low chlorophyllic content of earth grass."

"So you've got better grass than we have. I suppose you've got better cars and better TV sets too!"

"No, they're about the same. Except for its phenomenal advance in space travel, our technology is practically parallel with yours."

"How about baseball? Do you have that too?"

"What's baseball?" Alayne of Altair wanted to know.

"You'll see," said Roger of Earth gloatingly. Pretending to be from Altair VI was one thing, but pretending to be ignorant of baseball was quite another. She was bound to betray herself by at least one slip of the tongue before the afternoon was very much older.

However, she did nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact, her reactions strengthened rather than weakened her claim to extraterrestrialism. "Why do they keep shouting, 'Go, go, go, Aparicio'?" she asked during the bottom half of the fourth.

"Because Aparicio is famous for his base stealing. Watch him now—he's going to try to steal second."

Aparicio not only tried, he made it too. "See?" Roger said.

It was clear from the befuddled expression on Alayne of Altair's face that she did not see. "It doesn't make any sense," she said. "If he's so good at stealing bases, why didn't he steal first base instead of standing there swinging at that silly sphere?"

Roger gaped at her. "Look, you're not getting this at all. You can't steal *first* base."

"But suppose somebody did steal it. Would they let him stay there?"

"But you can't steal first base. It's impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible," Alayne of Altair said.

Disgusted, Roger let it go at that, and throughout the rest of the game he ignored her. However, he was a White Sox fan, and when his idols came through with a 5–4 win his disgust dissipated like mist on a summer morning, and so great was his euphoria that he told her he'd walk uptown with her to the diction teacher's studio. On the way he talked about his poetic analysis of science, and he even quoted a few lines from a Petrarchan sonnet he had done on the atom. Her warm enthusiasm sent his euphoria soaring even higher. "I hope you had a pleasant afternoon," he said when they paused in front of the building in which the diction teacher's studio was located.

"Oh, I did!" Excitedly she wrote something down in her notebook, tore out the page and handed it to him. "My earth address," she explained. "What time are you going to call for me tonight, Rog?"

Abruptly his euphoria vanished. "Whatever gave you the idea we had a date for tonight?"

"I—I took it for granted. According to my wodget ——"

"Stop!" Roger said. "I've had all I can take for one day of wodgets and demassifiers and faster-than-light drives. Besides, it just so happens that I've got a date for tonight, and it also just so happens that the girl I've got the date with is the girl I've been unconsciously searching for all my life and didn't find till yesterday morning, and ——"

He paused. Sudden sadness had roiled the blue depths of Alayne of Altair's eyes, and her mouth was quivering like a frost-kissed sumac leaf in a November wind. "I—I understand now," she said. "Wodgets react to compatibility of body chemistry and intellectual proclivities. They aren't sensitive enough to detect superficial emotional attachments. I—I guess I came a day too late."

"You can't prove it by me. Well, give my regards to the Buzenborgians."

"Will—will you be in the park tomorrow morning?"

He opened his mouth to deliver an emphatic no—and saw the second tear. It was even larger than the first one had been and glimmered like a transparent pearl in the corner of her left eye. "I suppose so," he said resignedly.

"I'll be waiting for you on the bench."

He killed three hours in a movie house and picked up Becky at her apartment at seven-thirty. She was wearing a black sheath that made her shape shout, and a pair of pointed shoes with metal tips that matched the three golden bands around her ankle. He took one look into her gray eyes and knew then and there that he was going to propose to her before the evening ended.

They dined in the same café. When they were halfway through their meal, Alayne of Altair walked in the door on the arm of a sartorially elegant young man with a lean hungry face and a long bushy tail. Roger nearly fell out of his chair.

She spotted him right away and brought her escort over to the table. "Roger, this is Ashley Ames," she said excitedly. "He invited me out to dinner so he could continue my diction lesson. Afterward he's going to take me to his apartment and show me his first edition of *Pygmalion*." She got her eyes on Becky then and gave a start. Abruptly her gaze traveled floorward to where Becky's trim ankles were visible just beneath the tablecloth, and when she raised her eyes again they had transmuted from blue to green. "Three down and one to go," she said. "I should have known it would be one of *you!*"

Becky's eyes had undergone a metamorphosis too. They were yellow now instead of gray. "I saw him first, and you know the rules as well as I do. So lay off!"

"Come on," Alayne of Altair said haughtily to Ashley Ames, who was hovering predatorily just behind her. "There must be better restaurants on earth than this!"

Bewildered, Roger watched them leave. All he could think of was Little Red Ridinghood and the wolf. "Do you know her?" he asked Becky.

"She's a real-gone crackpot with an outer-space complex who comes in The Silver Spoon sometimes and babbles about life on other planets. Let's change the subject, shall we?"

Roger did so. Dinner over, he took Becky to a show, and afterward he suggested a walk in the park. She squeezed his arm in an eloquent answer. The sacred bench stood like an island in a tarn of purest moonlight, and they waded through the silvery shallows to its iron-wrought shores and sat down upon its shelving hills. Her second kiss made the first seem sisterly, and when it was over Roger knew he would never be the same again. "Will you marry me, Becky?" he blurted.

She didn't seem particularly surprised. "Do you really want me to?"

"I'll say! Just as soon as I get a job and ——"

"Kiss me, Roger."

"Get this through your thick head, I want to look friendly, warm, human."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He didn't get back to the subject till they were standing on her apartment-house steps. "Why, of course I'll marry you, Roger," she said. "Tomorrow we'll take a drive into the country and make plans."

"Fine! I'll rent a car, and we'll take a lunch and ——"

"Never mind a lunch. Just pick me up at two." She kissed him so hard that his toes turned up. "Good night, Roger."

"See you tomorrow at two," he said when his breath came back.

"Maybe I'll ask you in for a cocktail."

His feet never touched the ground once all the way back to the hotel. He came back down to earth with a jar, though, when he read the letter the night clerk handed him. The wording was different from that of the five others he had received in answer to his five other applications, but the essential message was the same: "Don't call us, we'll call you."

He went upstairs sadly and undressed and got into bed. After five failures in a row he should have known better than to tell the sixth interviewer about his poetic analysis of science. Modern industrial corporations wanted men with hard unadorned facts in their heads, not frustrated poets seeking symmetry in the microcosm. But, as usual, his enthusiasm had carried him away.

It was a long time before he fell asleep When he finally did so he dreamed a long and involved dream about a girl in an Alice-blue gown, a wolf in a Brooks Brothers suit and a siren in a black sheath.

True to her word, Alayne of Altair was sitting on the bench when he came down the walk the next morning. "Hi, Rog," she said brightly.

He sat glumly down beside her. "How was Ashley's first edition?"

"I didn't see it yet. Last night after we had dinner I was so tired I told him to take me straight home. He's going to show it to me tonight. We're going to dine by candlelight in his apartment." She hesitated for a moment—then, with a rush, "She's not the one for you, Rog. Becky, I mean."

He sat up straight on the bench. "What makes you think so?"

"I—I tracked you last night on my fleglinder. It's a little TV receiver that you beam in on whoever you want to see and hear. Last—last night I beamed it in on you and Becky."

"You followed us, you mean! Why you snooping little ——"

"Please don't get mad at me, Roger. I was worried about you. Oh, Rog, you've fallen into the clutches of a witchwoman from Muggenwort!"

It was too much. He stood up to leave, but she grabbed his arm and pulled him back down again. "Now you listen to me, Rog," she went on. "This is serious. I don't know what she told you about me, but whatever it was, it's a lie. Girls from Muggenwort are mean and cruel and crafty and will do anything to further their evil ends. They come to earth in spaceships just as we girls from Buzenborg do—only their spaceships are big enough to hold five people instead of only two—then they take an assumed name, get a job where they'll come into contact with lots of men and start filling their quota of four husbands ——"

"Are you sitting there in broad daylight trying to tell me that the girl I'm going to marry is a witch from Muggenwort who came to earth to collect four husbands?"

"Yes—to collect them and take them back to Muggenwort with her. You see Muggenwort is a small matriarchal province near the Altair VI equator, and their mating customs *(Continued on Page 86)*

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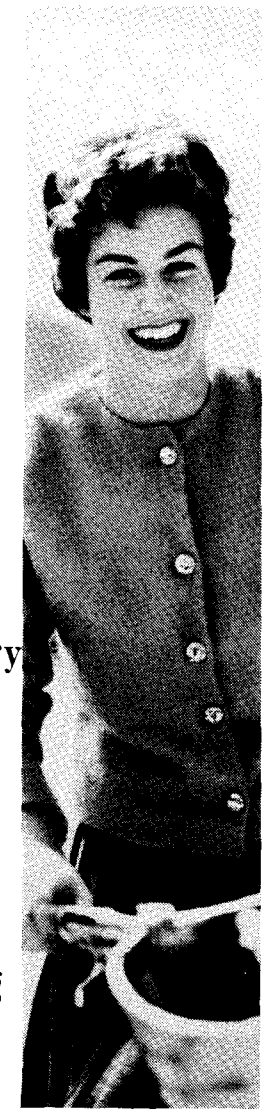

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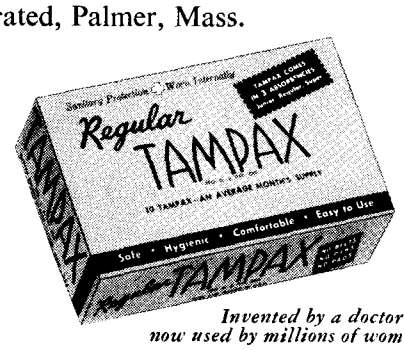

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

(*Continued from Page 84*) are as different from ours as they are from yours. All Muggenwort women have to have four husbands in order to be accepted into Muggenwort society, and as there are no longer enough men in Muggenwort to go around, they have to travel to other planets to get them. But that's not the worst of it. After they capture them and bring them back to Muggenwort, they put them to work twelve hours a day in the kritch fields while they lie around all day in their air-conditioned barkenwood huts chewing rutenstuga nuts and watching TV!"

Roger was more amused than angry now. "And how about the husbands? I suppose they take to all this docilely and don't mind in the least sharing their wife with three other men!"

"But you don't understand!" Alayne of Altair was becoming more agitated by the second. "The husbands have no choice. They're bewitched—the same way Becky is bewitching you. Do you think it was your idea to ask her to marry you? Well, it wasn't! It was her idea, planted in your mind by hypnosis. Didn't you notice those gleaming gray eyes of hers? She's a witch, Roger, and once she gets you completely in her clutches you will be her slave for life, and she must be pretty sure of you already or she wouldn't be taking you out to her spaceship this afternoon!"

"What about her other three husbands-to-be? Are they going to accompany us on our drive into the country?"

"Of course not. They're already in the ship, hopelessly bewitched, waiting for her. Didn't you notice the three anklets on her leg? Well, each of them stands for a man she has conquered. It's an old Muggenwort custom. Probably today she is wearing four. Didn't you ever wonder what happens to all the men who disappear from the face of the earth each year, Roger?"

"No, I never did," Roger said. "But there is one thing I'm wondering about. Why did *you* come to Earth?"

Alayne of Altair's bluebird eyes dropped to his chin. "I—I was coming to that," she said. "You see, in Buzenborg, girls chase boys instead of boys chasing girls."

"That seems to be a standard operating procedure on Altair VI."

"That's because the man shortage isn't confined to Muggenwort alone but encompasses the whole planet. When push-button-type spaceships became available, Buzenborg as well as Muggenwort girls began renting them and traveling to other planets in search of husbands, and Buzenborg as well as Muggenwort girls' schools started teaching alien languages and customs. The information was easily available because the Altair VI world government has been sending secret anthropological expeditions to earth, and planets like it, for years, so that we will be ready to make contact with you when you finally lick space travel and qualify for membership in the League of Super Planets."

"What's the Buzenborg husband quota?" Roger asked acidly.

"One. That's why we Buzenborg girls wear wodgets. We're not like those witches from Muggenwort. They don't care who they get, just so they have strong backs; but we girls from Buzenborg do. Anyway, when my wodget registered ninety, I knew that you and I were ideally suited for each other, and that's why I struck up a conversation with you. I—I didn't know at the time that you were half bewitched."

"Suppose your wodget had been right. What then?"

"Why, I'd have taken you back to Buzenborg with me, of course. Oh, you'd have loved it there, Rog," she rushed on. "Our industrial corporations would be crazy about your poetic analysis of science, and you could have got a swell job, and my folks would have built us a house and we could have settled down and raised—and—raised ——" Her voice grew sad. "But I guess I'll have to settle for Ashley instead. He only registers sixty on my wodget, but sixty is better than nothing."

"Are you naïve enough to believe that if you go to his apartment tonight he'll marry you and return to Buzenborg with you?"

"I have to take a chance. I only had enough money to rent the ship for a week. What do you think I am—a rich witch from Muggenwort?"

She had raised her eyes to his, and he searched them vainly for the deceit that should have been in them. There must be some way he could trap her. She had eluded his time trap and his baseball trap and ——

Wait a minute! Maybe she hadn't eluded his time trap after all. If she was telling the truth and really did want to cut Becky out and really did have a spaceship equipped with faster-than-light drive, she was overlooking a very large ace up her sleeve.

"Did you ever hear the Limerick about Miss Bright?" he asked. She shook her head. "It goes something like this:

"There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was far faster than light;
She set out one day
In a relative way,
*And returned home the previous night.**

"Let me elaborate," Roger went on. "I met Becky a little less than twenty-four hours before I met you, and I met her the same as I did you—on the very bench we're sitting on now. So if you're telling the truth you really don't have a problem at all. All you have to do is make a round trip to Altair VI enough in excess of the velocity of light to bring you back to earth twenty-four hours before your original arrival. Then you simply come walking down the walk to where I'm sitting on the bench, and if your wodget is worth a plugged nickel I'll feel the same way toward you as you feel toward me."

"But that would involve a paradox and the cosmos would have to create time shift to compensate for it," Alayne of Altair objected. "The millisecond I attained the necessary velocity and the extent of the paradox became evident, time would go *whoom!* And you, I and everybody else in the cosmos would be catapulted back to the moment when the paradox began, and we'd have no memory of the last few days. It would be as though I'd never met you, as though you'd never met me——"

"And as though I'd never met Becky. What more do you want?"

She was staring at him. "Why—why, it just might work at that. It—it would be sort of like Aparicio stealing first base. Let me see now, if I take a bus out to the farm, I'll get there in less than an hour. Then if I set the grodgel for Lapse Two, and the borque for ——"

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Roger said, "come off it, will you!"

"Sh-sh!" Alayne of Altair said. "I'm trying to think."

He stood up. "Well, think then! I'm going back to my room and get ready fc my date with Becky!"

Angrily he walked away. In his room, he laid his best suit out on the bed. He shaved and showered leisurely and spent a long time getting dressed. Then he went out, rented a car and drove to Becky's apartment. It was two P.M. on the nose when he rang her bell. She must have been taking a shower, because when she opened the door all she had on was a terry-cloth towel and three anklets. No, four.

"Hi, Roger," she said warmly. "Come on in."

Eagerly he stepped across the threshold and made a ——

Whoom! Time went.

Little did Roger Thompson dream when he sat down on the park bench that Friday morning in June that in a celibate sense his goose was already in the oven and that soon it would be cooked. He may have had an inkling of things to come when he saw the cute blonde in the blue dress walking down the winding walk some several seconds later, but that inkling could not conceivably have ap prised him of the vast convolutions oi time and space which the bowing out of his bachelorhood had already set in motion.

The cute blonde sat down at the other end of the bench, produced a little red notebook and began writing in it. Presently she glanced at her wrist watch. Then she gave a start and looked over at him.

He returned the look cordially. He saw a dusting of golden freckles, a pair of eyes the hue of bluebirds and a small mouth the color of sumac leaves after the first hard frost.

A tall brunette in a red sheath came down the walk. Roger hardly even noticed her. Just as she was opposite the bench one of her spike heels sank into a crevice and brought her to an abrupt halt. She slipped her foot out of the shoe and, kneeling down, jerked the shoe free with her hands. Then she put it back on, gave him a dirty look and continued on her way.

The cute blonde had returned her attention to her notebook. Now she faced hir again. Roger's heart turned three somei saults and made an *entrechat.*

"How do you xpell matrimony?" she said.

THE END

Springtime Matilda

By Herbert Merrill

My Aunt Matilda used to go
A little crazy in the spring
When crocuses appeared in snow
And robins opened beaks to sing.

With flying hair and flying skirt
And rake and trowel and bag of seed,
She excavated tons of dirt
And execrated every weed.

I thought her conduct more than odd
And deemed her wits had quite departed,
For clearly spring was sent by God
To get the baseball season started.

*Punch.

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How Uncle Sam Fumbled in Laos

(Continued from Page 28)

new dimension to Laos's perennial problem of how to stay alive. Lesser fish were shouldered aside to make way for the two biggest fish of all—the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

Laos is the smallest and most backward of all the nations that are sometimes called the "Balkans of Southeast Asia." It also shares a border with them, which is the key to its strategic importance. It rubs up against Vietnam, half Communist and half anti-Communist; Cambodia, a successful practitioner of the slippery art of neutralism; stoutly pro-Western Thailand, southern anchor of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization; and Burma, which pretends to be neutral in order to get along with its powerful neighbor, Red China. To the north and northeast Laos shares a forbidding 1000-mile frontier with China and Communist North Vietnam.

The first known European to visit Laos was a testy Dutch merchant who came in 1641, foresightedly bringing along his own barber. He didn't like the place at all, and said so emphatically.

A Genoese Jesuit priest who followed a year later was more charitable. In words that might apply as well today as 300 years ago, he wrote: "The population is a peaceable one and very little versed in the art of war and exercise of arms. . . . They pride themselves on their great ingenuousness and perfect sincerity, without deceit, most humble and courteous."

The peace-loving nature of the average Laotian was one of the major irritants of the civil war—the despair of American advisers, whose only comfort was the thought that their Communist counterparts were probably faced with the same problem. In Laos not even the fighting cocks are bloodthirsty. They wear no spurs and do not fight to kill. As good Buddhists, Laotian soldiers were no less reluctant. They generally aimed high and expected the other fellow to return the favor. "The side that wins this war will be the one that learns to shoot low," observed one American adviser.

Before going into combat the Laotian soldier went through a familiar ritual. He made half a dozen little clay Buddhas, about one inch high. These he set up and shot at until he missed. The one he missed was the one he wore around his neck as an amulet when he went into battle. As an added precaution, he carried a bag of spare Buddhas.

The Laotian's childlike evasion when faced with the serious business of killing provoked some disquieting thoughts among American advisers. One day I sat on the bank of the Nam Lik River and listened to a redheaded American paratrooper philosophize.

"You know, as Christians we are supposed to abhor war. Yet every few years we go out and slaughter one another in large numbers. Then, in time of peace, we come along and tell these people they've got to get in there and go, go, go and kill, kill, kill. They don't want to do it, so we keep prodding them. Now who's crazy?"

According to legend, the people of Laos were created when a lazy god let a ripe melon burst in the sun, scattering its seed over the landscape. Wherever the seed fell, a new people was born. The legend is easy to believe, in view of the bewildering diversity of the Laotian people and their fierce aversion to physical labor.

Laos is an old melting pot for successive waves of migrants from north and south. Probably less than half of its population is pure Lao, the dominant people of Thai stock who live in the valleys, grow the rice and generally run things.

Minority groups, including primitive hill people who still hunt with the crossbow and the poison dart, make up the rest of the population. There are more than a dozen distinct Thai minorities including the Red Thai, Black Thai and White Thai. To make matters more confusing there are the Phoutheng, the Yao, the Youne, the Meo and the Kha. Although Lao is the national language, the people of Laos speak more than forty different dialects.

The word "kha" means "slave" in Lao, which is a pretty good measure of the social status of these mountain-dwelling aborigines. To round out the ethnic picture, there are at least sixty different tribes of Khas. The French, who used to run this country, more or less, learned to value the Kha as a messenger. To speed him on his way and make sure that he got there, he was given two branches from a tree, meaning that if he was not diligent he would be whipped; two feathers from the wing of a bird, meaning that he should fly like one; two dried bits of chili, meaning that he should act with the heat of spices, and two pieces of charcoal, a reminder that he should not stop for darkness, but light a torch to find his way.

The Meos, who are the opium growers of Laos, live in the mountains because they cannot abide the heat of the lowlands. Among the migrant peoples they are comparative newcomers, who first arrived in these parts only 100 years ago. Usually found at altitudes of more than 3000 feet, they are reputed to be of Eskimo origin. Their folk tales speak of eternal snows and long arctic nights. They breed a white dog much like the Eskimo husky.

Laotians believe in spirits that inhabit fire, earth, sky, water, trees. Some of these can transform themselves into tigers. Others cast spells so powerful as to reduce a water buffalo to a grain of rice. Laotians are careful not to eat lying down—although the temptation must be great—for fear of being turned into snakes.

The Westerner's jest that Laos is hurtling into the fifteenth century contains more truth than humor. The mountainous terrain restricts the population to living in isolated pockets. Less than 15 per cent of the population is literate. An American researcher who visited sixteen villages found that 90 per cent of the people didn't know where their king lived and had never heard of the prime minister. "Laos isn't really a country," King Savang Vatthana recently remarked rather sadly, "only a collection of quarreling families."

Until the French came along in the 1880's and added Laos to their Indochina empire, it existed as a loosely knit group of petty principalities. Even after the French came, things didn't change much.

Absorbed in the development of neighboring Vietnam and Cambodia, the French used Laos mainly as a hunting preserve. Working-level administration was left mainly to the more energetic and knowledgeable Vietnamese. Laotian awe of the Vietnamese is deeply imbedded in time. Laos has been invaded so many times by the Vietnamese that even today, when the king speaks of the threat from the north, he means not the Communists but the Vietnamese.

During fifty years of French rule only 7000 Laotians went to school, and only sixty-one of those got the equivalent of a

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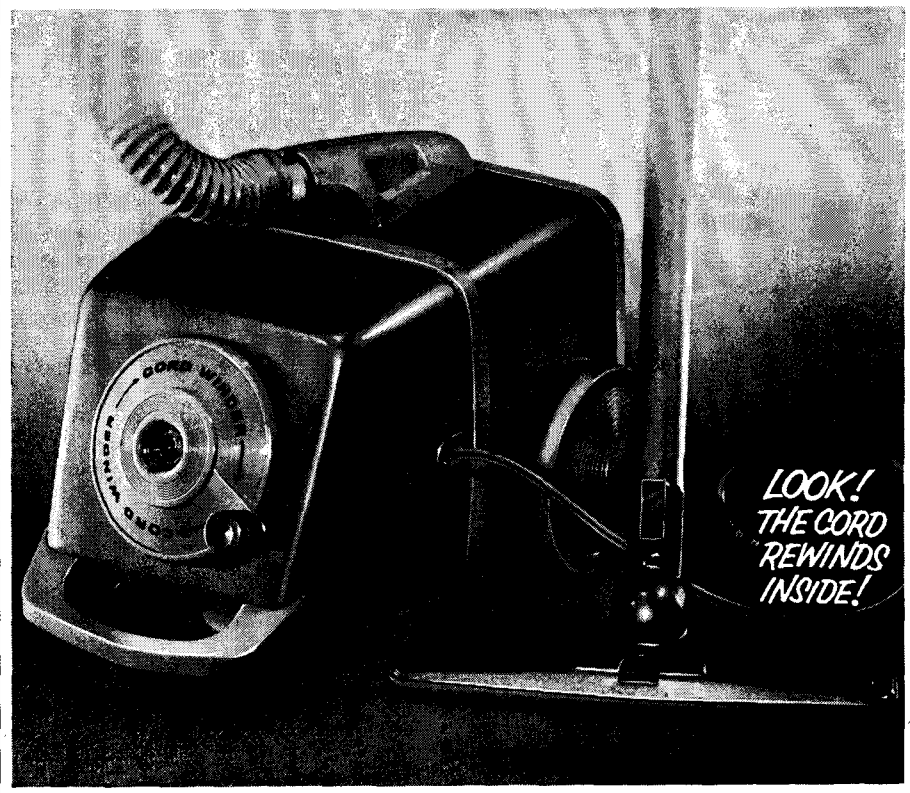

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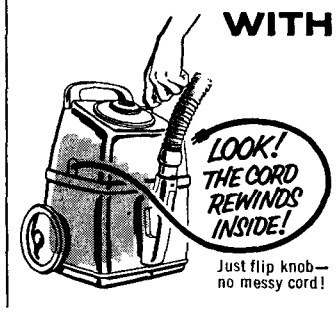

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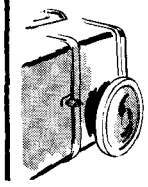

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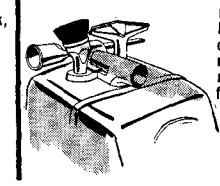

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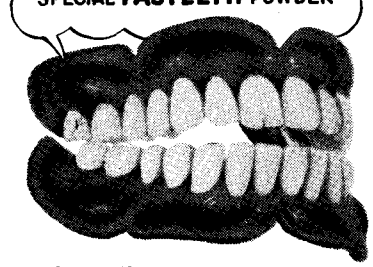

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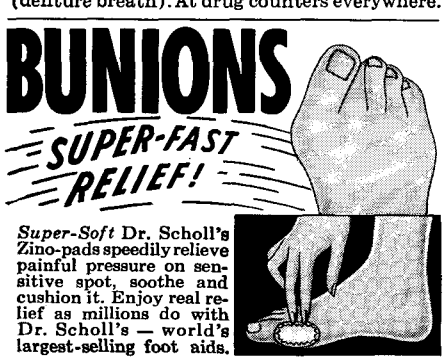
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high-school education. It is easy to make the charge that the French failed to prepare Laos for the twentieth century. On the other hand, there is little evidence that Laos wanted to be prepared for the twentieth century.

There were, however, a few sparks of nationalism lying about. In the closing days of World War II, with defeat a certainty, the Japanese occupiers of Indochina ignited the sparks into a "Free Lao" movement. Here, as elsewhere in colonial Southeast Asia, the Japanese in their dying days of empire gave a vital push to native independence movements. They lost the war, but broke the back of the white man's rule.

In October, 1953, while the Indochina war sputtered, France recognized Laos as a "fully independent and sovereign state," an action then quite unnoticed by the rest of the world.

Laos's present troubles began with the end of the Indochina war in 1954. After their defeat at Dienbienphu, the French were clearly finished in Indochina. The Geneva Conference which ended formal hostilities not only gave the northern half of Vietnam to the Communists but conferred legal status on the Pathet Lao, the native Laotian Communist movement, and recognized its hold on Laos's two northernmost provinces "pending a political settlement" with the Royal Laotian Government. Since the Pathet Lao was a direct arm of Communist Vietnam and took its orders from Hanoi, this was tantamount to giving away a sizable chunk of Laos to a foreign power.

It soon became apparent that the Communist idea of a satisfactory "settlement" was not two provinces, but all of Laos. In the aftermath of the French collapse in Indochina the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles looked around for something to salvage. In sleepy little Laos he saw a tempting power vacuum which he felt the Communists would be sure to fill if somebody else didn't beat them to it.

Dulles's diagnosis of the Communist threat was probably correct. His solution was something else. Over Department of Defense objections, Dulles decided that what Laos needed to defend itself against Communism was a 25,000-man army. The Joint Chiefs of Staff thought that if Laos was to have an army at all, 12,000 to 15,000 men would be about right.

The Dulles decision touched off one of the wildest spending sprees in our foreign-aid history. The Americans moved into Laos in 1955 with some World War II military equipment left over from the Indochina war, bags full of cash, big white refrigerators, massive ignorance and absolutely no idea of the mess they were getting into.

If there were reasons to doubt that Laos needed a 25,000-man army, there were even more reasons to doubt that it needed a conventional motorized army. Laos had practically no roads. And the whole experience of the French in Indochina showed that a conventional road-bound force was virtually helpless against Communist guerrilla operations.

Economic help was equally misguided. One American firm of economic consultants reckoned that Laos's backward economy could at best absorb a maximum of $24,000,000 a year. We proceeded to spend about twice that much. In no time at all Laos was, as one reporter put it, "ecstatically drowning in American aid."

To feed, clothe, house and pay the army, our government converted good American dollars into debased Laotian kip, a currency that was treated with the flippancy that its name invited. As quickly as Laotian printing presses turned out kip, the United States obligingly matched them with dollars—at a rate of thirty-five to a dollar.

The real worth of the kip was 100 or more to the dollar. But it wasn't until three years later that the United States managed to settle for a more realistic exchange rate of eighty kip to the dollar.

Innocent as most of them were in ways of doing business, the Laotians at first could scarcely believe that anyone could be so stupid as Uncle Sam. Then more sophisticated Chinese, Indian and Thai traders moved in to show them how to make the most of a good thing. To soak up the vast surplus of kip created to support an army of dubious worth, the United States underwrote a large-scale import program. Immediately corruption flourished. All you needed to get rich was an import license. In Laos, where princes are almost as numerous as peasants, anybody with a little political pull could get a license.

You could take a quick profit by selling your import license outright, which many politicians did. Or, under the pretext of importing goods, you could get dollars at the legal rate of thirty-five kip to one dollar, triple your profits by selling

... ...

Cure for a Blunder

By Jane Merchant

It isn't the first
  And it won't be the last,
And the memory of it
  Will soon be past,
For I'll forget it
  The minute I make
Some other stupid,
  Silly mistake.

... ...

them for 100 kip or more, get another import license and go through the whole process again until you were ready to retire.

Any way you played it, Uncle Sam had the game rigged so you couldn't lose. Some importers actually imported something. Things like feather dusters, shoe and nail polish, festival lights, toothpaste, tennis rackets, hair oil, French wines and perfumes and, of course, shiny new American cars. Bangkok was also a ready market for shiny new American cars, once Vientiane had all that it could use.

Actual imports were, however, more the exception than the rule. During the first two years of the American aid program import authorizations amounted to $24,300,000. Actual imports during the same period were $9,800,000.

The Laotian Government was so delighted with the army as a source of wealth that it wanted to double its size. The alarmed Americans hastily slapped on a 29,000-man ceiling. Actually, as aid investigators later admitted, nobody ever knew how big or small the army really was. Nor do they know today. All the Americans knew was that they were meeting a payroll for 29,000 men.

In addition to paying for the army lock, stock and barrel, we also picked up the tab for one third of the government's civilian payroll ($5,000,000 annually) and two thirds of the police ($2,500,000). At last reports nobody on the American side knew how many civilians or police were on the payroll.

Little, by comparison, was left over for genuine economic aid. Of $7,000,000 earmarked for economic projects in 1960, only $2,500,000 was actual capital. The rest went for salaries and keep of American personnel. Only $590,750 was allocated to agriculture, although more than 90 per cent of Laotians are farmers.

Americans were not immune to the golden harvest that fell on Laos. An example was the Universal Construction Company of Bangkok, organized by a pair of entrepreneurs named Willis Bird and G. A. Peabody.

Thanks to what a Congressional investigating committee called a "pattern" of job-hopping from American aid payrolls to private contractors, Universal parlayed one pickup truck, one American engineer and some untrained Okinawans into a $1,600,000 road-building contract. The road was never completed. The Congressional committee found that Universal's performance was "inadequate and did little to enhance the economy of Laos or the prestige of the United States."

American Ambassador J. Graham Parsons (1956–58) felt differently. Earlier he had written Washington that the road represented "extraordinary progress" and called it "something visible of major importance which has been brought to the inescapable attention of a large proportion of the key personalities in Laos."

Parsons subsequently was promoted to Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern affairs. He is now ambassador to Sweden.

To all of the factual evidence of waste and mismanagement, the International Co-operation Administration, which administers foreign aid, had one tired answer: Granting all the mistakes, American aid had saved Laos from Communism.

Congressional investigators found this argument "purely speculative" and added: One might conclude that American aid "contributed to an atmosphere in which the ordinary people of Laos question the value of the friendship of the United States."

One Laotian leader stated the case more succinctly. "Our greatest danger of Communist subversion arises from the bad use of foreign aid we receive. . . . It enriches a minority outrageously, while the mass of the population remains as poor as ever."

The Laotians themselves delivered the most withering indictment of American aid. In the 1958 by-elections, campaigning with slogans of government corruption and indifference, pro-Communist and independent candidates won more than half the seats in the national assembly. As the elections demonstrated, the Communist Pathet Lao was making hay in the countryside while the politicians were making money in Vientiane.

The army, which Walter Robertson, then Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, once called "the principal bulwark of Laos against Communism," was less than useless. Laotian youths went into the army strictly for the money—conscription wasn't necessary—which with pay and perquisites amounted to $130 a year. This was more than twice the average Laotian income. Once he saved enough money to buy a transistor radio or wrist watch, the Laotian soldier could and often did quit and go home, taking his gun and uniform with him. Discipline was next to nonexistent.

Since his army couldn't lick them, Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma invited the Pathet Lao to join him. He promptly installed the Pathet Lao leader, Prince Souphanouvong, his half brother and a sworn enemy of the United States, as minister of plans in charge of all American aid.

This was the first time that a known Communist agent was ever put in charge of an American aid program. Souphanouvong took his job seriously and promised

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:o "clean up the mess." Had the honeymoon lasted, he might have done just :hat, for he is an able man. Who the :leanup would have benefited is another natter.

By late 1958 the great Laotian aid ·ndal had subsided to the extent that government was prevailed upon to :ept a more realistic exchange rate of eighty kip to the dollar. Much of the :redit for this achievement belonged to the newly arrived ambassador, Horace H. Smith, an old Far Eastern hand and Oriental-wrestling expert, who needed all his 250 pounds to shove the new exchange rate down the throat of the Laotian Government.

On the political level Smith's job wasn't made any easier by the fact that during most of his tour in Laos he was being crossed by Central Intelligence Agency operatives nesting in his own embassy. As Smith saw it, the question was: Who was going to administer American policy in Laos—the CIA or the embassy?

How many CIA agents were wandering about Laos during this period only the CIA could know. One of the more flamboyant, who blossomed everywhere, affected a copybook cover that included a manufactured English accent, a luxuriant mustache, elaborately casual but expensive clothes, and a cane with a secret apartment that held—not a sword, but ndy.

In its running feud with the embassy, the CIA had an invaluable ally in another American agency. This was the PEO (Programs Evaluation Office), a body of sixty-odd "retired" American Army officers and noncoms who in sport shirts and slacks served as a thinly disguised military advisory group. PEO was simply a device to get around the Geneva agreements, which prohibited bringing in any military personnel beyond French training units already on the spot.

As ambassador, Smith favored a conservative coalition government which offered a little something to all factions. CIA activists made no secret of their preference for a group of army "Young Turks."

CIA's favorite boy was Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, the forty-one-year-old minister of defense, who was later to emerge as the government "strong man." Phoumi was strongly anti-Communist. He was also fervently pro-minister of defense, because that's where the money was. At the same ·ne, many of the men in Phoumi's group e genuine anti-Reds.

The blowup in Laos came last August and was in the finest Laotian tradition. Virtually the entire cabinet had left Vientiane the day before to inspect a sandalwood tree that was to serve as a burial urn for the deceased King Sisavang Vong. At five A.M. on August ninth a pint-sized young paratroop captain named Kong Le had his battalion take over the principal government buildings. The government, Kong Le announced, was overthrown. It was, too, but mass demonstrations to celebrate the occasion had to be canceled because nobody came.

Kong Le, twenty-six, five feet four inches tall, was a man with a legitimate beef. His 300 men hadn't been paid in three months. They were given all the dirty jobs. They were always being dropped somewhere in the jungle and forgotten until they walked and fought their way out. Besides all that, Kong Le had some other things on his mind.

"I am fed up and I want action," he declared. "Lao must stop fighting Lao. ·uption must be stopped. . . . Leaders overnment and the armed forces have ·ore than once announced that those engaged in bribery, those living off the labor of others and those advancing their interests at the people's expense would be punished. But these evils continued to appear. I don't like these people."

Although American-trained, Kong Le had no love for Americans. He accused American advisers, who thought he was their friend, of trying to run his battalion. "PEO go, go, go," he chanted as he wheeled around town in a jeep which bore a three-starred flag with the words CHEF DE COUP D'ETAT.

"It's a funny thing," mused an American officer who knew—or thought he knew—Kong Le well. "He was an ideal officer. Didn't drink or hell around—he wouldn't even drink beer. Stayed away from the girls and was faithful to his wife. He took care of his men, and they were absolutely loyal to him. I'm certain he wasn't a Communist. He was a little guy, even for a Lao. Maybe he had a runt complex and that was why he didn't like us."

Although Kong Le had the power, he didn't know what to do with it. Inevitably he turned to the ever-available Prince Souvanna Phouma, an urbane, French-educated aristocrat who espoused a brand of neutralism so vague his most attentive listeners failed to grasp its essentials. Kong Le made him premier.

Almost everyone agreed that Souvanna was a pleasant fellow. There agreement ended. To his supporters he was—and still is—the "only man who can restore peace to Laos." To his critics he was a "man of rubber" who was so confident of his ability to deal with the Pathet Lao—mainly because his half brother was its chief—that he would deliver all Laos to the Communists.

At this critical stage the United States teetered between two courses of action—making the best of the Kong Le-Souvanna regime, which claimed to be the legal government of Laos, or backing anti-Communist forces led by Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, the minister of defense, who declared himself in revolt against the new order.

Phoumi had flown south to Savannakhet—175 miles from Vientiane—where most of the army was, including two battalions of 105-millimeter artillery. Twice our embassy sent emissaries to Savannakhet to try to persuade Phoumi to return to Vientiane and rejoin the government. Phoumi refused and stalled for time. Toward the end of September Phoumi made an abortive military pass at Vientiane and was roundly defeated by troops loyal to Kong Le. Phoumi beat an ignominious retreat to Savannakhet.

By this time American policy, if it could be called that, reached a new peak of absurdity. Gen. Williston B. Palmer, director of United States Military Assistance Programs, announced that all military aid to Laos had been stopped "because the situation is so confused we are not sure who is responsible for anything." In Vientiane the American embassy denied that aid was stopped.

Early in October Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Parsons flew to Vientiane to try to persuade Souvanna to break off relations with the Pathet Lao and reopen negotiations with Phoumi. It was a hopeless mission. Parsons and Souvanna had never got along when the former was ambassador to Laos. They got along no better now.

At this point the Pentagon decided to withdraw all of its support from Souvanna and place its chips on General Phoumi. John N. Irwin, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, and Vice Adm. Herbert D. Riley, chief of staff of the United States Pacific Command, flew to Savannakhet and gave Phoumi the green light to retake Vientiane.

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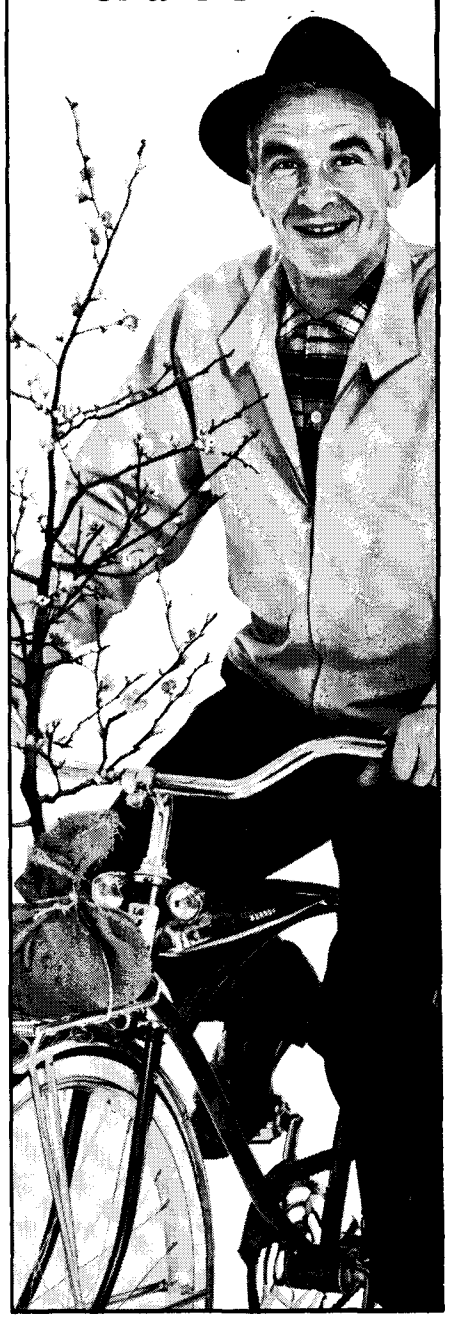

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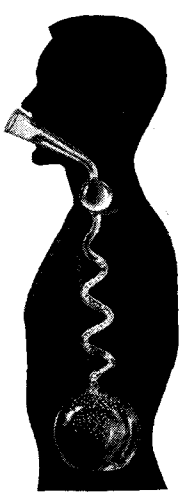

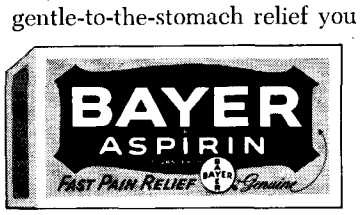

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Cut off from the United States, Souvanna and Kong Le predictably turned to the Soviet Union for assistance. The Russians were only too glad to oblige. In short order Russian planes were landing at Vientiane airport with oil and other supplies flown in from Hanoi.

Why Red Russia and not Red China? After all, Red China was right next door, and it was the Chinese who had helped the Communist Vietnamese against the French. The best answer is that Laos had diplomatic relations with Russia and did not have diplomatic relations with China. Moreover, it is probable that Souvanna did not want to let the Red Chinese get their foot in the door.

In December a miraculously rejuvenated Phoumi accomplished the unexpected. He recaptured Vientiane in the first and only—to date—real battle of the Laotian civil war.

Phoumi's artillery was the decisive factor. Approximately 450 civilians were killed to twenty-two Phoumi troops. Kong Le retreated to the north with his forces largely intact, after distributing 9000 American rifles to Pathet Lao irregulars.

America was true to its postwar role in Asia as supplier of arms to both sides.

That night Phoumi and his sponsors threw a victory party. The celebration was premature. Looked at from a cold-blooded cold-war viewpoint, the bloodshed might have been justified if, as the CIA argued, bloodshed was necessary to "polarize" Communist and anti-Communist factions. It might have been justified if strong and effective leadership had emerged from the smoke of battle.

Unfortunately neither of these things happened. "Polarization" took place only at the top, between the same tired, familiar faces. Souvanna fled to safety in neighboring Cambodia, thoughtfully taking the entire national airline with him. In his place as premier, Phoumi installed an amiable aging playboy, Prince Boun Oum.

Boun Oum filled nearly all key cabinet posts with close relatives, a move which one American official hailed as a stroke of administrative genius because "they'll be able to work together." Two political and financial plums, the posts of finance minister and collector of customs, went to a Boun Oum nephew and General Phoumi's brother, respectively.

Meanwhile, a strange languor enveloped Phoumi's victorious troops. Instead of pursuing and destroying Kong Le's forces, as military and political logic dictated, Phoumi's men preferred to go swimming and scoop up fish stunned by French concussion grenades. After a hard day at the front, army commanders were flown back to Vientiane in American helicopters for civilized dinners at the plush—for Vientiane—Settha Palace hotel.

With little or no resistance, Kong Le captured the strategic Plain of Jars—so named because of ancient burial urns found there—and its airstrip only fifty miles from the border of Communist Vietnam.

What had begun as sporadic Russian air drops blossomed into a full-fledged airlift. Scores of Russian trucks poured across the North Vietnam border loaded with Russian weapons. Tough, experienced Vietnamese "technicians," many veterans of the Indochina war against the French, were brought in to beef up native Pathet Lao troops. Kong Le was reduced to a puppet mouthing Communist clichés.

It was time, Washington now decided, to talk rather than fight. With roughly one third of Laos under Communist control, Washington felt some sort of international conference was urgently needed to restore the peace. A 100 per cent anti-Communist government was no longer essential. Indeed, the United States would be satisfied with a broad-based government including Communist representation.

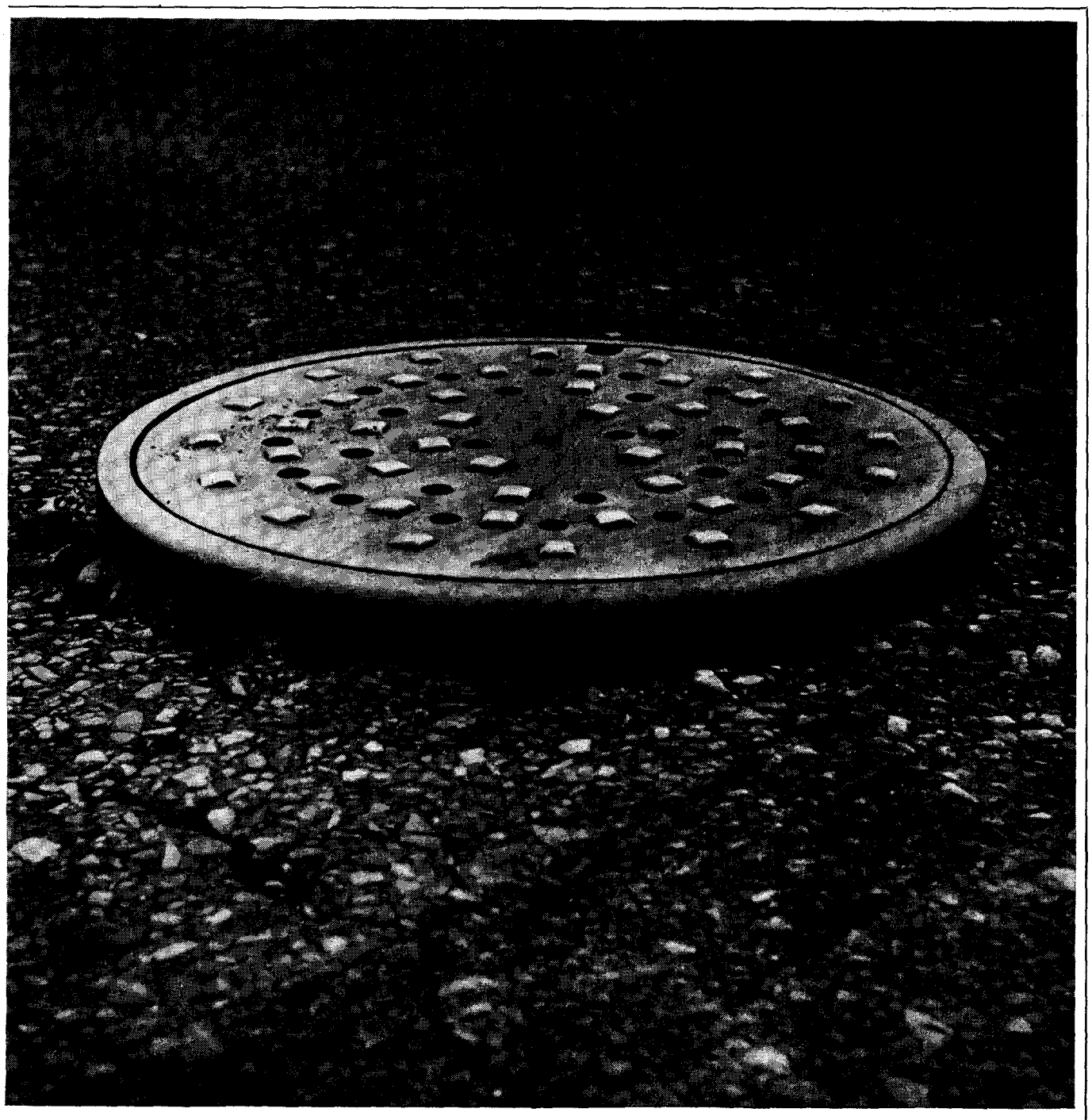
American policy had come full circle.

What should we have done to avert the debacle in Laos?

A tiny fraction of the huge amount spent on a largely worthless army could have benefited Laotian people and brought some measure of political stability to the countryside. The army could be justified as necessary to put down internal disorder, although it failed to do even that. But what Laos needed more than shiny new American cars and feather dusters were village wells, roads, schools, schoolteachers, irrigation dams and bridges. These were things Laotians could do for themselves with American technical advice and a few bags of cement. Too late, Americans on the scene realized that if our aid was to be effective it had to begin at the grass-roots level and percolate upward. Some work was done along this line. Small self-help projects got under way in 400 villages—but only after it was too late.

Many Americans in Vientiane wanted to support Souvanna Phouma even though they were aware of risks involved in taking Pathet Lao representatives into the government. Events proved them right. After forcing Souvanna into exile and destroying his government, the United States eventually came around to the position he advocated—a broad-based neutral government with Pathet Lao or Communist representation. But there was one difference. We yielded at the point of a Russian gun.

THE END



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How England Cares for the Aged

(Continued from Page 25)

delighted some American visitors, but displeased others. The fact is that the fundamental idea and many of the key methods involved were pioneered by a remarkable woman physician, the late Dr. Marjory Warren, more than ten years before medicine here was nationalized. To a considerable extent it was Doctor Warren who first demonstrated that ailing old people need more than sympathy, and it is Doctor Cosin who has best shown how they should be treated.

Eleven years ago Doctor Cosin was invited to take charge of the Cowley Road Hospital—a grim, grubby, overcrowded workhouse for old people, located just outside the City of Oxford. It had approximately 260 beds. To get into one of those beds, most patients had to wait for months or even years. Many died before they could gain admittance.

"The hospital directors promised me that if I took the job," he recalls, "I could have as many as fifty beautiful new beds to accommodate fifty additional patients."

Doctor Cosin proceeded to shock the hospital directors and most of his colleagues. He accepted the position but turned down the offer of additional beds. Instead he threw out fifty beds. Finding he was short of nursing staff, he announced, "This is wonderful. We'll have to think how best to use the nurses we have." He developed a program of progressive care, with the available nursing concentrated on the seriously ill patients. As the patients improved, they were moved farther down the ward, where they received only part-time care. With still more improvement they were moved still farther down the ward and obliged to take care of themselves.

In a few years Doctor Cosin turned the hospital into what is now the most exciting center in the world for the medical care of the elderly. Rather than allow patients to remain in bed, washed and fed and more or less comfortable until they finally died—a prolonged period described by another British worker as medicated survival—he subjected them to intensive therapy. Rather than spend a few shillings a day on the smallest amount of food and nursing care which would keep them alive and sanitary, he gambled all the money he could obtain on early and complete diagnosis, full-scale medical care, surgery, X-ray treatments and orthopedic rehabilitation. And rather than let the old folks vegetate in the accepted horizontal position, he suggested, pleaded, cajoled and even bullied them until they got out of bed, out of their wards, out of the hospital and often back to work.

The patients responded to this potentially upsetting activity by adoring Doctor Cosin, his fellow doctors and all the nurses. Government officials, who first paled when they saw how much money was being spent on each patient per day under intensive treatment, soon expressed their keen admiration when they found that the costs per patient per year had been cut by 50, 60 or even 70 per cent.

Early in this experiment the apparently miraculous recovery of some elderly patients was greeted with mixed emotions by their sons and daughters.

"We're pleased as anything that mum is cured now," one middle-aged woman said. "My husband and me, we'd like to take her back with us. We still have her old room. But what if she takes sick next year? What then? We remember the last time, when it took months to get her into the hospital. We can't face that again."

Doctor Cosin told her, "That won't be any problem now. If she becomes ill again, she won't have to go on any waiting list. She goes right to the head of the line. We'll readmit her to the hospital immediately."

This guaranteed readmission program, tried earlier by Doctor Warren, did much to induce relatives to take elderly patients out of the wards. Another program which Doctor Cosin borrowed from Doctor Warren was designed to meet the kind of problem posed by the man who said, "Look, we can care for my wife's dad. But in a few months the wife is going to have another baby. She can't look after him with a new baby on her hands, can she? And what will we do then?"

For such families the hospital set up an effective vacation-admission system. The hospital agreed to readmit any patient for a brief period—usually not more than three or four weeks—if the relatives who cared for him were stricken themselves by illness or other emergency or if they merely needed a short vacation.

"If we didn't take them back for three or four weeks out of fifty-two," Doctor Cosin said, "we'd have them in the hospital for fifty-two weeks out of fifty-two."

Nine years ago the Oxford geriatric department established a modern day-hospital which enabled many patients to get occupational therapy, special exercises and other hospital treatments without taking up expensive hospital-bed space.

The results of all this were considered quite remarkable.

"When we started," Doctor Cosin said, "every bed was full, and there was a frighteningly long waiting list. In the hospital wards most of the patients were considered permanently bedridden. The average patient departed in a coffin. Now the average hospital stay is less than forty-five days. Most patients leave the hospital on their own two feet, and the waiting list has vanished."

Although statistics such as these may have warmed the hearts of the hospital's bookkeeping department, by far the most important results were charted in terms of salvaged lives—of patients rescued from the grip of apoplexy, heart disease, high blood pressure, arthritis, hip fractures and the whole complex of ills, aches and pains often but erroneously lumped together under a diagnosis of old age.

"Actually," Doctor Cosin said, "most of these patients were not suffering from old age or even from chronic disease. They were suffering from neglect."

He emphasized that there is no medical magic involved in his treatments. "Our doctors and our nurses," he said, "possess no wondrous drugs or exercises or techniques which are unknown to your medical men in America, or to our colleagues in France or any other country. All we do is apply everything we know in an all-out campaign, as quickly and as energetically as possible, with complete confidence that this apparently expensive campaign will pay off in the long run. And, in addition, we have won marvelous co-operation from doctors, nurses, social workers, physical and occupational therapists, local-government officials, neighbors and relatives."

Today, the main part of the hospital at Oxford is still old, an architectural hodgepodge of stairways and corridors, but it is not dank or dismal. There is no smell of depression or death in the atmosphere. The big, high-ceilinged rooms are clean and airy. The halls are filled with busy staff workers, patients and visitors. In the wards there are groups of patients making their own tea, listening to the wireless, taking care of themselves and one another and learning to stand again and walk again and work again. This is no longer a workhouse at the end of the road. It is a hospital, where most patients come to be mended.

This gratifying result had long been predicted by Dr. Marjory Warren, the tall, vivid, sandy-haired London physician who originated the shoot-the-works program and who started her pioneering work in this field back in 1935. Trained at London University and the London School of Medicine for Women, Doctor Warren was serving as deputy medical superintendent of West Middlesex Hospital when that institution was abruptly ordered to take over jurisdiction of an adjoining building known simply as The Other Side. Unlike West Middlesex itself, a typical London hospital with some 400 beds, The Other Side was an even larger institution devoted exclusively to the custody of the aged.

"We in West Middlesex had never thought of The Other Side as a real hospital," Doctor Warren told us shortly before her death in a highway accident last September. "We were ashamed of it. It provided merely a roof, four walls, a kitchen and washing facilities—all that anyone thought was necessary."

Every few days a hospital doctor would appear at The Other Side and inquire if anyone was in acute need of medical care. Most of the inmates had been there as long as ten to fifteen years without ever getting a complete diagnosis.

When the authorities at West Middlesex were directed to take over active direction of The Other Side, the hospital superintendent assigned Doctor Warren to investigate whenever she might have a few spare moments.

"When I found time and really looked at it," she said, "I could see no way to turn it into part of our real hospital. And then I realized the main reason I was confused was that I had no idea who was really in the old place. So I decided to examine every one of the patients. This, it seemed, had never been done before."

She proceeded to examine more than 500 elderly patients.

"I couldn't do a complete job on each one," she said, "but at the end of nearly six months I had a reasonably good picture. A few of the patients were truly hopeless. Some were people who, with some care, might at least move from a bed to a chair. Some had been bedridden with diabetes or a stroke and might get up with a little help. Some were confused. Some were totally incontinent. Some were physically well but mentally confused."

One confused patient, she observed, could upset an entire ward. One incontinent patient could ruin the aroma of an entire ward. One patient crying out in pain could make all patients suffer.

"Night after night," Doctor Warren said, "I sat up and divided the patients into lists. I grouped them and regrouped them. I counted them. Then I started to classify them into new groups—not by symptoms or diseases, but according to the medical and nursing care they needed."

Finally, after eight months of planning, she went to the superintendent with a program.

"Let's put all the confused and noisy patients into one ward, where they can be kept from disturbing all the patients in all the other wards," she proposed. "Into another ward can go the patients who have no identifiable disease, but who are merely very old and very fragile. Into another can go the seriously incontinent. And into another can go the patients who might have some hope for real improvement."

The superintendent was upset. "This looks all very well on paper," he said, "but it would be the most terrible upheaval. You couldn't change the patients around unless you moved them in their beds, and you couldn't get a single bed through the narrow doors over there without taking it apart."

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON
DEAN MARTIN
By Pete Martin

In Color:
KANSAS
By John Bird

THE UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS
By SECRETARY OF LABOR
ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG

HOW TO BET THE HORSES
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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
THE MAGIC OF CREATIVITY
By Nancy Hale

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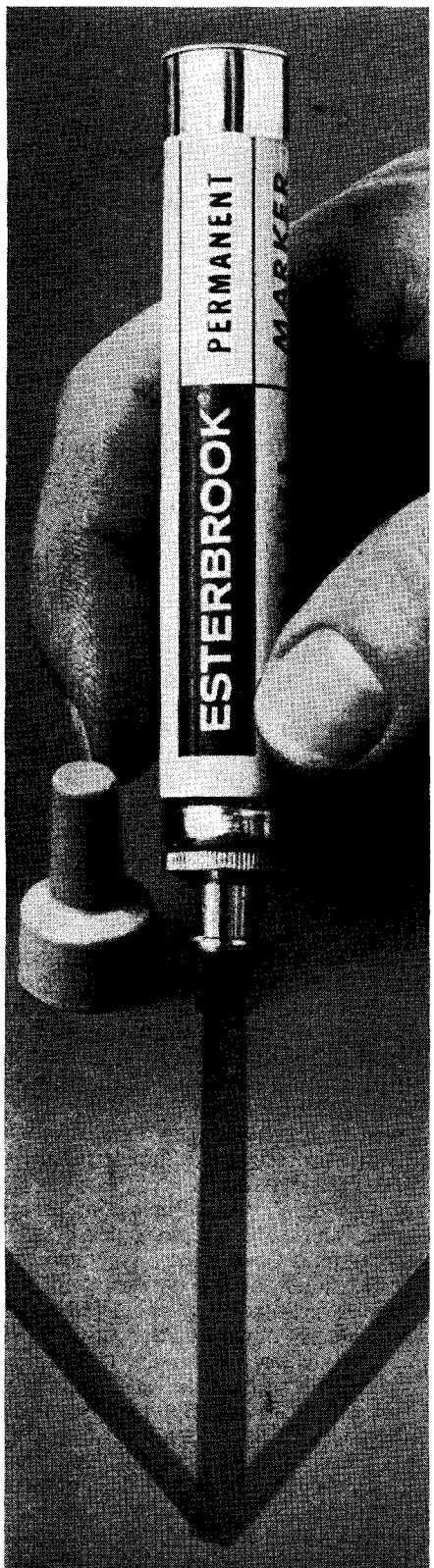

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"Move them any way you want," Doctor Warren replied. "If this doesn't work out, I'll carry the patients back, one by one, in my own arms."

With the grudging approval of the superintendent, Doctor Warren put her reorganization plan into operation. Promptly nurses and porters rebelled, and some insisted that the whole idea was stupid and bothersome. Some doctors indicated their disapproval, but Doctor Warren urged them to try it.

"I decided to start with victims of apoplectic strokes," she said. "Most medical people were positive that nothing much could be done for them. But I was curious to know if, by giving them treatment, you might at least prevent their muscles from excessive contracture."

Developing techniques as she went along, she discovered that some of these apparently hopeless, paralyzed patients were not really beyond help.

"I found to my own delight that some were actually getting better," she said. "Some began moving stiff arms. Some tried hesitatingly to walk. Some showed new courage, new willingness to try and improve. And we started with the tough cases. When we found them improving, we knew we were on to something."

Not all her associates were so quickly impressed. One was a young Indian doctor who had been assigned to her staff for postgraduate training. On ward rounds one day, he reported that a ninety-two-year-old woman had just been admitted after an apoplectic stroke.

"This is a very sad case," he said. "There is nothing to be done with this nice lady. She is aged ninety-two."

"That's an observation, not a diagnosis," Doctor Warren said. "Now you just buckle down and get a medical diagnosis—and then start to make her well."

The young Indian was puzzled, insulted and finally deeply interested. He performed a complete study and then began intensive treatment on the old lady, using massage, heat therapy and carefully planned exercises. Later she suffered a severe attack of pneumonia and then a violent shoulder infection. The Indian physician insisted on nursing her himself through all these illnesses. After many months the patient recovered and was well enough to go home.

"I do want to thank you and that nice Indian doctor," she told Doctor Warren. "I'm so grateful to him. I think that young man really saved my life."

"He probably did," said Doctor Warren. "But he's grateful to you too. In a way, you made him a doctor."

Within a few years, there was a decided change in the atmosphere. The Other Side had become known simply but significantly as the south wing of West Middlesex. Now there were patients, rather than inmates, and doctors, nurses and therapists, rather than custodians, and warm bonds of friendship had been established between them. Young medical men from England and other countries applied to come and take their advanced training there. Members of the medical and nursing staffs were boasting about their results.

"What do you mean by saying we're stuck with old crocks?" one young nurse exclaimed. "Come over to our wing and see some real medicine being practiced!"

Week by week the waiting list was reduced. Week by week more and more patients were discharged to go back to their homes and their jobs. The guaranteed readmission plan was developed, to induce families to take back their elderly relatives. The vacation-admission system was adopted—at first secretly—to give young people a needed respite from caring for their aged fathers and mothers. A geriatrics-outpatient department was established to provide care without hospitalization.

"The general practitioners in the community came to trust us," Doctor Warren said. "They wouldn't ask for a bed for their patients unless there was actually a need. They learned that if they took a bed unnecessarily, that bed wouldn't be available when they really needed it."

Perhaps the highest testimonial came from the London doctors who sent in their own mothers and fathers for treatment. One of these doctors put it this way: "Ah, at West Middlesex, they don't just take care of you. They treat you."

To Doctor Warren, this emphasis on treatment was essential. "The answer is not putting up more buildings, and getting more beds," she said. "It's getting patients out of beds, up on their feet and keeping them from becoming absolutely dependent on others. Unless you get these old patients up and out, they'll silt up any hospital and bankrupt any medical program in the world."

Last summer, even though the West Middlesex program was no longer new, there was still a feeling of excitement in its old wards and narrow corridors. A few patients had actually come there to die—many of these were in the terminal stages of cancer—but the overwhelming majority had come to be cured.

> What modern teen-agers will want next will be drive-in classrooms.
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> CY N. PEACE

"I haven't time to lie down and worry who's going to die next," remarked one arthritis-crippled but cheerful old lady. "My friend—that's Mrs. Tompkins, over in the next bed—is racing me to see who's to be first at walking without crutches."

Another woman, an eighty-year-old London seamstress, was in West Middlesex for her third time—her first visit had been for a successful cancer operation, her second for a fractured hip bone. "Went and broke my other leg," she said. "But me and Doctor Warren and the sisters here, we'll find a way to make it right again."

"Probably more than anyone else in the world," says a titled physician, Lord Amulree, of London's famed St. Pancras Hospital, "it was Marjory Warren who taught us that a patient is not beyond hope merely because he's beyond sixty-five."

Lord Amulree, a geriatrician, pathologist and Liberal Party member in the House of Lords, took over direction of St. Pancras's crowded geriatrics wards in 1948.

"It was a pretty grim show," he said. "There were three wards, with forty beds apiece. Some of the patients had been in those beds for ten or even fifteen years. The three wards could accept only a few new patients a month, and the waiting list was dreadful."

He first had ten beds removed from each ward to get working space and then put a team of devoted doctors, nurses and physical therapists into action. Within a year many "permanently bedridden" patients were beginning to walk around the wards, and many apparently hopeless old men and women had gone back to their own homes. By last year the three wards were able to accept 350 to 400 patients annually, the long waiting list had disappeared, and there were half a dozen empty beds.

"Back in the good old days," Percy Walker, a St. Pancras ambulance driver, told us, "they used to call this ruddy place the death house. Patients all jammed together. Nobody got out of bed. Even if they wanted to, there wasn't room for 'em to get up. But now, if the old folks could come back and see what's happened here, they'd fair have a shock."

To observers who have studied the work at St. Pancras, West Middlesex and other British hospitals, the exciting medical treatments inside the hospitals are not the only part of England's new geriatrics program, and they may not be the most important part.

"Treating the patient only for his diabetes or his broken hip is not enough," says Doctor Cosin. "We must use the full facilities of the hospital to control his physical disease, and simultaneously we must use the full facilities of the hospital and the full facilities of the community in order to get him welcomed back home."

At Cowley Road Hospital and in the adjoining City of Oxford, where hospital and community services have been integrated with notable success, medical and social workers have learned to study a patient's home and his relatives as carefully as they study his X rays and his blood pressure. They have found that it is essential to make certain, long before he is ready to return home, that he will have a home in which he can be relatively safe, comfortable and—if at all possible—useful and productive.

In some cases this has called for the tactful re-education of relatives, who are constantly reassured that the hospital stands ready to help whenever necessary. Sometimes it has required finding new lodgings or a new job, or providing some kind of home help—a part-time worker who will come when needed to prepare meals, make beds, clean house, shop or provide essential transportation. Occasionally the major requirement is merely a visitor who will come every day or two to play a few hands of cribbage or chat and exchange gossip over a nice cup of tea.

"Some of these services might be a bit costly," says an Oxford social worker, "but they're nothing to what it would cost if the old folks had to be kept in hospitals for the rest of their lives."

It is not, however, the potential saving in money that most concerns medical men; it is the saving in human values in dignity and happiness, in life itself. Doctor Cosin says, "We have learned that you must focus your attention not on the price tag, but on the patient."

In America this sentiment is heartily endorsed by a group of devoted geriatricians who have already begun to set up integrated hospital and community programs of intensive care, notably in New York, California and Ohio. To them the current deluge of emphasis on mere spending is frightening. With their knowledge of the successful experiments in England and the unhappy failures in other European countries, they are deeply concerned by the tendency to consider the medical problems of the elderly as primarily a financial matter which can be settled best by accountants, tax experts and insurance men. They are alarmed by those who have claimed that the whole thing can be solved simply by buying more health insurance, or building more hospitals, or providing more tax funds or finding a better way to pay doctor or hospital bills.

To these experts the question of how geriatric care should be financed is only secondary importance. The vital task is to get elderly patients well and keep them that way. THE END

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Master Forger at Work (Continued from Page 21)

my money—or take it out of somebody's hide." Whereupon, *without exception*, the apologetic bankers approved the checks.

A busy signal can mean that a phone really is in use, or it can mean trouble on the line. Back to the firms whose accounts had been exploited went the detectives, asking, "Do you recall having any telephone trouble recently?" Several girls remembered getting a call from a man who said politely, "This is the telephone serviceman. We're having a little trouble on your line. Will you take your phones off the hooks for ten minutes while we clear it up? Thank you."

The M.O. was now clear to Bengston and Montgomery and will shortly be made clear to you. About this time the Bank of America sent a bulletin to its branches, describing the M.O. perfectly. Copies went to other banks and to police agencies. But it was such a good M.O. that, Lieutenant Hays thinks, the ring got some $250,000 *after* the bulletin went out!

• •

In the Driver's Seat

By Richard Armour

She sits beside him as he drives
Through rush-hour traffic's thickness,
Yet never screams, like many wives;
In fact, she lauds his quickness.

She lolls as if she's in a chair
At home, and he's unharried.
They must be an idyllic pair,
Or, likelier, unmarried.

• •

"We knew there had to have been what we call an undetected burglary," Bengston said. "If the burglar himself was not an expert accountant, he took one in with him. He always checked the next day, pretending to be a newspaper reporter, to see if there had been a burglary. If he found out he had got away with an undetected one, he knew it was safe to proceed."

As it turned out, burglar and accountant were the same man. Once inside, he used a small flashlight and took his time to audit the firm's books, familiarizing himself with its operations. Then he took one check, and one only, from the checkbook. It was never the top one—the bookkeeper might miss its serial number and ask questions. Neither was it so far down in the book that a bank teller would wonder at so many skipped numbers.

He then made the check out on the office typewriter and checkwriter—for all the traffic would bear. Taking a sample of ink from the bookkeeper's desk, and two or three canceled checks, he quietly slipped out.

The forging was done by several persons, mostly women. A canceled check was fastened to a pane of frosted glass. The unsigned one, filled out by the burglar during his sojourn in the dark office, was fitted over it. A strong light was turned on underneath the glass, outlining the signature on the canceled check and on the unsigned one. The forger traced this signature with the stolen ink, and the check was ready for passing.

In cashing the forgeries, ringleader and passer went together to the door of the bank at an hour when there were long lines at every window. All banks use almost the same procedure when a stranger presents a check to be cashed. The teller first determines if there is enough money in the account to pay it. He then compares the signature with the signature on file with the bank. If it looks good—and he isn't a handwriting expert—he takes both check and card to the manager. The stranger shows his identification to the manager and endorses the check in his presence.

The ringleader knew this as well as any banker. He waited at the door while the passer got in line. When the passer reached the window, the leader hurried to a phone booth and made that call, asking the girl to take her phones off their hooks. The passer then staged his little act, first with the teller and then with the manager, threatening to take his money out of somebody's hide.

It was perfectly planned to exploit a bank's reluctance to embarrass a depositor, and perfectly executed. But what about identification? California drivers' licenses are made by a process that imposes the driver's picture on a photocopy of his signed application. Two Department of Motor Vehicles offices had recently been burglarized, and application forms stolen. But it would take an expert photographer with special equipment to convert the forms into "licenses."

The swindle required so many skills that it reminded John Bengston of a case he had worked in 1956, when the Compton branch of the Bank of America had been illegally relieved of more than $24,000. Bengston dug out this file and studied it. There were striking similarities.

In the Compton case the swindler had deposited several thousand dollars in cash, to open an account for a firm purporting to deal in heavy equipment. This became what bankers call an "active" account, with many deposits, checks and cash withdrawals. No one noticed, however, that the same money was being taken out and put back in again.

After quietly reducing his balance to $100, the swindler deposited several big checks drawn on the accounts of local firms—real firms with real money in the same bank. These checks later turned out to be forged; but at the time, the bank saw no reason to question them. Two days later the bank manager got a call from a man who identified himself as a used-car dealer. He said he was holding a $700 check on a certain heavy-equipment company and wanted to know if it was good. The banker consulted the books.

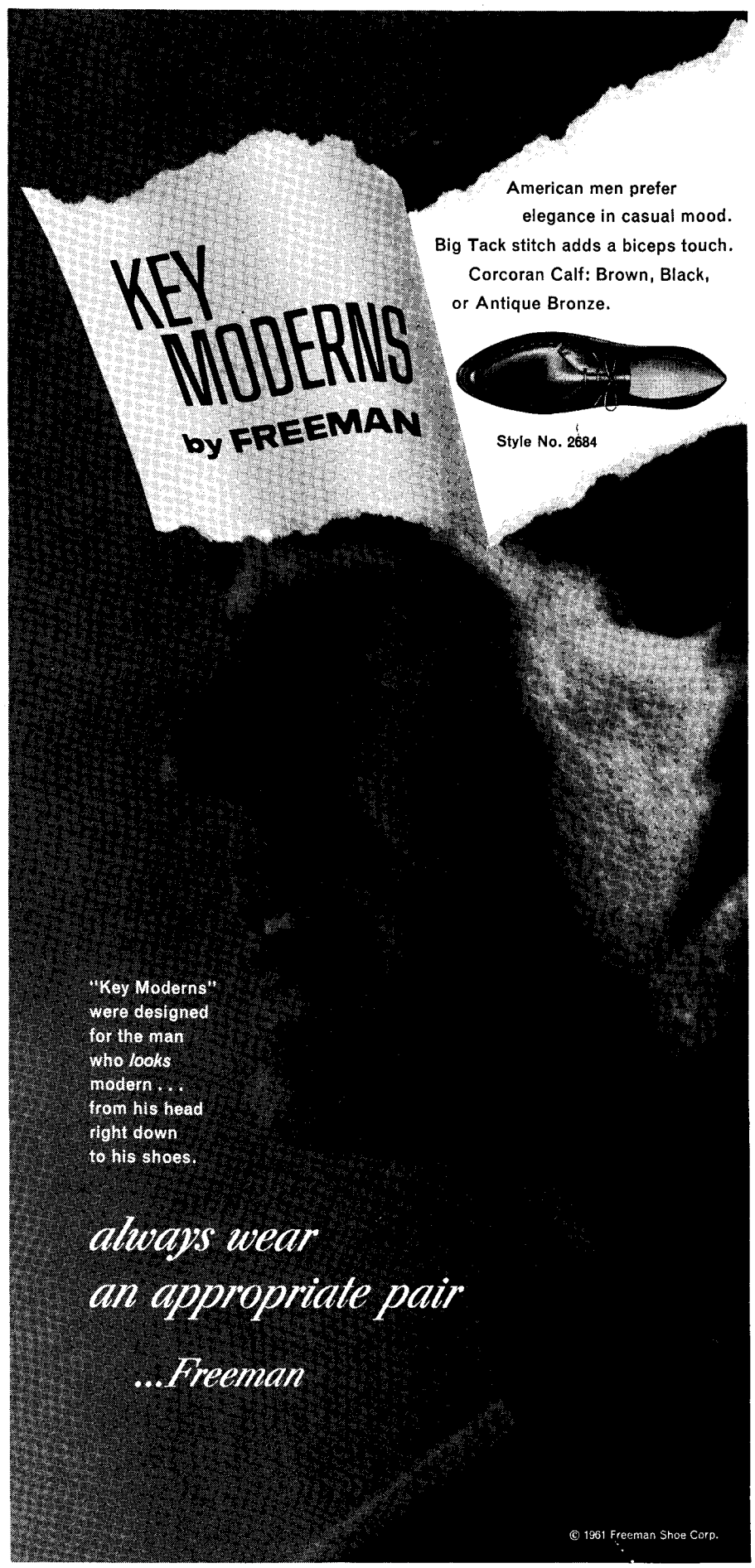
"Oh, yes, it's good," he said. Remember—there was only $100 in real money in the account. If the bank was ready to pay a $700 check, it meant that those big, forged checks had been routinely credited to the swindler's account.

The account was cleaned out that same day—some in cash, some in traveler's checks and $5000 in a cashier's check made payable to Western Union. Three men and two women were arrested within a week. One man and one woman turned state's evidence. One man and one woman went to prison for forgery. The fifth person, apparently an underling, was convicted only of transporting stolen money across a state line. His name was Stanley Scott Singley, and it was he who had wired the $5000 cashier's check to Las Vegas.

Bengston pulled Singley's FBI "rap sheet." This form reveals only the times, places and reasons that fingerprints have been taken and filed with the FBI. Singley's rap sheet showed that he had served time in Federal prisons at Leavenworth, Kansas, and Chillicothe, Ohio, as well as state prisons in California and Oklahoma—but always for such unspectacular crimes as petty theft. At the moment, he was on parole for the Compton caper.

The detectives wondered—had they done Mr. Singley wrong in rating him as a mere underling? They had no trouble finding him. Singley was a stocky man of forty-one, well-dressed and with a face that was strong rather than handsome. He did not seem disturbed. "You'll find my nose is clean. I'm still reporting to a parole officer," he said in a soft, calm voice.

Singley had one burglary arrest on his record, but he was not convicted and he had no reputation among stoolies as an expert at the trade. He was not known as a forger or gang leader. The only really suspicious thing about him, in fact, was his intellect. It took a smart man to plan



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and run this swindle—and Singley was obviously a very smart man.

"From then until November," said Montgomery, "there wasn't a time that we couldn't find Stan within a week. We were sure he was our man, but we couldn't touch him. There was no way we could tie him into those forgeries."

The detectives sorted every scrap of information the banks could furnish about the passers, and gradually some shadowy personalities took shape. One was a woman wearing a tailored suit, heels, hat and fur stole; she could have been anyone's reliable secretary. Another woman, younger, looked like the kind of bright girl the boss would trust implicitly to cash big checks for him.

The passer who loomed clearest was a man with red hair. When the detectives had enough details about him, they tried the Identi-Kit. This patented device, invented by Capt. Hugh McDonald of the Los Angeles County sheriff's office, is used where no witness has a complete description of a suspect, yet everyone recalls something—a big nose, "mean" blue eyes, and so on. These features are taken from a file and assembled into a composite portrait.

Bengston and Montgomery compared their composite of the red-haired passer, constructed from odds and ends remembered by bank tellers and managers, with photographs in their own mug books. Almost at once they found a good match.

The mug shot was of one William Denton. No one knew where Denton was then, but he had check forgery on his record and was due to appear soon in court in Long Beach on another charge. They asked Long Beach police to pick him up. Meanwhile they showed the mug shot to employees of the victimized banks. Somewhat to their surprise—they were used to drawing blanks by now—they got several identifications of Denton as the red-haired passer.

Brought to county jail after his arrest, Denton denied everything. He said he had never heard of Singley. But a handwriting expert said it was Denton's penmanship on some of the forged checks; and in his suitcase the detectives found a conditional-sales contract for a car. The cosigner on Denton's note was one Stanley S. Singley.

Denton caved in and talked. "But we still had only his word," said Bengston, "and you can't convict a man in California on the unsupported word of an admitted accomplice. It was back to the old grind."

Everything they knew about the ring was condensed into a bulletin and sent to police agencies all over the West. The returns proved that this was no local crime wave. The same M. O. had clipped banks all over California and in Dallas, Phoenix and Tucson. But their first real break came in a flash from United States Post Office inspectors.

Earlier, a San Fernando Valley post office had been robbed of a batch of money orders. In June two men, Harold (Tuffy) Collins and William Saine, and two women, Toni Riley and Mary Ann Jeck, were arrested for passing the money orders in San Francisco. The inspectors heard that their four suspects had gone one evening to a San Francisco night club. They searched the files of pictures taken by the club photographer—and sure enough, there were Toni, Mary Ann, Tuffy and Bill!

With them was another man—Stan Singley. The inspectors sent a print of the picture to Bengston and Montgomery. "So I had a couple of drinks!" Singley said urbanely when they questioned him. "I had nothing to do with those money orders. You can't put me in jail for knowing people." He was right. The picture was regretfully filed, but it had already led to Toni Riley. Remember that name.

Later that summer the detectives thought they finally had their man. Lieutenant Hays got a call from a woman who said briskly, "Do you guys want Stan Singley? Then listen carefully, because I'm going through this only once. Tomorrow Stan is driving a woman to the main branch of the Bank of America in Torrance, to 'bust' a twenty-five-hundred-dollar check on a roofing company. If you want him, go get him!" Then she hung up.

It was the break they had been waiting for—a woman who was jealous of a new woman passer. There were two other Bank of America branches not far from the main one in Torrance. To guard against all chance of error, Bengston, Montgomery, three other deputies and five Torrance policemen covered all three banks like a wet shirt for three days. Nobody showed.

A few weeks later, when the two detectives were talking to Singley in another routinely fruitless but not unfriendly interview, Bengston said, "Off the record, Stan—why did you send us on that wild-goose chase down to Torrance?"

Singley smiled. "Oh, I had to go into court on a little deal down in Orange County that day and I wanted to make sure I had you guys off my back," he said in his gentle voice.

That was the infuriating thing. They knew their man. They kept in fairly regular touch with him. Yet not only could they not convict him—they could not even keep him from forging checks! All this time the ring was merrily taking in some $10,000 a week.

Informants are always a policeman's best source of "scam," or criminal gossip. In August Bengston and Montgomery picked up some scam to the effect that two new paper hangers, known only as "Dick" and "Eddie," had been spending money freely. These names went into the notebook.

One day in September three men drove into a filling station in Mountain View, California, near San Jose. They were well-dressed and drove a good car, but to the attendant they "looked like hoodlums." The driver wanted to buy a whole new set of tires. The attendant stalled him, saying he would have to phone and order them sent out that afternoon.

The three left. The attendant phoned the local police, giving them the license number of the car. A quick check showed that the plate was stolen. That afternoon, when the driver returned for his tires, alone, the Mountain View police were waiting for him. When his two friends came along, to find out what was keeping him, they walked into the arms of the police too.

The three were booked under the names of Stanley S. Singley, Richard Barnes and Edward Falkenbach. When word came over the Teletype that Singley had been traveling with a "Dick" and an "Eddie," Bengston and Montgomery made a fast trip to Mountain View. They still had too little evidence to hold Singley—once again, mere association with suspected passers wasn't enough—but they could and did arrest Barnes and Falkenbach on suspicion and take them back to Los Angeles. There the two men were identified as bad-check passers.

After that, things began to happen fast. On September thirtieth Toni Riley, Mary Ann Jeck, Tuffy Collins and William Saine went on trial in Federal court in San Francisco, charged with passing those stolen money orders. All four were found guilty and given five-year sentences.

Bengston and Montgomery had several long talks with Toni and Mary Ann at the women's detention facility on Terminal Island, in Los Angeles harbor. They found both women eager to get "squared around," and from them they got their first detailed, inside look at the most efficient and audacious forgery organization in recent criminal history.

Stan Singley was its chief executive, as well as its burglar, accountant, drama coach and darkroom expert—it was he who made those superbly forged drivers' licenses. The whole idea was Singley's, and every step in its execution was directed by him.

Arriving by jet airplane in a new city, Singley went boldly to the airport parking lot, carrying his luggage with its fresh airline tags. Choosing an expensive car with enough grime on it to show that it had been there several days, he summoned the parking attendant. "Call me a locksmith, will you?" he said, handing the man a twenty-dollar bill. "I've lost my keys—and boy, am I bushed!" He was never caught at it. No one so much as asked for his parking ticket.

Checking into a good motel where his stolen car could be kept out of sight, Singley slept by day and committed his deft, undetected burglaries at night. He subscribed to a telephone-answering service in Kansas City and when he was ready with some checks to be forged and passed, he called the service and left a coded message. His crew kept in touch with the same number and, traveling by jet airplane—always first-class—were on the job within twenty-four hours.

For making those perfect drivers' licenses, Singley used a commercial photocopying machine which he had ingeniously adapted to superimpose his passers' pictures on the stolen forms. He moved the equipment, when moving it was necessary, in a rented trailer pulled behind a stolen car.

On November 13, 1960, on the strength of testimony by Bengston, Montgomery, Toni Riley and Mary Ann Jeck, the Los Angeles County grand jury indicted Singley, Denton, Barnes, Falkenbach and two women, Esta Brooks and Joy Williams. Esta Brooks was found guilty, but Joy Williams quietly left Los Angeles the day before the indictments were handed down. Lieutenant Hays would like very much to know where she is.

Until that same day, Singley had always been easy to find. Now he, too, vanished. Once there was some scam that he had been in Denver—and sure enough, Denver banks turned up $12,000 short that week. Bengston and Montgomery also heard of him in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Florida and Alaska. For a while their worst fear was that he would make a mistake somewhere else and that authorities outside Los Angeles County would get to prosecute him.

But they knew that their man had come home when, early in December, two banks in San Diego were hit—hard—by the familiar M.O. For about three weeks then, Singley was lost to everyone's view.

Then, on New Year's Day, a stocky man entered the pro shop of a country club near Whittier, California, and bought a golf cap. Several persons saw him, and the club manager talked to him. That night neighbors reported a prowler near the club, and a sheriff's patrol car chased a car that had been seen picking up a stocky man in a golf cap near the club grounds.

The stocky man jumped out while the car was in motion and vanished into heavy fog. The next day club employees identified Singley's picture as that of the man who had bought the golf cap.

The Perfect Squelch

By dint of shrewd shortcuts through the economic world, a former "poor boy" rose to become a local capitalist in his small town. However, he showed no philanthropic tendencies. As a member of the school board, he harangued against higher pensions for teachers retired on a pittance, and opposed every other form of generosity in other fields.

One day he met his old mathematics teacher on the street and paused to chat. He remarked, "You know, I've always been grateful for the way you taught arithmetic to me, a country boy who couldn't figure. I'd have been lost in business without it."

"Perhaps I didn't do a thorough job," the old teacher replied mildly. "You seem to have learned addition and multiplication, but how about subtracting and dividing?"

Mary Whyte

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Bengston and Montgomery are sure he was casing the club for a burglary.

On January third, Bengston was sick in bed, and Lieutenant Hays went out with Montgomery to press the hunt for Singley. Suspecting that their man had been hurt in jumping from the car and would be in no condition to travel far, they traced a man with an injured leg from a motel in La Puente to a motel in Lynwood and then to another motel across the street. There, stoically waiting for his injured leg to heal, was Stan Singley. "You don't need that thing," he said, with a wan smile at Hays's gun.

When I met Singley in Los Angeles County jail, he was awaiting trial on ten counts of forgery, one of conspiracy and one of burglary. There were "holds" on him from Orange County, Sacramento, San Jose, Phoenix, Tucson and Dallas, as well as for Federal authorities, who wanted to chat with him about parole violation and those forged money orders. His chief concern at the time I saw him was to be tried on as many charges as possible, so his sentences could be served concurrently.

He did fairly well. He pleaded guilty in Los Angeles to four of the counts against him, the balance being dismissed to save the taxpayers the expense of a long trial. On the burglary charge, he drew one-to-fifteen years; on one conspiracy and two forgery counts, one-to-fourteen years each. But the four terms are to be served consecutively.

On paper at least, he will do from four to fifty-seven years in a California prison. On the Monday following his Los Angeles trial, the Orange County charge—armed robbery—was dismissed. Singley had spent his weeks in jail growing a handsome mustache, and the Orange County eyewitnesses remembered a clean-shaven man.

The other charges will be so old, by the time Singley gets out, that they will probably be dismissed too—all, that is, but the Federal one, on which he will no doubt stand trial and receive at least a token term. Lieutenant Hays predicts that he will do at least ten years before again becoming eligible for parole.

In spite of his record, Singley is a hard man to dislike. He talks circumspectly, but with a certain pride in his exploits. In speaking of the Compton deal, in 1956, he said, "One of those checks was for $14,800. I'm pretty sure that's the biggest single check that was ever passed in the whole history of forging. You know, if you've got good identification, it's just as easy to cash a big check as it is a small one. My mistake was in using too many confederates. Stupid confederates!"

Could he work the same swindle again, this time without getting caught? "I could be back in business in twenty-four hours," he said, "and this time I would want only a man and a woman, who could both work as passers and forgers and who knew how to handle money. The people I worked with were off to Mexico to blow it the minute they got their cut."

He said the forger got 10 per cent, and that he, an assistant and the passer split the remainder three ways. His confederates, however, told the two detectives that, most of the time, Singley got two thirds of the remaining 90 per cent. They also confirmed Lieutenant Hays's estimate of $400,000 to $500,000 as the ring's total take.

Singley admitted "only about $250,000" to me. He said he had none of it left—"It cost a lot to live, and bail bondsmen and lawyers got the rest of it." And although he is a five-time loser, he insisted that he can still be rehabilitated.

"Crime is a losing game," he said. "The criminal has to make only one mistake—the police have to do only one thing right. These officers think they're punishing me, but I know better. I know I'm going up there to have a twisted mind made straight. I always study in prison. I got most of my education in prison. Why, I signed up for my first course while I was in Leavenworth when I was only sixteen years old!"

"What was the course, do you remember?" I asked him.

There is always a brief interval between question and answer with Stanley Scott Singley, while his quick mind touches all bases. His eyes twinkled. "Well, let's see," he said. "I think it was called Business Administration and Banking Practice."

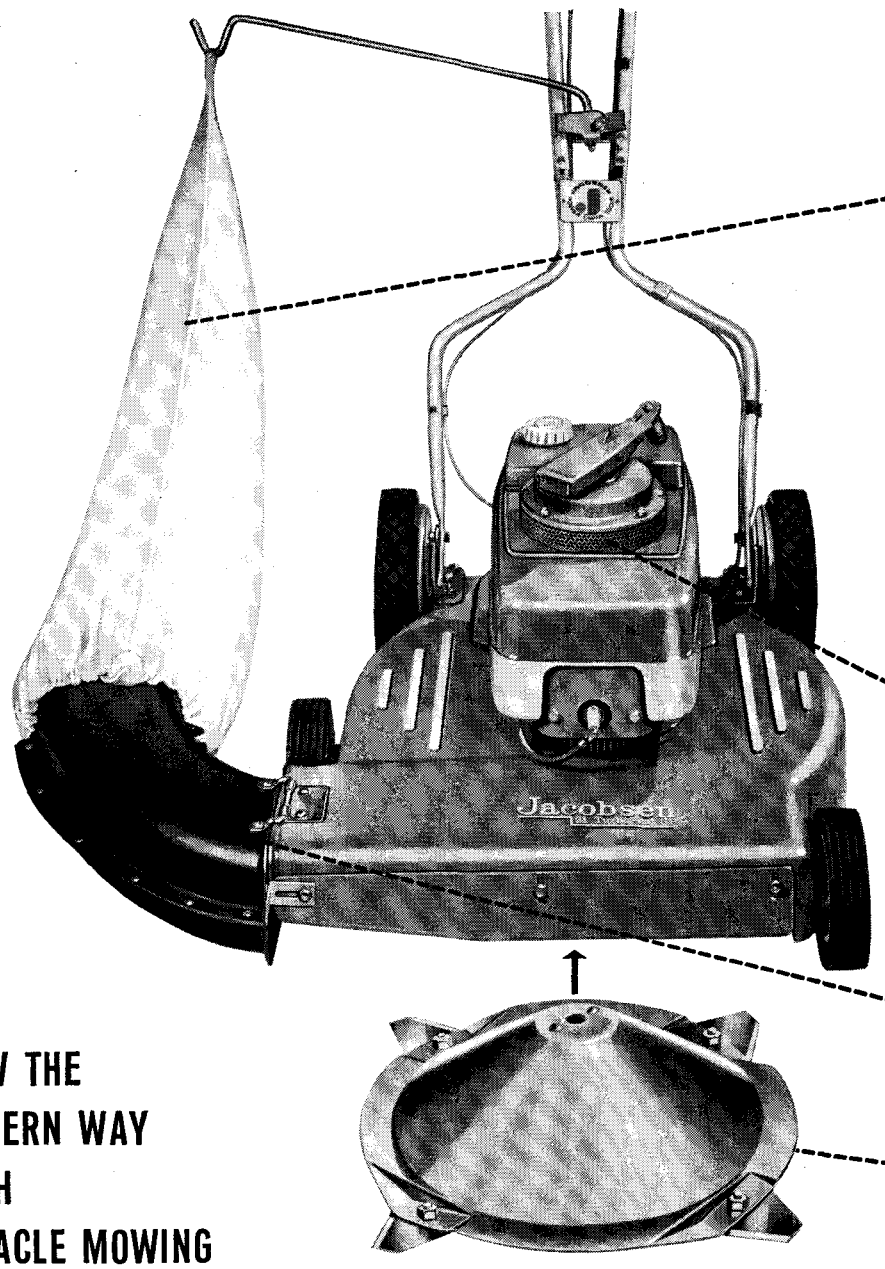
THE END

Misleading Evidence

By Hal Chadwick

At night the arms of Morpheus
So readily forsake me
My sleeping wife need only sigh
Or twitch an arm to wake me.

Yet, when I tell her so, she
scoffs;
For she can only judge me
By how I am at six A.M.
When H-bombs wouldn't
budge me.



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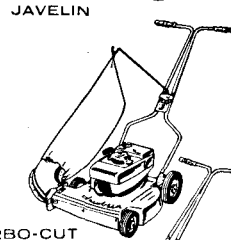
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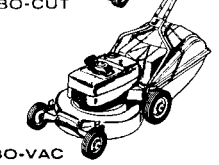
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I Call on Shirley MacLaine

(Continued from Page 27)

me it's instinctive, like being a mother. I don't know a thing about Doctor Spock, and I know less about being what the books call 'being an adequate wife.' But I do know this, I like being both. We'll go into that later."

Outside the windows of her suite dusk was feeling its way across Central Park. She ran her own long fingers through the hacked-at hairdo she'd worn in *The Apartment* and told me, "Some of the studios I've worked for have tried to friz my hair. Some of them have even talked up a storm about changing the shape of my mouth, or hanging false eyelashes on me. But as for the rest of me, they hired me this way, and I figure they must have known what they were doing. I don't remember any studio ever trying to build up my bustline, but there's not as much need for that as you might think. If a girl pushes herself in the right direction, she doesn't need to add anything. I've heard that certain studios have put on big campaigns to sell the images of some women stars as 'sex goddesses.' Nobody ever thought of doing that for me. It would be a kook notion anyhow, for you can't make cheese out of chalk."

She spooned up a creamy gob of sundae, licked her lips and asked, "Where do you want to start? We could start with 1954. Everything happened to me in 1954; like I was Carol Haney's understudy in *The Pajama Game*, and I signed a Hollywood contract. Before that I'd been a chorus girl. Before that I'd bummed around Broadway. On the other hand, we could discuss the 'and then I was born' part of my story. Ask me what I remember about my first stage appearance."

When I fell in with her suggestion, she laughed and went on, "I'm glad you asked me that, because I remember it vividly. I was four, and I did a number called *An Apple for the Teacher* at the Mosque Theater in Richmond, Virginia, the city where my parents were living at the time. I tripped on the curtain, the audience laughed and, little ham that I was, I ate it up. After that I tripped on that curtain every time I passed it.

"My parents had entered me in dancing school because I had weak ankles. But once I heard dance music, nobody had to make me go to dancing school. I really loved it. Father is a real-estate man, but he had been a band leader before he married mother, and mother had been an actress. I guess I inherited show-business blood from both of them, but if I have a sense of rhythm, I got it from my dad.

"When my parents moved north to Arlington, Virginia, I attended Washington and Lee High School." Her eyes crinkled, and she added, "I had to give up baseball because I kept slamming more home runs than the boys. I had sense enough to know that *that* wasn't very feminine, and I decided if I ever wanted a family I'd better drop baseball. I was a cheerleader too. Jumping up in the air and trying to make my heels touch the back of my head seemed the biggest thing in the world.

"If you saw me in the movie version of *Can-Can*, you probably thought of me as a pretty big girl. I am big. If I don't look that big to you now, it's because I am sitting down. In *Can-Can* I wore four-inch heels. Even without heels I am five feet, six and a half. But the point is, I was this tall when I was twelve years old. That may be fine if you're a boy, but if you're a girl and you weigh ninety pounds, and you're only twelve, and you're all that tall, life can be grim. At that age I was just kind of blah." She opened her mouth and let her lips flutter to make the "blah."

"There were three other girls in high school as tall as I. Our height was a bond between us. We kept wishing that the years would rush by so the boys we liked would grow up."

I wondered how she got to New York from Arlington, a suburb of Washington, D.C., and she told me. "My family sent me north one summer to study ballet. I did that for a couple of summers. Then the third year I auditioned for a replacement in the chorus of *Oklahoma!*, got the job and stayed with it through the summer.

"By that time I'd begun to look the way a girl is supposed to look. You wouldn't know this, of course, but it's a great satisfaction to a girl when she realizes that she is a girl. She discovers why she's on earth."

She studied the half-empty sundae dish on the coffee table before her as if considering a replacement for that too. If she had that in mind, she decided against it for the moment.

"When I went back to New York after being graduated from Washington and Lee High, I was seventeen," she continued, "but I'd saved some of the money I'd made in *Oklahoma!* and I decided it was high time that I was paying for everything myself. I joined the St. John Terrell Music Circus in Lambertville, New Jersey, but when I came back to New York after Lambertville, things were rough jobwise. It was then that I heard about trade shows."

I said that I didn't know what a trade show was. She explained, "Suppose somebody has a refrigerator to sell; shows built around that refrigerator travel all over the country so people can see it set in glamorous surroundings. I danced around a refrigerator for six months. Occasionally I'd stop to open one of its doors so the audience could look inside.

"When I got back to New York, Rodgers and Hammerstein were auditioning for the chorus of *Me and Juliet*. I auditioned for it three times before I made it. The first two times I was thumbed out, but I kept coming right back, using a different name each time and hoping that no one would remember that I'd been there before.

"The third time was my lucky one. Richard Rodgers selected me from the mob of girls on the stage by saying, 'Hey, you with the legs.' The suspense was awful, my stomach was full of knots. Mr. Rodgers said, 'Do a little jazz.' I did it. Then he said, 'Do ballet.' I did that too. Then he said, 'Sing,' and somebody thumped a piano and I sang, while the other girls stood there, hating me. When I was done I felt completely drained, but Mr. Rodgers said 'O.K.,' and the next thing I knew a secretary came up to me and said, 'You've got the job. What's your name? We'd like to make out an advance payment to you—that is, if you need it.' Need it! I forgot all about the phony name I was using and right quick said 'MacLaine.' Happily nobody noticed."

She recalled something else. "It didn't take the producer of that show long to find out that I had a loud voice—I can scream it up pretty good if I want to—so I was given a line or two to speak. I remember the first line I ever spoke on a Broadway stage. It was this: 'Seems like only yesterday that Suzie left the show.' I went home nights and worked on that line and polished it and tried it several different ways. I'd think, 'Tomorrow I'll give it something it hasn't had before. I'll put more feeling into it.'" She giggled. "Isn't that silly?"

She looked down at her feet. They appeared to be shod in either plastic or rubber high-heeled storm boots. I am not very knowing about such things, but to me they didn't seem to blend too smoothly with her Capri pants and the man's shirt she wore with its tails knotted around her middle. I remembered another thing Flack Jones had told me: "I never knew a dame with such a total lack of concern about what she's wearing or how she looks in it. That goes for her hair too. She features a chicken-in-the-rough hairdo. It looks as if mice have been nibbling at it."

Shirley MacLaine seemed to read my mind—or it could have been that I had stared overlong at the casually arranged locks. She studied herself in a mirror hanging on the wall across the room, grinned at me and said, "Long hair's a pain—I mean, it's a bother. That's why I ended up with mine like this. I chopped it off when I was in the stage production of *Can-Can*, because the producer of that show hinted strongly that I ought to do something about it quickly. I was wearing it in a ponytail, and every time I did a quick turn, my hair took half an hour to follow me around. So one night between the first and second acts I let it have it. I was chipping my teeth on bobby pins anyhow, and it's so much easier this way. I forget that it's there until things begin to turn dark, then I realize that my bangs have grown so long I'm having trouble seeing through them, and I hack away at them again. I really do comb my hair in the morning when I get up, but I must admit that I don't comb it any more, except with my fingers, even after I've driven in an open car."

She eyed a spoonful of melting ice cream from which streamers of cooling fudge were dripping and said, "I guess we're up to *The Pajama Game*. I was hired for it first as a chorus girl, then as an understudy for the star of the show, Carol Haney. *The Pajama Game* opened on a Thursday, but just before the curtain came down after the following Wednesday matinee, Carol broke her ankle. I know that kind of thing happens only in cornball plots, but this really *did* happen. To make it even cornier, I'd had only one rehearsal as Carol's understudy, and most of what I knew about her role I'd learned simply by watching her from the wings.

"I was engaged to Steve Parker, a New York actor, at that point. Steve also dabbled in theatrical production, and he had his fingers in the producing end of television too. I'd left the matinee performance early on that Wednesday afternoon to whip up a little dinner for Steve in my apartment before the evening performance. Although I was Carol's understudy, I was still really only a chorus girl, and that depressed me. After all, I had just finished being a chorus girl in the hit musical, *Me and Juliet*, for a whole year. I was drawing a hundred dollars a week from *The Pajama Game*, but I had some money saved from *Me and Juliet*, and I didn't want to be a chorus girl all my life. I wanted to study and make something of myself. So I made up my mind to turn in my notice.

"I was fifteen minutes late reaching the theater that night, but my part in the show was such a tiny one that I thought no one would care. When I arrived at the theater, the stage manager and the producer were both standing out in Forty-fourth Street, their faces ashen, yelling at me, 'Where have you been? Haney's broken her ankle. You're on.' I went into a state of shock so profound I didn't even think about the fact that I'd never rehearsed any of Haney's lines. My instinctive reaction was, 'I hope I don't drop the little black derby she wears in her *Steam Heat* number.'"

Shirley MacLaine must have seen something lacking in my face, for she said, "You didn't see *The Pajama Game*, did you?" When I confessed that I hadn't, she filled me in. "The *Steam Heat* number opened the second act. It was one of the all-time great classic jazz numbers. It was done in black tuxedos, with black shoes. It was accompanied by tricks done with black derbies. That's why my first thought had been, 'I hope I don't drop Carol's hat.' I went upstairs and put on Carol's clothes. Miraculously, they fit me perfectly. I put on my own body make-up, and my hands didn't shake. Even the fact that Carol's shoes were too small, and I had to wear my own, didn't throw me, although mine were horrible-looking. It did upset me a little that the rest of the cast stood in the wings watching to see if I was going to make it, but the only thing I did that showed I was

(Continued on Page 100)

Shirley MacLaine (center) was nominated for an Academy Award for her 1960 performance in *The Apartment*. With her in this scene are Jack Lemmon and Edie Adams.

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(*Continued from Page 98*) nervous was to ask somebody to call Steve and tell him to please come to the theater and watch my performance.

"I had such respect for Steve's opinion and for his good taste," she went on, "that I knew he would judge me fairly. The multiheaded monster watching me from the other side of the footlights didn't bother me a bit. After its first loud moan, when it was told that Carol wasn't going on, the audience applauded everything I did.

"Steve came backstage after the performance, bringing a yard-high stack of notes he'd made. We went home and sat down to go over his notes, when suddenly I thought, 'You're only Shirley MacLaine and you're going to be on that stage the next night, and the next night after that,' and I fell apart. A delayed emotional reaction set in. But the next day the cast was called in, and we rehearsed and rehearsed until I began to know what I was doing.

"The third night that I went on as Carol's substitute, Hollywood producer Hal Wallis saw me. He'd come to the theater to see Haney, but by that time the management had had little cards printed and put in each seat. They read, 'Tonight Miss Haney will be replaced by Shirley MacLaine.' When Mr. Wallis read this, he wanted to leave, but a friend of his, Bob Goldstein, who was with him, persuaded him to stay. 'We have nothing else to do,' Goldstein said to him, 'and maybe this kid is good. Let's watch her for a while.'

"After the last act Mr. Wallis came backstage to talk to me. I was pretty vague about Hal Wallis. I'd heard that he was a successful independent producer and once I'd seen a line on a screen somewhere: 'Hal Wallis presents Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.' Anyway, at that point Hollywood was as far from my mind as Kamchatka—even farther. So when Mr. Wallis asked, 'What are you doing later?' I wasn't sure whether he wanted me for me or as an actress. So I said suspiciously, 'I'm probably dating my fiancé. Why?' Mr. Wallis said, 'If you can find a free moment I hope that you will meet me briefly in the Oak Room of The Plaza hotel. I'd like to discuss your career and a motion-picture contract.'

"I went into my dressing room in a daze and put on the only clothes I had there that belonged to me. They happened to be blue jeans and an old terry-cloth shirt.

"I'll never forget walking into the Oak Room and up to the George M. Cohan booth, where Mr. Wallis was sitting. I doubt that he'll ever forget, either, but if he was appalled at my clothes, he never batted an eye. It took me only seconds to tell him what I'd done before, theaterwise—nothing! I'd been in a lot of shows, but always in the chorus. He seemed momentarily taken aback. I remember that he said, 'Oh,' in a flat voice, then he pulled himself together and said, 'I'm leaving for Europe in the morning. I hope you'll drop in and see my East Coast representative, Irene Lee, so she can start drawing up a tentative contract with you.'

"The next night the head man at Columbia Pictures, Harry Cohn, came to see me. Paramount sent someone to see me, and a Metro representative dropped in, but all *they* did was ask questions. 'How much do you weigh? How tall are you? What are your measurements? What *else* have you done?' None of them made me a definite offer; they just looked me over squinch-eyed, as if studying a prize filly. And I thought that undignified of them, even if I was a blue-jeans type.

"Fortunately I didn't have to brood about them, for Mr. Wallis sent me a marconigram from mid-ocean. 'Go to Fox Movietone,' it said, 'and make a screen test.' When he got back from Europe, he ran that test while I waited with bated breath. 'Don't be so eager, MacLaine,' I told myself. 'You probably blew it.' But my test was O.K., and I was all set to blast off as Miss Screen Starlet of 1954, when I read the small print in the contract I'd signed. For the first time I noticed that the contract called for me to come to work in December, and it was now only May. So I had to bide my time.

"Carol's ankle finally healed. She was back in the show all summer. Then she was out again—for one night—laryngitis. Talk about corny; that was the one night that Alfred Hitchcock's representative chose to see the show. I don't know whether he moaned or not when he found the little card in his seat telling him that he paid money to see me instead of Haney, but he must have turned in a good report about me to his boss, for the next day Mr. Hitchcock called Mr. Wallis and asked him if I could work for him in his next picture, *The Trouble With Harry*. Mr. Wallis said, 'Yes.'"

She stood up, walked to a window, raised her arms toward the ceiling and stretched mightily. For a moment her Capri pants and her man's shirt with its knotted tails around her middle were silhouetted against the lights flickering on outside. She turned, came back to the divan, sat down and told me, "I heard afterward that Mr. Hitchcock's talent scout had been told to look for 'something unusual.' If that's what he wanted, he got it, for when I showed up at Mr. Hitchcock's room at the St. Regis Hotel to meet him, I looked like a slob. It was raining, and I didn't want to ruin the few clothes I had; so I had on the same blue jeans I've told you about and an awful-looking beat-up old trench coat.

"Mr. Hitchcock was sitting with his dear, sweet wife, Alma; he's very short, and I must have towered over him, because he said hurriedly, 'Please sit down.' Then he asked me, 'What pictures have you starred in?' I said, 'None.' He asked, 'Well, what pictures have you done?' I said, 'None.' 'You *must* have done a few TV shows,' he said. 'I'll look at the kinescopes.' I said, 'I'm sorry, sir, there haven't been any.' I could feel the floor tipping up on end and me sliding off, but when he asked, 'What *have* you done before this?' I kept right on telling him the truth. I said, 'Nothing.' He swallowed hard, but he's quite a man. He just said, 'Why don't you go out and round up a wardrobe to wear in my picture?'

"I read *The Trouble With Harry* script, then I went out and bought some clothes. I brought them back and showed them to Mr. Hitchcock. He liked them."

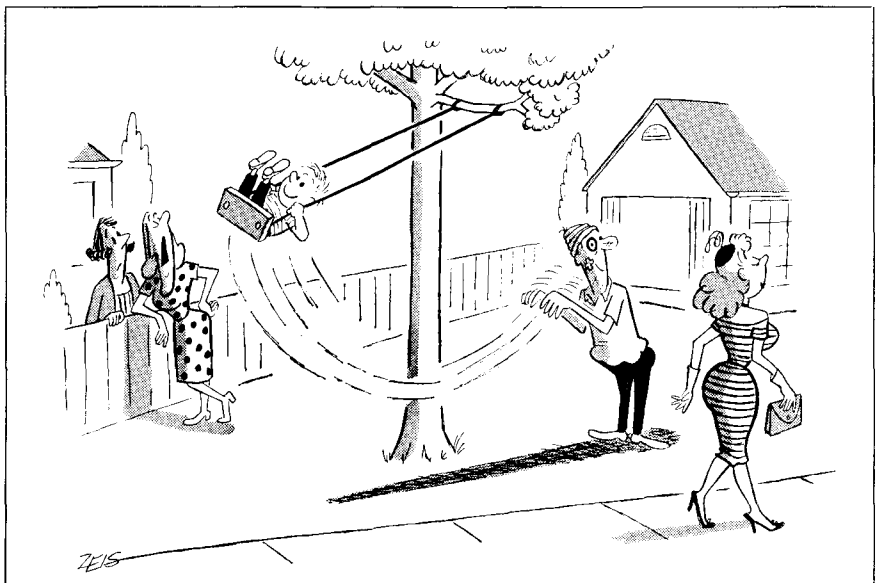
She paused a moment, then went on, "Just before I went up to Vermont to begin work in *The Trouble With Harry*, Steve Parker and I were married. Everybody seemed upset when I showed up for the location shots with a new husband. The idea seemed to be that a girl isn't supposed to start a new career and get married too. I didn't buy that. I knew I could give both careers all I had, and I have!"

She studied her feet once more, and I got the impression that she was wriggling her toes inside her high-heeled rubber footgear. "Right after *The Trouble With Harry*," she told me, "I went to Hollywood to make my first film for Mr. Wallis, a picture called *Artists and Models*. In it I was the hussy who ran up and down stairs in a yellow sunsuit, chasing Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. And I hated that. If I'm asked to do something in a picture which seems unfeminine or unladylike to me, I can't stand it."

She eyed me quizzically and said, "I think I know what you're wondering. You're wondering how the word 'ladylike' fits the part I played in *Some Came Running*. The girl I played in that picture *was* a bit of a tart, but there was nothing unfeminine about her. After all, she knew how to love, and to me that's all-important. I know it's not exactly a compliment to me, but that was the easiest role I've ever played. I only had to read that script once, and I knew what that girl was like, inside and out; what she wore, what she thought, what she did when she was alone. I even loved the bits in which I had to pretend she was stoned. I drink very little, but a lot of the fans who saw me in that picture swore I'd had a few nips too many.

"Since then," she went on, "Steve has moved to Tokyo. He specializes in producing documentary films there and in discovering and packaging entertainment talent. He finds Oriental talent not only in Japan but also in Hong Kong, in Vietnam, in Cambodia and in Indonesia. After assembling them, he routes these acts all over the Far East, and if he thinks they're good enough, he bundles them up and ships them to the United States."

She looked at me inquiringly, then asked, "Did you see the huge night-club show, *Holiday in Japan*?" I shook my head. "Well, Steve put it together," she told me. "And among other places, it played the Latin Quarter in New York, and the Latin Casino near Merchantville, New Jersey."



"Here comes the part I was telling you about."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She thought for a moment, then went on, "You may be wondering how Steve and I manage to make our marriage work all the way across the Pacific. The answer is, if you love somebody enough, you can make anything work. I happen to love Steve and he happens to love me, and I happen to have a four-year-old daugh Stephanie, whom we both love. I coul have done a Grace Kelly and walked out on my career so Stephie and I could live in Tokyo with Steve, but I didn't want to give up acting, and Steve didn't want me to either.

"If I had to choose between Steve and a career, there's no question about my choice, I'd take Steve. For, after all, he's what my life is all about. It's hard for us to live apart, just as hard as it would be for you and your wife to live apart or for any husband and wife who love each other to live apart. But Steve and I have talked it all out. We think we know what we're doing, and for the time being we've decided to play it this way. Even so, we think we have a richer and fuller life than many people."

She looked at me from under the fringe of her bangs and told me, "We keep a lot closer to each other than most people would think possible. We put in so many transpacific telephone calls each month that our phone bills are staggering. The only way we can ever hope to get ever to buy enormous blocks of Internatio Tel. and Tel. stock. We call each other two or three times a week, and each call lasts about an hour and a half. They cost about two hundred and fifty dollars a call." My eyes must have widened, for she insisted, "That's the average."

She uncurled her legs, slid down in her divan until they stretched out before her; she laced her fingers behind her head and said, "Anyhow, at this particular point I have a contract with Hal Wallis, and that keeps me in California, although, thank God, that contract is about to end. When my contract with Mr. Wallis is completed, Steve and I may work things out in a different way. I may spend six months a year in California and six months in the Orient with Steve."

I said that I'd seen photographs of her taken with her daughter and I'd never seen a mother-daughter combination who resembled each other so much. She admitted, "Steph does look like me, but I hope someday to have a boy that looks like Steve. Steve is really handsome. I think I'd like to have about three chi dren."

I remarked that most of the young mothers I knew seemed to want five or six. "Not me," she said flatly. "When you have too many children you have to devote your whole life to them, and it's a disservice to them. They ought to learn to depend on themselves as early as possible. Steph's only four, but she thinks nothing of traveling back and forth between Hollywood and Japan by herself to see her dad. Because she's been adjusting to things all her life, she seems able to face up to her little problems more easily than most children. She never cries or feels insecure or rejected.

"Steve and I have our own ideas of fun," she continued. "We like to take a couple of cans of beer and go to a drive-in. We prefer drive-ins where science-fiction pictures or horror pictures are showing so I can scream without bothering anybody. Whatever is simple, that's what Steve and I like. We like to go up to the High Sierras and climb mountains or go fishing. I did that when I was six months pregnant with Stephie."

I was curious about what her doc had thought of that. "He thought it w great," she said. "I had a doctor who believed that if there's anything difficult about a pregnancy, it's usually something

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the prospective mother dreams up herself. Three months later, when Steve was about to go back to Japan, I told him that I'd like to have our baby before he left, so he could see it. I was nearly full term, and I knew that there was a drug which uld be given to me intravenously to in- ıce labor. My doctor thought that was O.K., too; so I drove to the hospital, parked my car, unpacked my bag and had my baby. A couple of days later, when Steve came to the hospital to see us, Steph and I had gone home."

I asked when her daughter had begun to look like a carbon copy of her. "About the third day," she told me. "She looked like Rocky Graziano when she was born."

Picking up the phone, she ordered another hot-fudge sundae from room service. When it came, she dipped a spoon into it, then said slowly, "I've read about a group called The Clan. I know you have too. This group is supposed to consist of Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop and me, although some writers make the list longer. So far as I know, to date, nobody has ever taken the trouble to ask any of us who are supposed to be in The Clan about The Clan, although by the time your interview with me hits the newsstands some writer may have taken care of that oversight.

"If anyone did ask me about it, I'd have to tell him that I don't believe such a thing exists. I've never heard anyone in our group use the term; we don't hold offices or elect officers. What does exist is this: There are certain people in Hollywood who enjoy being with each other, and I'm lucky enough to be one of them. Our friendship, our respect for each other, the fun we have together—those all exist.

"I've read that Frank calls us on the phone and says, 'Get over here.' That's a silly lie. It simply doesn't happen. I've also read that The Clan has its own language. That also is a stupid lie. We have our favorite words and expressions, but I'm sure that you and your friends have your favorite words and expressions too. People automatically take on the verbal color of their closest associates."

Anger grew behind her eyes as she went on, "I've even heard that I'm the 'den mother' of The Clan." She put down her spoon and pushed her fingers against the overstuffed divan until white flecks showed under her nails. "I'll try to be a lady about that and, instead of telling you what I'd *like* to tell you, I'll say it is a figment of somebody's imagination. It's true that the chemistry between Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and me is good. It's also fun, and it's rare. But there's nothing evil, or even questionable, about this relationship."

The laugh brackets at the corners of her mouth were not there when she told me, "A lot of people have said a lot of things about me, but almost everyone agrees that I'm honest. Not that honesty is unusual in a motion-picture actress. She has to be, because the movie camera digs deeper than anything or anybody else, and she can't fool it. Anyway, the truth is that Frank Sinatra's capacity for friendship is all-encompassing. He doesn't get a good press, but I know a Frank that those who write about him don't know. Maybe they've had run-ins with him. That hasn't happened to me. Frank's a bundle of contradictions. At times he's unreasonable, at times temperamental. He can be compassionate and insensitive, gentle and rough. But he can also be as kind as anyone I've ever known. If a person has all those contradictions, and you still find him good to know, you've got to call him your friend."

She glanced at the clock on the mantel. Unlike most hotel clocks, it was actually running.

Before I left I wondered if she would tell me about the day Mr. and Mrs. Khrushchev popped in for lunch at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio and caught her big dancing number in *Can-Can*. I wanted to know if Mr. Khrushchev had shown any noticeable reaction to her performance. "He seemed to like it very much," she laughed. "He smiled throughout the whole performance, yet he complained afterward that it had been too risqué. If he thinks *we* were risqué, he should have seen the original cancan. The studio research department told us that in the 'Nineties French girls had danced it without panties, and the cafés where it was danced were constantly raided.

"I don't think Mrs. Khrushchev liked even our comparatively modest costumes. She wasn't smiling, and I think that Mr. Khrushchev began to disapprove after he saw the frown on mamma's face. He may bang his UN desk with his shoe, but, just like any other husband, he chickens out when his wife catches him getting too bright-eyed—girlwise."

I stood up to go. She got to her feet too. She looked around the living room of her suite and said, "You know, I was trapped here all morning and the best part of this afternoon, and if I don't get out of whatever place I'm in now and then, I get a shut-in feeling. So, just before you came, I blasted out of here and tore around the park for half an hour." The ends of her eyes curled upward once more. "That," she said, "was a break for you. If I hadn't taken that walk, I'd have been itching to get out every minute. As it is, I've kind of enjoyed it."

I had kind of enjoyed it too.

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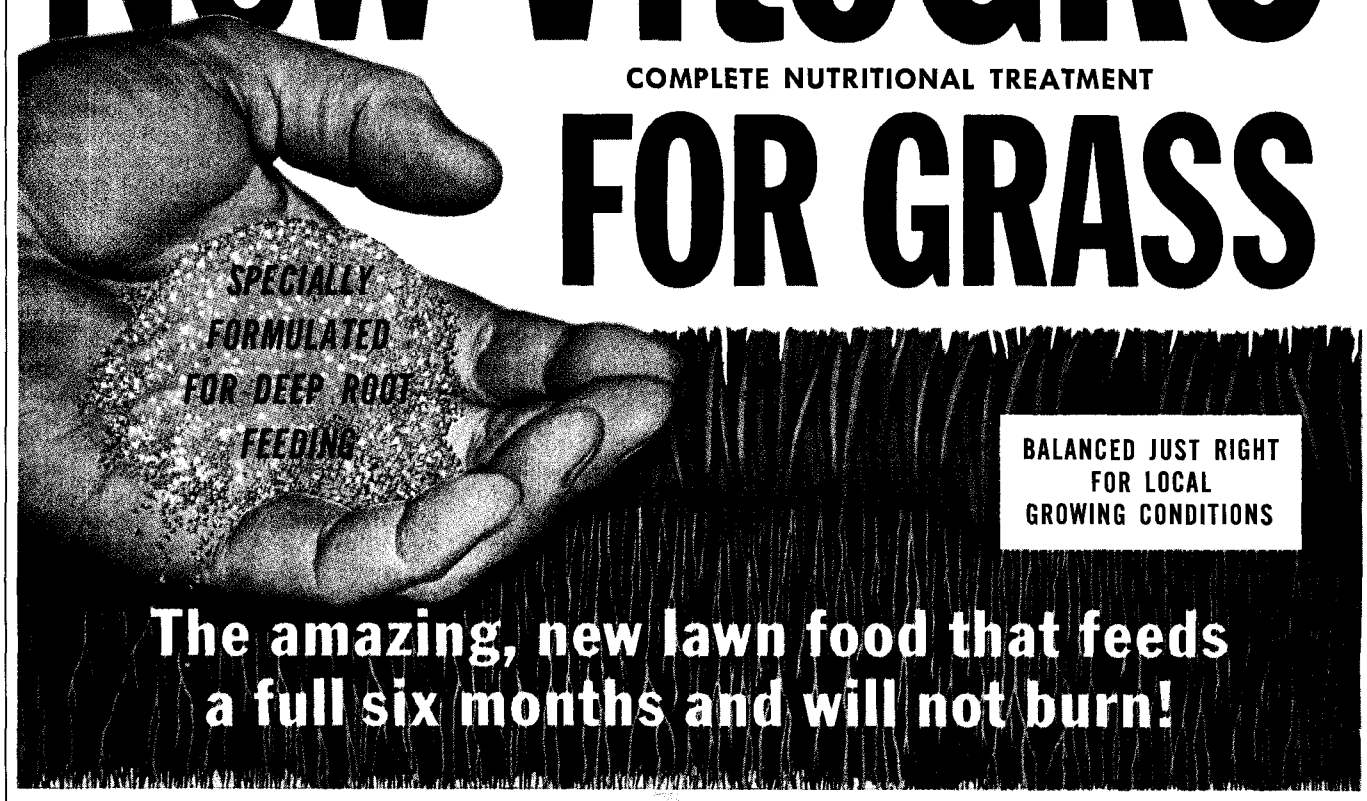

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The Deceivers (Continued from Page 31)

daughter's high-school grades in English and willing to acknowledge the general respectability of English teachers, of which Miss Strobonoff was one. She admitted that a back room on the second floor was vacant. Now, although her daughter was in California, married to a veterinarian, she still remembered that she had almost refused Miss Strobonoff—a narrow escape! In gratitude, she still charged Miss Strobonoff the original rate, which today would barely permit subsistence on poorboy sandwiches and soda pop.

The original coterie, called by such human adventures as new jobs, marriage and the funeral home, had disappeared. Only Miss Strobonoff remained to remember the time the third-floor bathroom had flooded. Only Miss Strobonoff remembered the stout man arrested by the New Orleans police at midnight who returned two days later, sheepish, exonerated, but nevertheless evicted. And she alone could recall the wayward guest who found the postprandial port irresistible and who, under its influence, declared that the career of the countess had its inception as a strip-teaser at a second-rate club on Bourbon Street—a canard not mitigated by his adding that, with the departure of the countess, the club had been forced to close its doors.

But Miss Strobonoff's desirability did not lie in shared memories. The countess was above such impractical frailties. Miss Strobonoff had joined this demesne at a slim and blond twenty-four, the dewiness of youth still faintly moistening her blue eyes. Twenty-four does not last forever, alas, and Miss Strobonoff had been the daughter not of an ambassador, but of a Shreveport electrician addicted to fried foods. Even feminine vanity was too weak to resist a spicy *coq au vin* one night followed by a bland and calorie-laden *crème* Chantilly the next. Miss Strobonoff had been transformed, speaking kindly, into a plump, rosy-cheeked and smiling spinster who, for the last four years, had registered her voting age as twenty-nine. But along with *embonpoint*, she had acquired a facility at romantic fiction, every word of which the countess believed and for which she cherished Miss Strobonoff.

Herself an accomplished liar—the Bourbon Street background was, sadly, too real; but the countess had been merely a *chanteuse*, not an ecdysiast—she distorted the truth only for practical reasons. Where money or position was not concerned, she was straightforward as a newly mitered bishop or a tenderfoot Boy Scout. She could not conceive of falsehoods being uttered just for that entrancing joy of creation which is the basis of all honest storytelling. Miss Strobonoff had become a slave to that joy. And why not? It brought her escape, prestige and delicious meals.

Although the beginning had been practical enough—in truth, a desperation measure undertaken on a December night of rain and *Châteaubriand*. The countess, her long fingers fretfully twisting her ruby brooch, was being difficult. Her daughter's freshman grades at Sophie Newcomb were disappointing, and for this she blamed her high-school teachers of which only Miss Strobonoff was available. It was rank injustice, for the real blame lay with a curly-haired Tulane senior who wrote poetry.

Miss Strobonoff gazed at her plate. The meagerness of the portion there was a warning, a savory handwriting on the wall. Her heart gave a twist as the cold December rain whispered against the shuttered windows. It was cozy in the white-walled dining room, under the glowing chandelier, and what matter if the plaster on those walls was cracked in spots? It was home.

She murmured, placatingly, "How right you are, dear lady. Ah, those incompetents in whose hands lies the fate of our children. Other countries do these things better. In Switzerland's schools, as I remember ——"

She was interrupted. "You have been to school in Switzerland?"

A note in the countess's voice—a diminution of peevishness, a soupçon of respect. In New Orleans only a select few, such as the Henri Laboucheres, sent their daughters to schools in Switzerland. These were the ones who would have spoken to the count, were he alive, but who did not speak to the countess. And that was her burden.

Miss Strobonoff, on the verge of quoting appropriate statistics from a recent lecture, caught that note, hesitated, plunged to her doom—or glory, depending upon one's point of view. "Yes, briefly," she said. "It is a long story."

"I see by the flush on your face that I have aroused unhappy memories, my child." The countess patted her hand. "Some night, when you feel less upset, you must tell us. But you are eating nothing. Here, a bit more of Maria's apricot trifle. It is delicious."

That was the small beginning—a word, a misinterpretation. Upon such have nations swayed. A disturbed Miss Strobonoff retired early. Later, in response to a gentle tapping, she rose to share a midnight éclair with the countess.

The next afternoon Miss Strobonoff spent in the old drafty, domed public library, the one that has been replaced, to the regret of a nostalgic many, by an efficient edifice of glass and polished black marble. There she thumbed bound volumes of *Holiday* and the *National Geographic* and skimmed several recent travel books.

Two nights later the countess aimed a barb at those inconsiderate persons who wasted electricity by reading in their rooms. Do not accuse the countess of stinginess. But sometimes the world was too much for her in the role she cherished and resolved to maintain. The quite beautiful pendant ruby brooch at her throat, a handful of flawed diamonds in Victorian settings and this dilapidated mansion were all that her husband—a bald and cadging rumpot and the last of the du Tremlays—had left her. And, of course, there was Maria in the kitchen, a pearl among cooks, a treasure who from the doughtiest hen could fashion an ecstatic chicken Tetrazzini. For thirty years she had served the du Tremlays, as had her mother before her. The count's bills had been ungraciously assumed by a distant bachelor cousin, a dealer in wholesale plumbing supplies in New Orleans, who sent the countess a monthly check for the sake of the family.

Without that check, not even Maria could have created those repasts which were a partial atonement to the countess for her mistaken marriage. Although, for the daughter of a music teacher who had reached a dead end singing ballads in the Golden Plume, that marriage had once seemed heaven-sent.

The countess's target that particular night could only have been Miss Strobonoff, for the others preferred to remain in the living room and be awed by that still novel art form—television. Miss Strobonoff was prepared. She murmured something about kerosene lamps and eyestrain in Swiss villages, and then she launched into a tale of a childhood spent among Alpine meadows and snow-capped peaks, of bathing in icy streams and skiing down glistening slopes. For a maiden effort it was quite acceptable.

Thus was given to her public the first installment of a long and picaresque serial of a luxurious youth as the daughter of a Balkan nobleman and ambassador, an aristocrat disenfranchised by those awful Russians. Over the passing years, at difficult moments, Miss Strobonoff had added to her romance—not nightly, but at well-determined intervals until, like those Gothic cathedrals which are monuments of an age devoted to detail, it towered immense and intricately embellished.

Was Miss Strobonoff dishonest? Was Homer? Both merely put their dreams into words and passed them off as history. The countess believed because those dreams so matched her own and also because Miss Strobonoff could snub the snubbers if necessary. The guests believed because they had no reason to do otherwise.

Then, one night Mr. Albert Hawkins intruded into this snug enclave. He was a bluff, brusque and ruddy person, obviously pushing forty, but obviously still as robustly masculine as an Andalusian bull. His recommendations to the countess contained neither wealth nor pedigree nor achievement. But they did include a word from the wholesale-plumbing cousin, for whom Mr. Hawkins was the recently employed sales manager. That sufficed.

At dinner, which consisted of a lenten repast of pork loins, honeyed yams and tomato aspic, Mr. Hawkins was introduced. Mr. Hector wanted to know if he played chess. Mr. Hawkins did not. Miss Thistlewaite asked his opinion of the War Between the States. Mr. Hawkins said that the North had won, but that the South had put up a rousing good fight. Mrs. Broussard remarked that a friend of hers was building a home in Metairie and would be interested in wholesale plumbing. Mr. Hawkins made a note of the friend's name.

Miss Strobonoff said only, "How do you do?" She was wearing a full-skirted dress of red taffeta, a bit tight, a bit low about her firm, full-fleshed shoulders, but not at all daring for the daughter of a Balkan nobleman. Yet Mr. Hawkins's eyebrows rose happily. Those shoulders became faintly pink.

"*Miss* Strobonoff?" asked Mr. Hawkins, leaning forward from his seat at the end of the table.

She nodded, the flush deepening. Her masculine acquaintances having been limited to such as male schoolteachers and Mr. Hector, Miss Strobonoff was unaccustomed to an admiring glance from an aggressive eye, especially across these familiar oil and vinegar cruets. To be sure, there had been occasions while shopping on Canal Street—but these could always be ignored. Suddenly she was conscious both of her shoulders and of a strange and pleasant languor. She fought it by sitting very erect and listening to Mr. Hawkins quote prices on porcelain lavatories, with and without bases, to Mrs. Broussard.

"That's F.O.B., of course," said Mr. Hawkins, smiling around the table. The countess sniffed. He said, "While I'm here, ma'am, and if you don't mind, I could take a look at your plumbing fixtures. Maybe I could put you in the way of saving some money."

"Our—er, fixtures, Mr. Hawkins, are quite satisfactory," she said coldly.

"To be sure," said Mr. Hawkins. But for an instant his glance flicked to the dark and convoluted crack which extruded from behind the oil painting of the eleventh *Comte* du Tremlay above the marble mantel. It was this glance that the countess caught and under which Miss Strobonoff winced. In truth, the *maison* du Tremlay was not quite satisfactory. The plumbing rumbled, the plaster needed a bit of patching, the woodwork a bit of paint. As for the roof—but these were matters a gentleman did not observe; *ergo*, Mr. Hawkins was no gentleman.

Miss Strobonoff spoke suddenly into the room's silence. "I believe, dear Henrietta, that I have mentioned the last ball at my father's embassy in Rome." Mr. Hawkins's eyes rose from a lifted forkful of golden yam. "The orchestra, marvelous—four violins carrying the melody. Have you ever heard four violins singing together, Henrietta?"

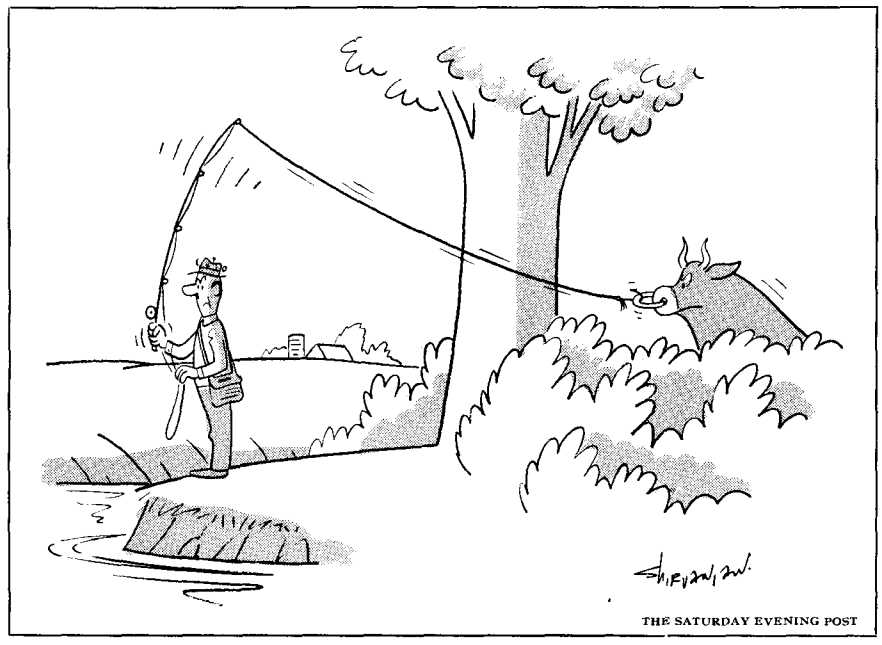
The countess reluctantly admitted she had not.

"Ineffable. And such a glorious night—of white moonlight and golden stars with Japanese lanterns glowing on the shadowed lawn. I, of course, was too young to attend, but I hid on the upper stairs and watched every moment. And, do you know, I fell in love then for the first time."

Miss Thistlewaite gasped. Mr. Hawkins lowered his still-laden fork, an action complacently noted by Miss Strobonoff and by the countess.

"He was a young Italian marquis, slim and dark-haired, with the saddest eyes, who discovered my hiding place. To me he was romance in person. He called me *bellissima* and wanted me to dance with him—I, a child in a night robe. My father would have been horrified. But he was a gentleman who treated me as if I were an adult. He even kissed my hand before he took his departure."

Mr. Hawkins thoughtfully returned to his honeyed (*Continued on Page 105*)



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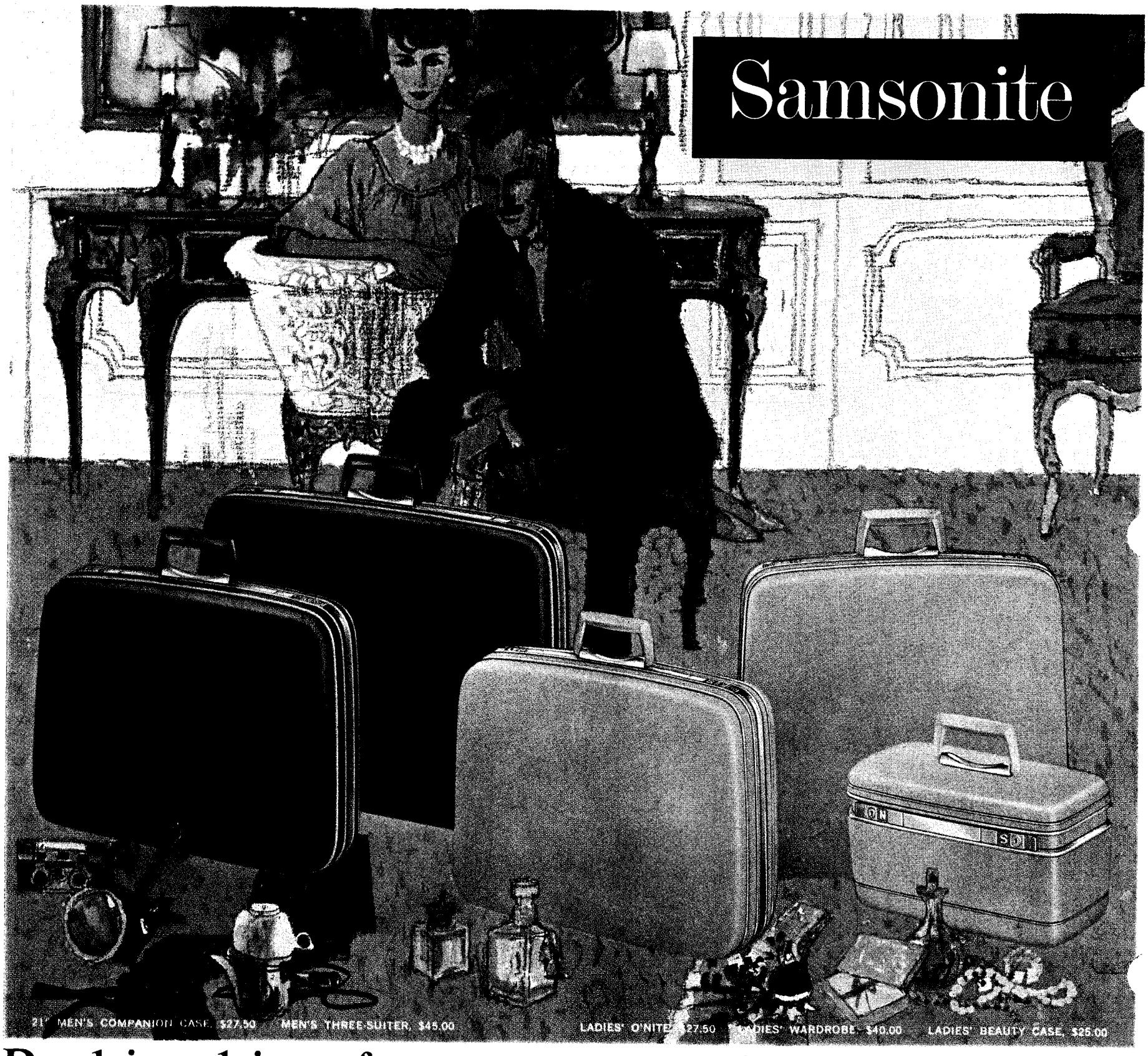

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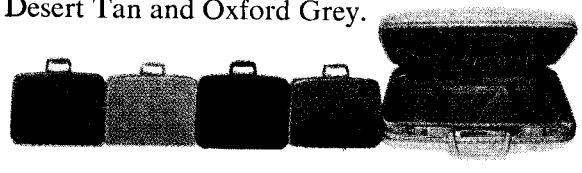
2. CLOTHING: Just a few shirts for him. White jacket, of course. Mostly cottons for her. (Even her full-skirted dresses pack beautifully in Samsonite Silhouette.)

3. MONEY: No problem! American money is accepted most everywhere. Just tuck some travelers' checks in the handy, shirred pocket of your Silhouette case before you leave.

4. MISCELLANEOUS (information): If you like to indulge in frequent island hopping, Silhouette luggage is your best bet. Smart vinyl coverings are positively scuff-proof, take the beating of repeated take-offs and landings. And you always meet the "weight limit." Heavenly colors, too—Oxford Grey and Platinum Grey (shown). Also, Biscayne Blue and Dover White. For men, Desert Tan and Oxford Grey.



elegant luggage without a lock in sight

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(*Continued from Page 102*) yam. Miss Thistlewaite frowned at him. He slowly buttered a bit of crackly French bread. Miss Strobonoff's lips tightened.

"You know, Henrietta, he was dead two weeks later—mauled by a lion in Faraway Ethiopia. For a week I wept and was forever regarding the back of my hand that his lips had touched."

The countess sympathetically patted her arm. "How deliciously romantic," breathed Miss Thistlewaite. Even Mrs. Broussard seemed impressed. Mr. Hector exclaimed, "Italian olive oil is the best of all," but then his deafness may have kept him from properly following the story.

Mr. Hawkins crunched the last bit of crust between his teeth and swallowed. He said, "Speaking of being killed by lions, that reminds me. . . ." And forthwith he had launched into a tale of adventure among the head-hunters of New Guinea—a tale of spouting blood, hissing arrows and incredible derring-do, but lacking lions. Never had the table been so drenched in gore. Miss Strobonoff failed to see the connection between it and her gentle narrative. But she did observe that not a move, other than a swift and fortifying swallow of domestic Burgundy by Miss Thistlewaite, was made until the story's end on a trading schooner, sailing into the sunset.

She also observed that the countess insisted upon Mr. Hawkins's having the last extra morsel of loin. Accustomed to such amenities for herself, Miss Strobonoff frowned. Later, during a TV commercial, Mr. Hawkins having disappeared to some haunt of the sort single men frequent in New Orleans at night, the countess said wistfully to her, "The Laboucheres visited the South Seas last year. I imagine they would enjoy conversing with Mr. Hawkins."

Then she sighed—for the Laboucheres were a lofty part of those higher circles in which the count had moved, but which still disdained the countess and were coldly unaware of her existence. The calling cards, richly engraved, properly initialed, that had been hopefully left at white, brass-knockered doors; the Christmas greetings, so painstakingly selected—all, all had vanished into some limbo of unacknowledgement.

Miss Strobonoff said, "It was a most dramatic story our new guest told us. But it seems so—so impossible."

It was a hint that was not taken. "I have entirely changed my first opinion of Mr. Hawkins," said the countess. "A man who is a true adventurer must be forgiven certain gaucheries of speech and action."

"How true." And Miss Strobonoff gnawed a rosy lower lip.

For she realized that Mr. Hawkins had mockingly thrown down the gauntlet of Munchausen. Doubtlessly he would continue tauntingly to weave further fantasies in defiance of her. It was the action of a cad, a bounder, but more than gentlemanly manners was involved. His Pelions piled atop her Ossas could lead only to such a crash as would rouse even the trusting countess to a more thoughtful consideration of all tales told at her table. For him there was little peril, with the bill-paying and plumbing cousin as his advocate. But for her—Miss Strobonoff shuddered, wondering if there were another boardinghouse in New Orleans, in America, that served turkey Gondrecourt for Thanksgiving.

She retired, in the very middle of *Dragnet*, complaining of a headache.

The next morning, as she approached the second-floor bathroom, Miss Strobonoff was aware of splashings and gurglings, of a robust baritone behind the closed door extolling the desirability of a bonny Scotch lass who lived on the shores of Loch Lomond. The males who had dwelt within the countess's walls had never possessed baritones; their ablutions had been of a priestly quiet. Miss Strobonoff paused, aghast. But as this masculine charivari enfolded her, she was suddenly conscious of a delightful tingling in her limbs, a delicious swooniness—the same sensations that had momentarily touched her last night. She leaned, a waxy candle, against the wall. Then, with her face on fire, she raced back to her room. Firmly she locked the door behind her.

That unsettling and inexplicable emotion fortunately faded with the day's travails, which included a ten-minute tardiness for her first class. There was nothing melting about Miss Strobonoff as she grimly faced Mr. Hawkins under the enormous chandelier that night.

It was a beaming Mr. Hawkins, newly barbered, delicately scented with the pungent male scent of shaving lotion. Beneath his right ear was a dot of talcum powder, and in his right hand was a proffered parcel. "My first thought was of you, Miss Strobonoff, when these arrived today," he said. "What, I asked myself, could be more appropriate for a charming young lady who night after night corrects the errors in student papers?"

Miss Strobonoff's last male offering had been a Christmas card from her principal. How could she now complain about dillydallying in the communal bath? She smiled gently, accepted graciously. Inside a dainty leather case, upon a nest of white satin, gleamed a green-and-gold pen.

Proudly he explained, "A turn of the top to the left for red, to the right for purple, and in between it writes blue. It is also guaranteed to write underwater and over butter."

And some of her students' papers did have butter smears from the morning's toast. "It is much too expensive, Mr. Hawkins. I appreciate the thought ——"

"Is it mink? Is it a brooch such as the countess wears? No, it is for my salesmen to give to good customers, and in case lots costs practically nothing. Please."

His eyes were cajoling, and the morning's strange languor again seduced Miss Strobonoff. She lifted the pen and immediately her heart hardened. On the underside, in neat Cheltenham, was the legend, IMPERIAL PLUMBING SUPPLIES, INC. WHEN YOUR BATHROOM CLANKS, CALL US WITH THANKS.

"We met only last night, Mr. Hawkins," she said. "Thank you, but no."

He pursed his lips. "I understand. An ambassador's daughter must be discreet."

Miss Strobonoff eyed him bleakly at this uncouth gibe and turned haughtily away. And so Mr. Hawkins bestowed his gift upon Miss Thistlewaite, who accepted with little chirrups of gratitude. Slippers, brooded Miss Strobonoff, would have been more appropriate, for Miss Thistlewaite was forty if she was a day.

That night produced no autobiography. Instead, there was boiled spaghetti covered with tomato sauce, for this was the end both of the month and of the countess's budget. In the morning would be the mail and a check from the plumbing-supplies cousin, and all would be delectable again. Mr. Hawkins, unaware of this routine, looked nonplused at his plate. Perhaps he would have complained but the countess was inaccessible in her room, nibbling at a chicken wing.

It was a dull and dismal night, not helped by network trouble. Miss Strobonoff set her alarm for half an hour earlier.

In the gray morning light, as she crept down the hall to the second-floor bath, her ears were alert. But there was no ringing baritone, no watery wassail. And that was as it properly should be; yet as she slid into the steaming cast-iron tub, her spirits were strangely leaden. That, she told herself, was because she had risen so early.

As atonement for yesterday's dearth, the countess that night had *tournedos* Beauharnais. Mr. Hawkins, distinguished and almost handsome in a linen suit, white as new snow, smiled delightedly upon Miss Strobonoff. She, thawed by that first warm smooth taste of artichoke heart, nodded graciously. Mr. Hawkins threw his chest out.

"The Madeira sauce is a bit too obvious," said the countess, tasting judiciously.

But no one agreed with her, and she looked pleased. At last Mr. Hawkins interrupted the long and devouring silence. His plate was empty. "Delicious," he said. "Superb. The last time I ate beef to compare to this was in South America. I especially remember because I was only halfway through when a revolution broke out. I have always regretted never finishing that dish."

Miss Strobonoff sensed what was coming and grew tense. "A revolution!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh, do tell us about it, Mr. Hawkins." And she inched her plate away. The last time she had done that, Miss Strobonoff remembered, was in the hurricane of 'Forty-seven.

For this adventure, bullets ricocheted, bayonets flashed, tanks rumbled along cobblestoned streets under grilled windows. Night before last there had been gore. Tonight there was suspense. Twice Mr. Hector's jaw hung loose, and he was forced hastily to adjust his teeth with the hand not cupping his ear. There was a chase down narrow alleyways, refuge in a darkened cellar, boots trampling overhead, a wounded man lying helpless behind a case of avocados.

Right finally triumphed, and the countess leaned back limply. "And this man whose life you saved," she queried in awe, "was an admiral?"

"Yes. But I did not precisely save his life." Mr. Hawkins looked at Miss Strobonoff who, unprecedentedly, was pouring for herself a second glass of red California Chianti. "Let us say, instead, that I was available to offer him timely assistance."

"You are entirely too modest," declared the countess. And, as the others nodded, she added, "But then, all true gentlemen are."

Then she and Mrs. Broussard were pounding Miss Strobonoff on the back. Chianti, even a domestic brand, is not to be thrown down one's throat like water.

It was too much. It was much too much. "Plebeian tastes," Miss Strobonoff consoled herself as she tossed and turned upon her midnight bed. "Philistines. They want violence instead of the more subtle delights of style and characterization. Melodrama—bah! They have no culture, no finer instincts. I wonder if the countess really did perform a striptease on Bourbon Street. And, oh, how I hate that horrible Hawkins." Only faintly solaced by this alliteration, she fell asleep, having neglected to set her alarm.

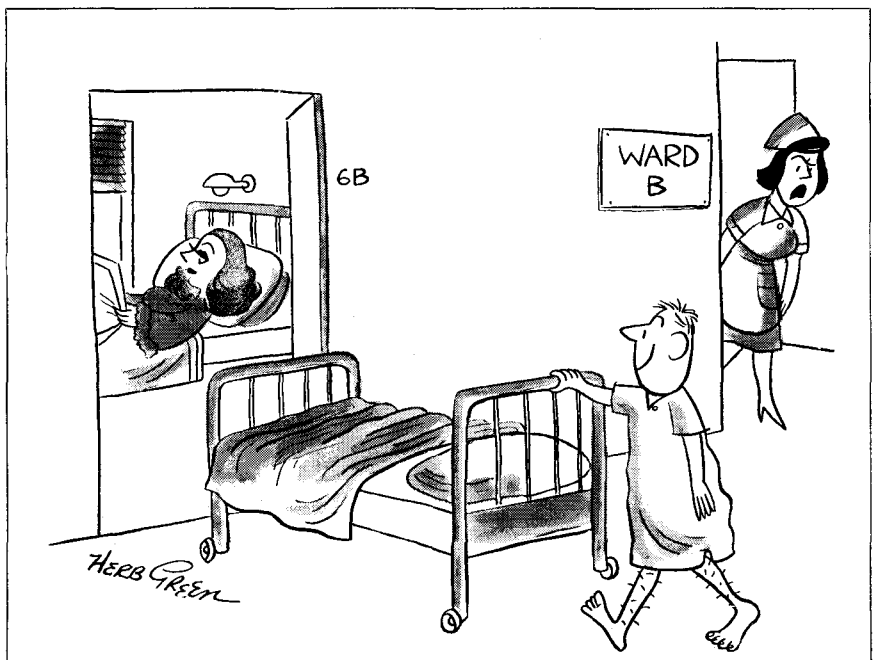
The next morning a ringing baritone extolling the enchantments of a little Spanish town failed to arouse another wistful mood. Instead, she complained to the countess.

"Cleanliness," said the countess, "is a virtue in a man. Also, thanks to my acquaintance with an executive of the Sewerage and Water Board, I need never worry about excessive water bills. Mr. Hawkins may linger over his ablutions if he so wishes."

Miss Strobonoff recognized that chill and final tone. Undoubtedly Mr. Hawkins's swashbuckling fables were weaning the countess away from the bosky nooks of gentle romance. Drat the man! In Miss Strobonoff was awakened the outrage of the artist whose public has been cozened from true merit by trickery. For that was what Mr. Hawkins's tales were—wibbly-wobbly draftings of peril and violence, the concoctions of a charlatan. They were as lacking in subtlety as—as one of his plumbing fixtures. *Fight back, Miss Strobonoff. In your veins pounds the blood of Magyar warriors. Turn his own guns upon this—this amateur. Let him taste the steel of true talent.*

During the day Miss Strobonoff brooded and plotted and read several literary quarterlies and one pulp magazine. That night, without waiting to see what was upon her plate—it was *truite a la* Marguery—Miss Strobonoff launched upon a simple tale of a night at the Parisian *Opéra*. Jewels scintillated; lovely bare shoulders gleamed. Cultured voices rose and fell in euphonious interchange. But over all hung a portentous air, an awful tension.

Miss Strobonoff's own small audience leaned forward. Mr. Hawkins neglected his trout to listen intently.



"Just where do you think you're going?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GOODYEAR

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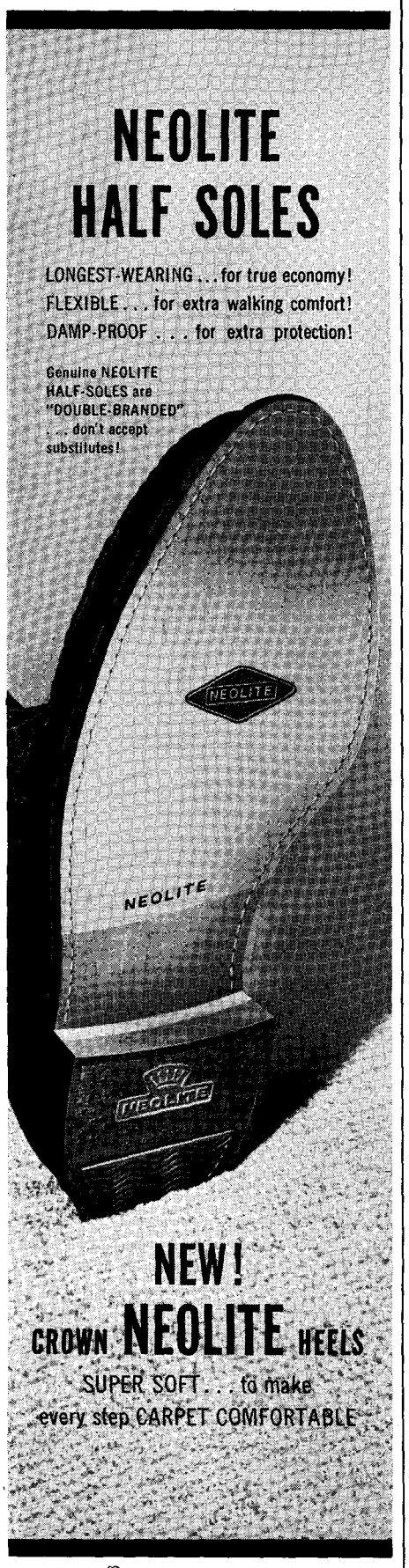

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And then the handsome tenor appeared, smiling, bowing, singing. Immediately there were vituperations, pandemonium. "For everyone," explained Miss Strobonoff in hushed tones, "knew that he had been a collaborator with the Germans during the occupation." The lovely ladies drew cobblestones and bricks from their handbags. They showered him with these missiles of the proletariat. Strong men wrenched up chairs, sent them hurtling to the stage. The collaborator cowered, stricken. Then, a blond giant leaped in protection before him. Spreading his arms wide, he shouted in a voice that reverberated to the farthest tiers. "Be merciful, ladies and gentlemen. Remember, the war is over. Remember, we are civilized beings, and civilized beings are not vengeful—not if we hope for lasting peace." Shamefacedly the audience lowered its weapons. The tenor was saved.

Miss Strobonoff paused. Demurely she took a taste of the shrimp. It was delicious. After a moment Mr. Hawkins did the same. "Well?" said the countess sharply. Miss Strobonoff lifted her head. "The rest of the story? What happened then?"

"That is all," said Miss Strobonoff.

"But who was that blond giant? What happened to him?"

"Er—nothing. He disappeared. No one ever found out who he was."

The countess's mouth worked. "And the tenor? What about him?"

The shrimp was really a bit too dry. "He—he went to Hollywood, I believe."

"It sounds ——" said the countess. Then she sniffed. Never before had she sniffed at Miss Strobonoff. Miss Strobonoff had a dull premonition that her story was not believed.

Mr. Hawkins coughed mildly. Was Miss Strobonoff grateful for this distraction? Not in the least; for she scowled, knowing that he was hoisting sail for an adventure of his own. This time Mr. Hawkins took the table upon an escorted tour of Australia. It held neither gore nor suspense, but brimmed with sedate kangaroos, cunning wombats, barking platypuses——

"Barking platypuses?" queried Miss Strobonoff, roused from her own reveries which revolved around the futile casting of pearls.

"A sharp yap-yap like a terrier when it spies a Siamese cat," said Mr. Hawkins.

"Imagine," said the countess. That newspaper story on the South Seas trip of the Laboucheres had not mentioned barking platypuses.

Miss Strobonoff smiled. Mr. Hawkins had revealed the important difference between the artist and the amateur. True, she herself had fumbled, but only as a great tragedian who descends to slapstick—a forgivable failure. Her throbbing slices of life had been at least accurate—verisimilitude, above all. "Excuse me," said Miss Strobonoff, rising, her *truite a la* Marguery barely touched.

Miss Strobonoff was going to the public library, far downtown though it was. When she returned some two hours later, that repository of knowledge had found for her what she desired, compactly contained in the book beneath her arm.

Mr. Hawkins's smile was the only one that welcomed her. It was almost as if the bounder were really delighted to see her, and briefly that soft melting again enthralled Miss Strobonoff. She attributed it to insufficient dinner.

"Mr. Hawkins," she said, "you will find this an interesting book. It is also, I have been assured, most authoritative."

"A book?" he said incredulously. "For me? Thank you, Miss Strobonoff, but I'm not much of a reader."

"You will notice," coldly, "that it is a study of Australian flora and fauna—including the platypus." His eyes narrowed slightly. But Miss Strobonoff was chilled steel meeting his gaze. Oh, he would realize she was not another silly woman, to swallow his transparent fictions. She said, "It is a seven-day book and should be returned promptly. Now, I have papers to grade tonight."

Not that she graded them—Miss Strobonoff was in no mood for that chore; neither, although she retired early, was she in a mood for sleep. The night breeze crept into her room, the palm fronds rustled, the bells of Holy Name Church tolled eleven. Perhaps it could be said that Miss Strobonoff lay there gloating. Barking platypuses, indeed! Let him read and learn. Nothing like facts to scotch an amateur.

But when the bells rang midnight, Miss Strobonoff reminded herself she must sleep. Tomorrow was no holiday. Perhaps it was her missed dinner keeping her awake. There would certainly be something in the refrigerator—a carton of milk, the remnants of the trout, a slice of sturgeon.

Miss Strobonoff donned her dressing gown and descended the stairs. The slit of light under the closed library door made her hesitate. She thought of the countess, seated there alone, reading—prey to the deceptions of transient guests. What better way to restore frayed relations than a midnight feminine chat?

The only time the weatherman's predictions are right is when you don't have anything planned.

JOHN W. MAXSON JR.

Miss Strobonoff gently opened the door. Then she screamed.

Upstairs Mr. Hector continued to snore peacefully. Miss Thistlewaite, Mrs. Broussard and the countess awoke shuddering in the horrible dark, their bedclothes drawn tightly about their necks. Mr. Hawkins, reading in bed about spiny anteaters, was a man of instant action. He snatched his dressing gown and vaulted down the stairs.

In the library, the dark and hairy burglar who had almost reached the countess's brooch in the safe behind the oil painting of the ninth *Comte* du Tremlay was perturbed. "One more sound, sister," he snapped, "and I'll crack your neck." Content that Miss Strobonoff was harmlessly petrified, he pulled the safe door open just as Mr. Hawkins thundered in. Miss Strobonoff noted, even at such a fearful moment, that his bare legs under the short robe were virile, muscular, quite handsome. The melting sensation was so strong she almost fainted.

The burglar was quite a bit larger than Mr. Hawkins. He also had a nasty-looking switchblade which he pointed most impolitely at Mr. Hawkins's stomach. He said, "Just stand quiet next to the lady, bud," and swiftly withdrew from the safe the countess's ruby brooch.

Mr. Hawkins did not stand. He crouched, went forward, caught the switchblade wrist in his hand, twisted oddly. The robe swirled. The burglar went over Mr. Hawkins's left shoulder, and Miss Strobonoff did faint.

When she opened her eyes, her head was in Mr. Hawkins's lap. He was rubbing her forehead. Blushing, she sat violently erect. Then she saw the bulky body in a corner, apparently trussed by a leather belt and certainly unconscious. "How awful," shuddered Miss Strobonoff, remembering. Then she said, "He was so big. And so was his knife. How could you take such a risk, Mr. Hawkins?"

Mr. Hawkins said modestly, "Not too much risk. I learned judo in Tokyo. The chap who taught me was a tutor at the Imperial Palace."

"Mr. Hawkins!" she exclaimed. Th she knew she had to believe him. On floor was that two-hundred-pound ca cass. "You mean all those fantastic stories were true?"

"I suppose," sighed Mr. Hawkins, "that I have been talking too much about my little adventures. But I only did it so you would notice me. After all, an ambassador's daughter, with your background ——" He paused disconsolately.

Now was the time for Miss Strobonoff to tell him her own truths, if ever at all. But when a man's eyes hold the look she saw in his, one doesn't go into embarrassing explanations. Besides, that delightful swooniness was stealing over her again, and almost did she yield to it. Then she said, stiffening, "But barking platypuses, Mr. Hawkins!"

Behind them, the countess, who had found her courage and her husband's Mardi Gras sword, had tiptoed into the room. She saw the trussed burglar, and her shriek shook the chandelier. Miss Strobonoff jumped, then hastily tightened her robe around her neck. Mr. Hawkins said, "It's all right, ma'am. Everything's taken care of. I'll call the police a minute." Then he turned back to Miss Strobonoff, a bit indignantly, "I don't care what books say. Platypuses do bark. If you don't believe me, ask Henny Labouchere. He was with me when we heard one."

The countess, tremblingly counting the flawed diamonds, almost dropped them. "Henri Labouchere!" she ejaculated. "Are you personally acquainted, Mr. Hawkins, with Mr. Labouchere?"

"Sure," said Mr. Hawkins. "I met him and Elsie in Sydney, and we had quite a time together. He told me if I ever came here, to look him up, but I haven't yet."

The countess pressed the sword to her turbulent bosom. "Mr. Hawkins, on second thought, I do not believe platypuses bark. I think Mr. Labouchere should personally verify your story. Here."

"I'll call him tomorrow," promised Mr. Hawkins. He patted Miss Strobonoff's head, resting delicately against his strong shoulder. "But now we must attend to this little girl. The excitement has been too much for her."

Miss Strobonoff liked being called little girl. She said, "I'll be all right, Mr. Hawkins, if I can only stay quiet for a moment."

"Call me Al, will you?" said Mr. Hawkins, gently tightening his arm around her.

"Albert," compromised Miss Strobonoff shyly.

So, Mr. Labouchere came, but only to disagree with Mr. Hawkins. It had been no platypus, but a koala bear they had heard barking, and he reminded Mr. Hawkins how they had called the bartender outside to be a witness. No matter—for the ice was broken, and others followed the lead of the Laboucheres—including the plumbing-supplies cousin, who is now breathlessly courting the countess—to find their hostess charming, her hospitality delicious and the tales of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins most exciting.

These tales, though, were but temporary. When their first novel—"an incredible and wonderful combination of realism and romance," cried the critics—was bought by the movies, the Hawkinses moved to California. There they are now busy on novel Number Two—a gentle tale of blue-blooded love, according to their agent, with its setting a stormy voyage around Cape Horn in midwinter.

THE END

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Noah's Ark in New York (Continued from Page 37)

grandson, Bauer occupies a homey four-room apartment on the Animalport's second floor. This arrangement literally ·ps him on top of his job twenty-four ·rs a day, six days a week—he takes ı hursdays off. It also gives him a basement from which occasionally issue sounds that elsewhere would be considered bizarre—a zebra's maniacal bray, a hyena's bark or perhaps something as homely as the crying of a puppy which thinks he has been abandoned.

"It's not everyone's idea of domesticity," a friend of Bauer said. "You keep wondering what may come up those stairs and tear in."

None of this ruffles George Bauer, a calm customer whose face crinkles easily into a smile. With animals constantly flying in from the earth's distant corners, he and his four assistants have made peace with the fact that the unexpected is what they must expect, while the merely unusual is taken for granted. In spite of this come-what-may attitude, however, even Bauer occasionally receives a request with which he cannot comply.

One of these came from an Army colonel who had just returned from duty in ermany, bringing his black poodle with n. When he stopped at the Animalport pick up his pet, which had boarded there briefly, the officer asked about clipping services. Told this would have to be done elsewhere, he then wanted to know if the dog's toenails could be tinted—lacquered, specifically, a fire-engine red. At this, Bauer lifted one of the poodle's forepaws and took a closer look. He saw to his amazement that there were traces of a former pedicure in full color.

"I had to tell the colonel," Bauer said, "that we don't have a manicurist."

The Animalport has nearly everything else, however. One impressed visitor wanted to know how animals could be kept down on the farm after they'd seen this.

The two-story structure of sun-tan brick stands on nearly two acres of ground in the Air Cargo Center at Idlewild. Access to lines which carry animals is swift and easy, handling is reduced to a minimum and exposure in bad weather is virtually eliminated. These advantages are important where rare specimens are involved.

Minks, for example, must be carried by hand because, if jarred, they sometimes have fatal heart attacks. Lobsters die if put on their backs, a mishap less likely to occur when the ground haul is short. And a Somaliland cheetah would hardly benefit from a long truck ride in Long Island's January temperatures.

The Animalport itself is an eye opener, whether one cares much for animals or not. It is improbable that 5000 square feet have ever before been so thoughtfully planned with no end in view but the welfare of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

There are sixty cages and kennels with adjoining, escape-proof runs for small animals such as cats and dogs. Twelve box stalls can accommodate as many horses, and at one time or another they have stabled such famous equines as Iron Liege, a former Derby winner, and Jamin, the French trotter which fancied artichokes. Racers belonging to the late Aly Khan and to Elizabeth Arden, Arthur Godfrey's palomino, Goldie, and Victor Borge's Tennessee walking horses have all limbered up in the paddock provided for this purpose.

"A horse isn't any different from you," Bauer remarked. "He likes to stretch his legs after a long flight too."

Should it be necessary, these stalls can also be used to house elephants, bulls or llamas. After each occupancy the stalls are immediately swept, scrubbed with hot water, hosed with live steam and disinfected. They are as immaculate and germ-free as care can make them.

There is an $8000 veterinary clinic with the bright, stainless look of all surgeries.

... ...

Rose

A rose is lovely. It is still.
Its beauty pleases sight and smell.
When tongue-tied man has love to tell
It calls out words he never will.

Isabelle Frahs

... ...

Here, ill or injured animals can be attended at any hour of the day or night. Medical care is provided by specially qualified members of the Veterinary Medical Association of New York City—men accustomed to treating patients unable to describe their own symptoms. Payment of the doctors' fees rests with either an animal's owner or the carrier.

Animals are not always grateful for medical attention. One of the least approving was a young gorilla named Bozo. Bundled onto the operating table by four men and pinned on his back for a veterinarian's examination, Bozo ended the indignity of his posture by suddenly striking out with all four limbs, scattering the men as though they were confetti. One attendant beat a particularly ignominious retreat, his flight dead-ending in the building's windowless ladies' room.

The Animalport has its own diet kitchen, an isolation ward for the sick and a temperature-controlled room for tropical birds and animals. This artificial climate is nearly foolproof. Should there be a fuel-oil shortage, the system can operate on natural gas at the turn of a valve. The single transient to find the room too cool was a seven-foot sand snake which escaped from the burlap sack in which he was confined and wrapped himself around the warmth of an electric motor situated near the ceiling.

It is common for owners to inquire anxiously about the way their pets will be treated while at the Animalport. Bauer's answer to such questions is succinct. "The animal is always right. We don't treat them any different from people."

Bauer and his staff take no chances with their charges. The Animalport's indoor loading area is two-stories high—quite big enough to take any truck likely to be used—and guarded by gates of close steel mesh. No unloading is done until these gates are locked. Animals have gone up enormously in price and, humane aspects aside, are much too valuable to risk losing. Even though the shelter is heavily insured against possible loss or injury, vigilance is never relaxed.

When you keep an animal inn at America's front door, the problem of what to feed your guests can be a tough one. Bauer, when asked about this, indicated the frozen-food locker, the tins of baby food and the well-stocked shelves. "If we don't have it here," he said, "we know where to find it."

The variety of dishes on the daily menu can be staggering. Hummingbirds, for

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example, prefer nectar and honey. North Africa's sharp-eared fennec, a sandy-colored member of the fox family, favors meal worms, raisins, baby food and rolled oats. The panda likes bamboo shoots. Eagles and lions settle for raw horse meat. Squirrel monkeys dine on orchids. Polar-bear cubs like dried milk, oleomargarine and dog food. Baboons eat monkey chow—a prepared food loaded with vitamins—apples, bananas and oranges. And an infant gorilla must have his bottle and then be burped like any other baby.

An elephant that refused to eat once caused Bauer to be taken, if not for an outright loony, then at least for an eccentric. Concerned by the animal's hunger strike, he called an expert at the Bronx Zoo. The curator there told him what to do. Bauer drove to a supermarket, where he piled twenty loaves of bread into a cart—nothing else. The checker, ringing up the order, remarked, "That must be a hell of a big turkey you're going to stuff."

"Oh, no," Bauer replied truthfully. "I've got an elephant to feed."

The clerk looked at him strangely. Bauer himself thought nothing of it until, returning the following morning, he picked up twenty-one bags of carrots. His bizarre shopping was again remarked on, and once again he soberly explained that he had an elephant to feed. Though clerks exchanged grins and winks as the Animalport manager left, the elephant, coming out of his slump, did simply fine on bread and carrots.

It is often assumed that such care, service and accommodation must be expensive. The fees, on the contrary, are moderate, ranging from a low of twenty-five cents a day—for pheasants, ducks, turkeys and geese—to a top of seven dollars for a horse or a bull. A wolf or a dog of average size will be sheltered for two dollars, a skunk for one and any of the great cats, such as lions, tigers and panthers, for five. A bag of cobras will be boarded for two dollars daily.

The Animalport has been widely, deservedly praised. "The A.S.P.C.A. is fulfilling its purpose in providing an animal travelers'-aid society," said Dr. Leonard Goss, director of the Cleveland Zoo.

If curators, owners, livestock shippers and importers are grateful, the airlines themselves are no less so. "There's simply no comparison today with what it used to be around here," said Timothy O'Shea, a Pan American assistant cargo supervisor. "The Animalport's taken the worry and bother off our shoulders. And, believe me, there used to be plenty!"

O'Shea spoke feelingly of one occasion when an aircraft arrived with a cargo of monkeys which had broken loose from their cages and of the headaches involved in recapturing them all. Another time, he recalled, four snakes escaped while en route—a chilly quartet to have slithering around in a plane's baggage compartment.

It is estimated that 80 per cent of the animals entering this country today are flown in. Handling problems in transit were formerly immense, 100,000 animals having been brought in by air in 1957 alone. Stopovers were often nightmarish for everyone involved. The news quickly got around that at last there was some place for animals to go should they be delayed in flight. Records show a constant and sharply rising increase in A.S.P.C.A. registrations. More than 21,700 creatures were sheltered by Animalport in its first year of operation. This figure climbed past 28,500 the second year—a whopping 31 per cent gain—and reached 33,000 last year.

The guest list makes it plain that today monkey business is big business. This is largely because of their value to the medical world—notably in the production of Salk polio vaccine. There have already been more than 22,000 monkeys through the Animalport, followed in second place by better than 12,000 tropical birds of all varieties. At the other end of the numerical scale the shelter has so far taken in just a single three-toed sloth, one grown-up polar bear, one snow owl—it had crash-landed at the airport—and one pangolin, a scaly anteater from Malaya.

Air cargoes are frequently astonishing in their weight, ferocity and variety. Seaboard and Western Airlines, an international freight carrier, once lifted 13,000 pounds of tropical animals from Bangkok, Thailand, to New York. Among the 133 beasts aboard were six baby elephants, two leopard cubs, four gibbons and two golden cats. This is the airline that, regardless of a creature's size, kind or disposition, affixes to every animal crate a scarlet-and-white sticker splashed with five hearts and the injunction, HANDLE WITH LOVE! No better approach has yet been found.

Alastair Thomson, a Seaboard vice president, spoke from experience when he said, "There are exceptions, of course, but most animals respond to consideration."

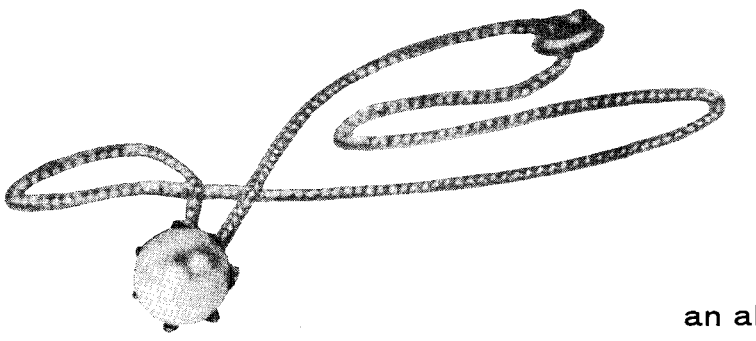
It can be assumed that Henry Bergh, the wealthy and aristocratic New Yorker who founded the A.S.P.C.A. on April 10, 1866, would be pleased with what his society has accomplished at New York International Airport. The American installation is modeled after London's Airport Hostel, the first shelter in the world solely for airborne creatures. It is operated by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Opened in 1952, the British shelter already had five years' experience when Arthur L. Amundsen, now director of operations for the A.S.P.C.A., flew to England to learn how one becomes a reliable host to the furred, finned and feathered. He also visited airports in six other countries to see how transit problems were handled on the Continent.

"We'd everything to learn," Amund now recalls. "The decision to build Animalport had already been made, though at that point we didn't know much about feeding, health regulations and all the rest. In fact we didn't even know what to call the place. 'Hostel' sounded too English. And—well, what should we name it? It was our public-relations director, Mrs. George Fielding Eliot, who coined the word 'animalport.'" He smiled as he remembered those early days. "We learned fast, though. We had to!"

There was the matter of this country's rigidly enforced quarantine regulations. For example, because they may be carriers of foot-and-mouth disease, no cloven-hoofed animals are admitted to the Animalport when they come from overseas. They are moved directly to the Federal Quarantine Station at Clifton, New Jersey. Horses from countries infected by glanders—a disease communicable to humans—must also go to Clifton, remaining there until they are tested and declared healthy. Exceptions are horses from England, Canada and Mexico—these thr nations being officially regarded as "cle areas"—and even these animals' feet a carefully cleaned and disinfected before they are allowed inside the port.

Improvisation often was necessary in the beginning—and may be again. The Animalport's earliest experience in making do involved eighty-two animals en route to Katmandu, Nepal. This American shipment consisted of forty-five ewes, twelve rams, sixteen heifers, four bull calves and five pigs. Normally there would have been no problem. But on this



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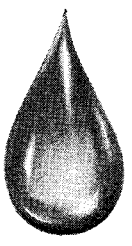

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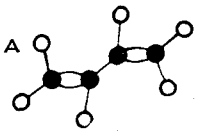

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occasion the large animal room with its box stalls could not be used, because it was already occupied by two horses under temporary quarantine.

By utilizing every remaining square foot in the building, the eighty-two were up, the males and females separated by makeshift walls-of-Jericho arrangement. All were finally watered, fed and bedded down, and the staff heaved a sigh of relief, for this congestion was supposed to last for only that one night. But on the following day, although the animals were trucked out and loaded aboard a plane, they were back shortly. As the pilot was warming his engines for take-off, a service truck rammed the aircraft, and the flight was delayed for another day.

In those early days, willingness at the Animalport frequently exceeded know-how. An airline official, greatly upset, rang Bauer one morning. The cause of his distress turned out to be four sea lions, headed from California to Hamburg, Germany. They had been grounded in New York, owing to a shipping mix-up.

"Send 'em over," Bauer told his caller.

There was nothing wrong with this hospitality, apart from the fact that Bauer then didn't know much more about sea lions than they knew about him. Being a man of considerable ingenuity, however, packed cases of ice around their crates, rigged up a shower and turned on cold water. This makeshift arrangement and a diet of smelts apparently suited the sea lions fine during the eight days they stayed.

It is altogether possible that even a personnel expert would be puzzled in trying to find what brought George Bauer to his present job. After three years of premedical studies at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, he decided that that profession was not for him and left college to join the New York City Police Department. He retired in 1956 after twenty years' service. Eighteen of those years were spent in the Mounted Division, and his fondness for horses may have something to do with where he is today. He came to the A.S.P.C.A. nearly five years ago, starting with the society as an agent.

Though he doesn't want it known that he has favorites, Bauer's face lights up when he learns that horses are coming in. But this preference does not make him indifferent to the needs of other creatures, and he is as quick to pad downstairs in the middle of the night to quiet a small monkey as he is to check the nocturnal welfare of a $500,000 champion like Tudor Minstrel.

This sense of identification with his dumb charges extends even to such ornery specimens as the smart-aleck chimpanzee who, having escaped from his cage, had to be lured down with a banana from his perch in an open window. Before he was back where he belonged, the animal grabbed Bauer so that the latter found himself engaged in a strenuous version of an all-out wrestling match. Ex-policeman finally subdued chimp.

"Chimps don't like bars any better than people do," Bauer says tolerantly.

Experience convinces him it is the animal's owner, rather than the animal itself, who more often needs a tranquilizer. While agreeing with Napoleon's reproach to a woman who disliked dogs—"Madame, you don't love loyalty"—Bauer feels that pet owners are sometimes extreme. He cites the case of a wealthy woman who exploded all over Idlewild when told that her white poodle could not accompany her on a Bermuda flight. Her threats to buy the airline and then fire everyone got her nowhere, and the poodle finally had to be left at the Animalport.

This pampered creature arrived complete with limousine, gem-studded collar and gold-plated leash. Collar and leash were taken upstairs to the Bauer apartment for safekeeping while the animal was kenneled below. In obedience to the lady's instructions, a retired police captain, then in her employ, telephoned every day to inquire about the dog's health. "Doing just fine," he was told each time. "Slumming with us and eating out of a tin like a mere dog."

Remarkably enough, considering that so many of its boarders are wild creatures just in from Asia and Africa, the Animalport has experienced no serious accidents. The wolverine, the Siberian snow leopard and the tiger are rated as the bad actors of animal society. Yet the record shows that one is more likely to be bitten by the high-strung dachshund.

The higher primates, notably chimps and gorillas, are the most amusing. Infant gorillas will soak up all the affection given them and, like human infants, are happiest when being held, cuddled and admired.

Dr. Keets Pickett, a noted veterinarian and wild-animal authority, takes his small gorillas right on the plane with him. Before doing so, the doctor goes to an infants'-wear shop and completely outfits his charges with diapers, jackets, bootees and bonnets. The sartorial result is weirdly human, a fact which once caused Bauer—whose humor can be pixyish—to offer a couple of these jungle fashion plates to a redcap. "Doctor Pickett," he said, "is going T.W.A. No, I'm not. But here"—proffering the two small gorillas he was carrying for Pickett—"I've brought along the pilot and copilot."

Being the only two permanent residents at the airport often creates problems for Bauer and his wife that have nothing to do with animals. Mrs. Bauer's nearest shopping center is ten miles away. She has no neighbors, despite the fact that Idlewild's operating personnel numbers nearly 20,000, and a friendly back-fence gossip is out of the question, for in that direction the jets warm up with a banshee's wail.

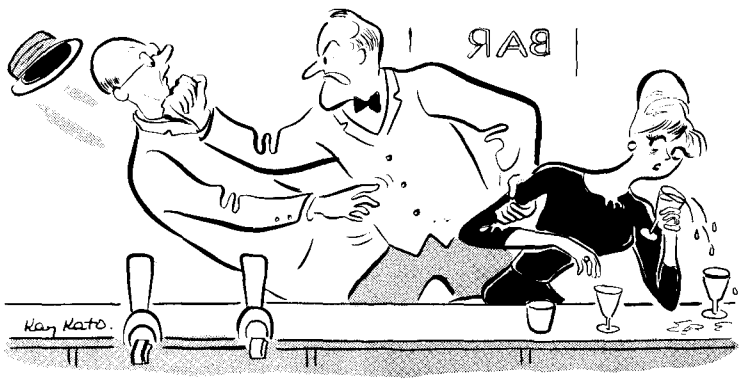
Other difficulties arise for the Bauers in consequence of their unique residence. Mrs. Bauer developed a cold on a recent Florida trip. A druggist there obligingly made up a prescription containing codeine, asked Bauer for his address for the narcotics ledger and thanked him for his patronage. But before Bauer could drive away, the druggist ran after him. Did Bauer not know, the Floridian asked, that it is against the law to sell a prescription containing certain drugs to a person with no fixed address? What kind of phony address is New York International Airport? Matters were slowly straightened out.

"I saw his point," Bauer said. "An airport is kind of a silly place to have a home, I guess. Just as preposterous to him as if I'd said we lived in a bus or an automat."

With animal cargo increasing every year, is there a single creature the Animalport never expects to see? Well, yes, Bauer admitted—the giraffe. Until giraffes and plane designers get together, these tower-necks won't be flyable. An airline spokesman was more optimistic. "Giraffes? Sure, we'll fly them if they stick their heads out the window and keep them there."

George Bauer had one comment when told this solution. "If they can beat that neck problem, we can take care of the rest of the giraffe!"

No one, on the evidence, will argue with him over that. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Casper intervened when the bartender started to throw out a pretty girl who had been drinking heavily at the other end of the bar. The bartender swung around and punched him. Casper sued the proprietor of the bar.

"It just so happens that the bartender was putting out his own wife," counsel for the proprietor brought out. "Any Galahad who comes between a man and his wife shouldn't be surprised to get a punch in the jaw."

"The bartender's private life has nothing to do with the case," Casper's lawyer argued back. "Employees of a bar are supposed to maintain peace for the customers rather than to give battle to them."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Casper?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Casper lost. The court said a husband has a right to deal with his wife even while working as a bartender and that an innocent bystander like Casper who interferes does so at his own peril.

Based upon a 1959 California decision

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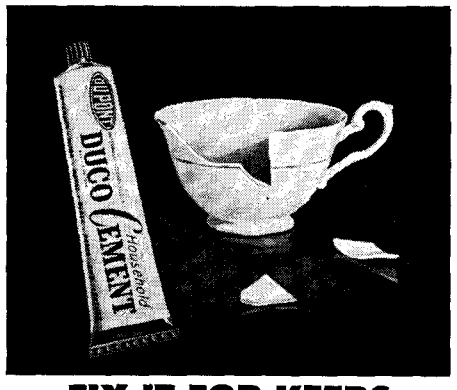

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When the Tax Man Calls . . .

(Continued from Page 19)

acquaintance had a heart attack upon hearing the revenue agent's message. I know a young attorney who suffered a complete breakdown, and the wife of a professional colleague is still on tranquilizers long after the settlement of their case.

Yet the experience need not be traumatic if a few simple procedures are followed. To begin with, you should fight the impulse to panic when the tax man calls. Remember that there is hardly a chance in the world that you will go to jail; all the revenue agent wants to talk about is money. Then insist upon (1) talking to the agent in his office rather than at your own desk and (2) having at least a week in which to collect your vouchers and your wits.

It is a paradox that the American taxpayer can get all the information he wants about how to prepare his return, but no advice on how to defend it. He can get someone to compute his tax for a small fee, and for two dollars or less he can buy one of several books showing him how to save money on his tax. But once the poor devil's return has made its way into the "audit stream"—an IRS phrase—sources of help dwindle and vanish. Here, then, is advice, designed to forestall anguish, prevent nervous collapse and even salvage homes on the verge of breaking up.

At the outset, several elementary points should be understood. First, it is the job of the Internal Revenue Service to collect revenue, not to harass or persecute citizens. It is not true that tax agents work on a commission basis or that they must meet a daily quota in recovered revenue. Promotion in the service calls for a diligent and effective job of tax collection, of course. But in practice, when the law has been violated, the usual presumption is that the violation was inadvertent and that the remedy is to collect the deficiency.

To put the matter another way, it is unlikely that the IRS will charge fraud in any but the most flagrant cases of tax evasion. In the strange and wonderful jargon of the law there are two kinds of fraud—criminal and civil. Conviction of criminal fraud can carry a jail sentence, but civil fraud, if proved, costs only money—a 50 per cent penalty plus interest on the deficiency.

Fraud is involved in only a very small percentage of tax cases. Unless you have deliberately and willfully tried to cheat the Government by failing to report a substantial part of your income, or by declaring your Siamese cat as a dependent, you need not fear a criminal rap. Misinterpretations of the law in your own favor, substantial errors in bookkeeping, even outrageously liberal deductions—none of these will send you to Alcatraz. Put away all thoughts of tearful farewells to wife and children and get ready for a long wrangle over how much more in taxes the Government can claim.

Make no mistake about it: When the tax man calls, he probably wants to assess a deficiency. Even in the absence of fraud he can charge a penalty for "negligence." The task confronting the taxpayer is one requiring skill, tact and a knowledge of procedure. The IRS agent is a worthy antagonist, knowing legitimate ways of avoiding taxes and illegitimate ways of evading them. It is the taxpayer's right to resist efforts to make him pay more than he owes. The bargaining may be long and tedious. In any event, the key to a reasonably successful outcome is compromise.

When a revenue agent phones, your first move in defense is to discover as much as possible about the point at issue. Chances are that the agent will be inquiring about deductions. If you can pin him down to a specific question, or a few related questions, by all means try to do so in the first telephone call. Then make an appointment for a day that will be convenient to you, rather than the Internal Revenue Service.

The next task of the taxpayer summoned for a field audit is the obvious one of auditing his own return. Although the service reports that most errors in arithmetic favor the taxpayer, you may be astonished to discover that you have made several mistakes hurtful to yourself. In any case, check carefully all sources of income reported and test your addition. Then go through your deductions item by item to see whether you omitted some legitimate amounts. If you do find mistakes in your favor, hold them back for a strategic moment to be mentioned later. Obviously *something* about your return caught an inspector's attention; but once a question is raised, the way is open for a complete audit.

Next comes the job of getting your vouchers in order. Although the IRS presumably does not require individual taxpayers to keep a set of accounts, agents are becoming more and more technical about what constitutes a voucher. Generally speaking, canceled checks will substantiate payments for medical expenses, drugs, entertainment and so on. But in recent years there has been a strong tendency to dig into these receipts to make sure the payments were for legitimate expenses. Thus, agents are becoming more and more nosy, and properly so, about itemized drug bills to see that expenditures were for penicillin and aspirin, not shampoo and cigars. Checks for country-club dues must stand scrutiny as payments for entertainment necessary to get business, not just outlays in a vague category called "business expense."

The growing inclination of the tax man to pry into details has made keeping a diary almost essential to the man who has any business affairs at all. The wise taxpayer will keep a day-to-day record of his appointments, his travel and even his social engagements, for a bona fide written record, set down without delay, stands up very well as proof of the validity of an expenditure. Even if you lack such a record, appointments noted on a desk pad or a calendar on the kitchen wall may help you to reconstruct your own recent history.

Suppose that the agent has told you over the telephone that he particularly wants to discuss your deductions for entertainment and mileage expenses. If you claimed entertainment expenses and mileage for, say, 10,000 miles of business travel in the family car, the tax man will expect you to prove your claim. Chances are that you made these estimates without strict attention to dates and places; it is now up to you to trace your comings and goings. With the help of your desk pad or calendar, recall as well as you can your actual engagements and travels. Do your reconstructing before going to the mat with the tax man, or you're dead. You may be surprised to find out how much you cheated yourself on a first catch-as-catch-can estimate. If you cannot produce legitimate evidence of your claim, do not make up any stories. Simply admit a mistake in arithmetic and be prepared to pay the tax—plus interest—on the amount of your error.

Sometimes vouchers are not as important as a good, sound, theoretical argument. One of the characteristics of Federal

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income taxation that perplexes the unwary is the way interpretation of the law varies from one district to another, even among agents in a single district. A university professor of my acquaintance had long claimed as a deduction the expense of maintaining an office at home, computing his office expense by a formula worked out with an agent in Palo Alto. An agent in Indianapolis has just informed the professor that the formula is preposterous and that he will assess a deficiency equal to about two thirds of the amount claimed for the past three years. Actually the formula disallowed is in wide use, even in the Indianapolis district, but the professor failed to make a good case with the revenue agent handling his audit. To repeat, each tax case is a separate bargaining process—a haggle between two men—and no amount of reference to the volumes of tax services will help much in time of trouble. There are rights of appeal, and sometimes these rights must be exercised. But the taxpayer's first rule for protecting his interests is to compromise successfully at the first round.

Let us say that the tax man's call has prompted you to verify the accuracy of your return, collect your vouchers and prepare yourself with well-thought-out principles of claiming deductions. Now: When the day comes for your appointment—and be sure it is in the agent's office—take with you only such documents as will obviously be needed. You are not required to disclose all your financial affairs and you can always return another day, bringing any papers the man wants. The first rule of the bargaining process is to respond only to specific questions and produce only the evidence specifically requested—and this is more easily done away from your home, where readily available records may encourage the agent to pursue a "fishing expedition." Keep your mouth shut except when spoken to and volunteer no information. Gabby types often end up paying more tax than the revenue agent had any idea of getting.

Indeed, if considerable sums are involved, a person should have his arguing done for him by someone authorized to handle tax cases before the Internal Revenue Service. Several categories of practitioners can obtain "Treasury cards" and thus represent taxpayers at various stages of negotiation; in practice it is advisable to engage an experienced attorney or a certified public accountant. There are several advantages to having this work done for you. In the first place, you may find it humiliating to divulge the amount of your contribution to the March of Dimes. More important is the fact that your representative is used to saying no more than he needs to say. To many questions he can answer a truthful "I don't know," and that may stick, whereas the harried taxpayer will have to tell all or risk perjuring himself.

Actually no one should fear the encounter with the revenue agent, and a good many people may actually enjoy it. For the agent there is the thrill of the chase, and for the taxpayer there is a gratifying sense of defending hearth and home. Furthermore, agents almost invariably will be pleasant and friendly, and no one need fear badgering or serious embarrassment. But some agents are overzealous, and a few are notoriously tough. When the amounts involved are large in relation to the taxpayer's income, he may do well to hire an expert for the first round.

Mention of the first round suggests that there may be others. Theoretically a taxpayer who feels that he has not been treated fairly has the right of appeal to higher authorities. First he may ask for a so-called "informal conference" with an officer of the district director's office. The agent originally handling the case will sit in, of course. Statistics reporting the success of such appeals are not available, but there is a general impression that the taxpayer is not likely to be any more convincing at this level than he was initially. If a compromise is not reached in conference, the taxpayer will receive a "thirty-day" letter, proposing to assess him for the deficiency claimed by the Government; he then has thirty days in which to file a protest with the appellate division of the Internal Revenue Service. If the appellate division rules against him or he is unsuccessful in achieving a compromise, the taxpayer has lost his last opportunity to settle out of court.

He next receives a "ninety-day" letter assessing a deficiency. If he has any fight left, he had better get a lawyer, because from here on procedures get pretty complicated. The citizen can still refuse to pay the tax and he can have a hearing before the tax court, with appeal under certain circumstances to the regular judicial courts, or he may pay the tax and then sue the United States in district court or the United States Court of Claims. In the latter event he will get his money back with interest if he wins, or incur one whale of a lot of expense in legal fees and wasted time, win or lose.

Indeed, a taxpayer is probably well advised to fight the good fight at the first round, compromise as best he can and pay the assessed deficiency. The time required to argue over a single year's return, to say nothing of three returns, is simply appalling; several days may be spent locked in struggle with the first field auditor. For the man whose time is worth something, this kind of activity can become frightfully expensive. If only a few hundred dollars are involved, the slim hope of winning has to be weighed against the further costs of appeal, including expenses of travel and the fees of a lawyer or accountant or both.

It is probably fair to say that the man who never has a return questioned is consistently overpaying his tax. Overpayment in substantial amounts is a heavy price to pay for avoiding bother, yet for anyone whose time is his living—dentists, writers and the like—it is worth something to be free of tax questioning. There are opposing schools of thought on the problem of avoiding loss of income caused by lengthy tax wrangles. Some taxpayers purposely forgo legitimate but unusual deductions because they feel certain that claiming them will prompt an

Trap

By Ames Rowe Quentin

Clouds gray as misery clog
the sky,
And late I lie,
Warm in embracing bed,
Sniffling and sad,
Unmanned by germ or
hormone, down at heart,
Not knowing where to start
To pull myself together.
Self-respect
Depends on work,
And work on energy,
And energy, curse it, on
self-respect.

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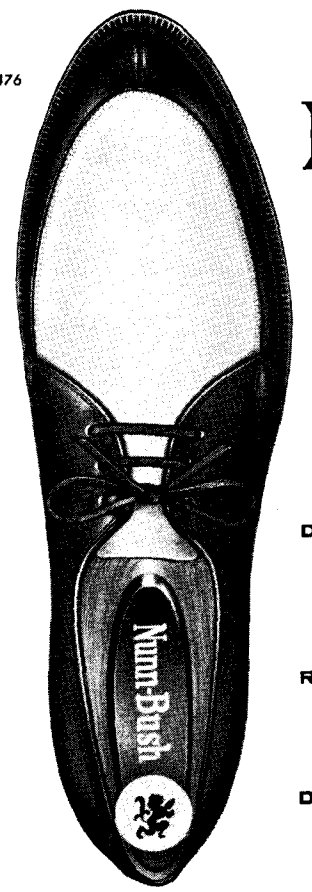

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audit. Others employ a gambit that will appeal to adventurous spirits—they include, as a calculated stratagem, a questionable item or two among their deductions, on the supposition that the revenue agent will cut his pound of flesh quickly, be satisfied and sheathe the sword. Such tactics are recommended only for those skilled in verbal fencing. But if you can find an error in your favor, even a small one, mention it just as the agent is poised to attack. The psychological effect is sometimes dramatic.

Each year the Internal Revenue Service becomes more efficient in handling the massive income-tax job, largely with the help nowadays of electronic tubes. Every return now receives some kind of inspection, and the time is near when the taxpayer can no longer hope that the odds against an audit are with him. The service, which in the past could hardly be accused of employing police-state methods, will in future years have to guard against the ever-stronger possibility of harsh intrusion in the lives of American citizens. A tax on net incomes is difficult to administer, and there is no escaping bitter controversy over interpretations of the hodgepodge that is the Internal Revenue Code. There are, nevertheless, many useful changes that the new Administration can make to help the honest business or professional man to make a straightforward, clean return.

In the first place, there is no reason why certain rules cannot be universally and consistently applied. It is simply not fair for a traveling salesman in the Midwest to claim and get nine cents a mile for automobile expense, while his counterpart in a Southern district is allowed only seven. Nor is it equitable to permit the district manager of a large national firm the deduction of a $3000 country-club bill as a business expense and disallow a small-town lawyer's $200 deduction of Elks Club dues on the ground that he doesn't need to get business via the entertainment route. Rules of thumb may be annoying to the dedicated tax collector, but some effort should be made to eliminate the individual bargaining that presently consumes so much time and nervous energy.

In the second place, notoriously overzealous agents should be withdrawn from public contacts until they show signs of mellowing. It would be easy for district directors to find out, by consulting accountants and lawyers, which agents are simply doing a conscientious job and which ones repeatedly take advantage of scared and uninformed taxpayers.

Finally, the iniquitous and degrading business of paying informers should stop immediately. A law that encourages stool pigeons is not in the American tradition.

Unfortunately only rank optimists expect that a thoroughgoing revision of tax procedures will come soon. Until we the people know better where we stand on tax matters, we can expect the tax man to call any day. When he does, we should be of good cheer and stand up for our rights.

Secrets of a Batting Champion (Continued from Page 30)

curve and keep it inside. I know what he's trying to do, so I look for the curve and try to hit it to the opposite field or up the middle.

I got two cheap hits starting out, both off curve balls. The first time up I hit one into the ground that bounced over Lary's head for a single. The second time I beat out a dribbler down the third-base line. Then Lary got me to ground out on a curve the third time I faced him.

When I went to the plate again, it was the ninth inning, the game was tied up at 4–4 and Hank Aguirre was pitching for the Tigers. Like most southpaws, Aguirre likes to get the first one over the plate. He's a fast-ball pitcher, and I was looking for the fast ball. When Aguirre threw one, I hit a solid single through the middle. That gave me three for four.

The game went into extra innings. The score was still tied and the Tigers had Dave Sisler on the mound when my turn came again in the eleventh. Sisler's best pitch is a slider. I was ready for it, and hit it to left-center for my fourth single.

We didn't score in the inning, but Sisler was taken out, and I didn't see him again that day.

Paul Foytack was pitching for Detroit my next time up, which was in the thirteenth. I looked for his fast ball, but he still threw the first one by me. Then he changed up, feeding me a slow curve. I saw it coming in time and belted it to left for another hit. That gave me five for six, and the ball game still wasn't over.

With one out in the fifteenth, Frank Malzone, batting just ahead of me, got a base hit off Foytack. This was the time for me to try to pull the ball to right field, even though I usually don't like to. A hit to right would advance Malzone to third base, or perhaps even score him.

Now, every good hitter sets himself for one pitch most of the time, but is ready to hit another. Ordinarily I set myself for a fast ball, because from that I can adjust my swing to a slower pitch. It's much harder to do the reverse. If I'm set for a curve or a change-up and a fast ball comes in, I generally can't get the bat around in time to meet it squarely.

But Foytack was mixing his pitches up, and if he threw me a change as he had before, I could do what the situation called for and pull it. Besides, I had a hot bat. So I went to the plate looking for a slow curve. He gave me one on the very first pitch. I stepped into it, smashed it to right-center field for a double and Malzone came home with the winning run.

Jim Bunning pitched the second game for the Tigers. He has done well against me with his curve, and when it's working, nobody in the league has a better one. Since I was batting seventh that night, I had plenty of time to watch Bunning before it was my turn. He wasn't getting his curve over the plate.

So from start to finish I looked for fast balls. He tried to get me to bite at a curve here and there, but I laid off them. I popped up my first time, then collected two doubles and a single, all on fast balls. That rounded out the biggest hitting night of my life. It was one of those times when just about everything you do works out right.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

While most men with problems hire lawyers, some prefer to make the mistakes themselves.

One place you can still get something for a dollar is at the five-and-ten.

You can usually tell when a married man feels at home. He isn't listening.

When a child keeps his parents guessing, they're probably helping him with his homework.

There's nothing wrong with one for the road as long as that's where you pour it.

If couples marry any younger these days, some of their toys will still be good enough for the children.

I was lucky to finish up like that against Bunning because he's one of the best pitchers in baseball. But he's inclined to see red if things don't go right. When he really stops me, I try to foul off his best pitches, in hopes that he'll get upset and throw me something I can hit.

On our final trip to Detroit last year I came up with one out, nobody on base and Bunning going great guns. He got two strikes on me with fast balls, then threw a good curve over the plate. It was impossible for me to hit it squarely, so I took a half-swing and nicked it foul. Three of the next six pitches were called balls, and I fouled off the other three. Finally Bunning poured a fast ball right down the middle, and I slapped it into center field for a base hit. I never would have seen that pitch if he hadn't run out of patience.

Once I know a pitcher, I'm usually sure of what he can and can't do. Occasionally, though, an old hand comes up with a new gimmick, and I have to change my thinking on him.

For years Whitey Ford of the New York Yankees had fine control and a great assortment of pitches, but no slider. Well, Ford, who is a left-hander, came in as a relief pitcher to face me in the seventh inning of a close game at Yankee Stadium one day last year. There were two out and the bases were loaded. I watched Ford warm up, then moved into the batter's box looking for his fast ball.

The count went to two balls and two strikes. Then Ford, taking a full windup, threw what looked to me like the fast one I was waiting for. I swung, confidently expecting to meet the ball solidly. Instead, I missed it by a couple of inches. I was amazed. Ford had never thrown or even shown me a slider, but I could have sworn this was one.

I asked him about it at the All-Star Game in Kansas City, and he told me it was a slider. He didn't pitch against us again all season, and I'm not looking forward to seeing him this year. With a slider to add to his collection, he'll be murder.

The most confusing pitchers in our business are the knuckle-ball artists. They don't know themselves where the ball is going most of the time, so how can the hitter know? There isn't any sure-fire way to handle a guy with a good knuckler. We hitters all have theories and swap ideas, but nothing really works.

Fortunately for the batters' union, there are very few pitchers who can control a knuckler consistently. The best is Hoyt Wilhelm of Baltimore. Oddly enough, we had his number until Billy Klaus went over there from Boston in a midwinter trade after the 1958 season. Wilhelm used to tip his pitches. He held his fast ball and slider with two fingers on the ball and his knuckler with four. Klaus told him about it, and now Wilhelm conceals everything so well it's impossible to tell in advance what he's going to throw.

When Wilhelm is right, I defy anybody to get a solid hit off him. Some fellows like to wait him out. Some go after any pitch Wilhelm throws that's not a knuckler. I've tried both methods, with equal lack of success. A couple of years ago a ballplayer told me he never swings until Wilhelm has two strikes on him. I tried that too. Wilhelm got his two strikes, then struck me out.

At this point I have two general theories, neither of which is foolproof. One is to swing at any Wilhelm knuckler I can see. The other is to swing at the first knuckler he throws. If I can see the pitch, I figure it must not be doing very much, so I'll fish for it even if it's not exactly in the strike zone. And I go after the first knuckler because it seems to me that that's the pitch Wilhelm tries a little harder to get over the plate. Therefore, it may not be quite as good as the knucklers that follow.

We'd all sleep better in Baltimore if Wilhelm were the only good hurler on the Orioles' staff. But they have the best group of young pitchers in baseball. Chuck Estrada has a blinding fast ball. And Steve Barber, Jerry Walker and Jack Fisher are all unusual because each came into the league not only with a fine fast ball but with other effective pitches too. Fisher has a curve, Walker a change and Barber a slider.

Whenever I bat against any Baltimore pitcher but Wilhelm, I look for the fast ball. Manager Paul Richards plays me to hit to the opposite field, packing the left side of the infield and practically giving me the right. He orders his pitchers to throw me fast balls away, and that's about all I ever see. They had good luck with me last year, not because of the way the defense was set out but because the kid pitchers had such good stuff.

The Orioles want me to try to pull, because they know it won't do me any good. I can't pull a fast outside pitch into the right-field stands; I'd probably fly out to right or right-center even if I try to hit the ball squarely. So whenever I face one of Baltimore's youngsters, I try to hit the ball where it's pitched and hope it lands out of reach.

The only real hope of getting to a young fast-ball pitcher in top form is that he'll tire late in the game. One night in Detroit last summer, Bob Bruce of the Tigers and Billy Muffett of our club were in a scoreless pitchers' battle. Bruce has good breaking stuff, but his best pitch is a sinking fast ball. None of us did very much with it for eight innings. He got me out on it three times in a row.

Muffett was our first hitter in the ninth, with me up next. As I crouched in the on-deck circle, I got the idea that Bruce's fast ball wasn't sinking as sharply as it had been. When Muffett hit the second pitch down the foul line for a double, I was sure of it.

I had a quick decision to make as I got ready to move into the batter's box. Did the Detroit catcher think that Bruce was too tired to keep his sinker down? If so, would he call for a curve or a change? For several reasons I doubted this. In the first place, Bruce hadn't thrown much breaking stuff (*Continued on Page 114*)

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(*Continued from Page 112*) all day, and he might not get it over the plate. In the second place, the catcher might decide that Muffett's hit was a lucky shot, not a sign that Bruce was running out of gas. And, perhaps most important of all, Bruce had already stopped me three times with the sinker.

So I went to the plate looking for it. I let the first pitch go by for a ball. The second one came in fast and almost waist high—and it didn't sink. I hit it to right-center field and drove Muffett in with the only run of the game.

One of the toughest pitchers in the league for me is Bud Daley of Kansas City. He's got a great curve, and that's the pitch he wants me to go after. He also has a pretty good fast ball. Sometimes I look for one, sometimes the other. The trick is to figure out when to look for which.

The result is a continual guessing game. Daley's curve was breaking so sharply one day that I was sure I wouldn't see anything else. When he slipped a fast ball by me for a strike, I thought, *He won't do that again*, and got set once more for a curve. To my surprise, he threw another fast ball for strike two. I stepped out of the box, peered at him and thought, *O.K., he got away with the fast ball twice. He won't dare try it again.*

I was never more mistaken in my life. Daley's third pitch was another fast ball, right down the middle for the third strike. I hadn't even taken my bat off my shoulder.

I got even with him in Boston later. His curve wasn't quite as sharp as usual, as I looked for it my first time up and got a hit. He retired me on curves my next two times at bat.

Then I came up to the plate in the ninth inning with nobody on base and Kansas City leading by a couple of runs. When Daley is ahead late in the game, he usually throws fast balls, and I was set for one. When it came, I hit it to right for a line single.

Timing is very important to a batter. The men most successful in ruining mine have been Gary Bell of Cleveland and Billy Pierce and Cal McLish of Chicago. Bell came up with a good change on his curve a couple of years ago. McLish, who spent last season in the National League after several years with Cleveland, had a great variety of slow stuff—screwballs, sliders, big overhand curves and that sort of thing. Pierce has good control of a big assortment of tantalizing pitches.

Any time a man changes speeds on me, he's trying to get me to lunge at the ball. To meet the challenge, I must change my stance. I spread my legs out a little more, choke the bat a couple of inches and put more weight on my back foot. This takes strength away from my swing, but it keeps it level and makes me wait a fraction of a second longer. I'm late on a fast ball, but not so likely to lunge at it, and I can watch the slow stuff better. At best, though, my timing is never quite what it ought to be when I'm in this stance. I'm always more comfortable with my regular style.

I've always liked to hit, but I never became a real student of batting until the Washington Senators traded me to the Red Sox in 1958. The man most responsible for transforming me from an in-and-outer to a consistent .300 hitter was Ted Williams. Williams was an absolute stickler for a good strike zone. He harped constantly on it. In the three years I was on the same ball club with him, I must have heard him repeat a thousand times, "Make the pitcher get the ball over the plate." By doing it himself for twenty-one years, he became the greatest hitter of our generation.

Before I came under Williams's influence, I swung at everything that came near the plate, because I had the idea I could hit bad balls. Fellows like Yogi Berra of the Yankees and Hank Aaron of the Milwaukee Braves can get away with that sort of thing. They swing so hard that they can give a ball a long ride even when they don't hit it squarely.

But what's meat for those guys is poison for me. My hardest swing will rarely drive a ball out of the park, and when I fish for bad pitches, I simply raise the odds against myself. That's about the difference between a .275 and a .320 hitter.

When I finally learned to lay off bad pitches, I picked up dividends in bases on balls as well as hits. I never got many walks when I was with Washington; I didn't give the pitchers a chance to pass me. In 1957, my last year with the Senators, I drew only fifty-five bases on balls. A year later, after a thorough indoctrination course under Williams, I had eighty-seven, the most in my entire career. I haven't been below seventy since.

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's ——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Williams was a marvel at figuring out what was going on in a pitcher's mind. One day in 1958, in a late inning of a game against the White Sox, I came up with men on first and third and one out. Turk Lown was brought in to pitch for Chicago, and Williams and I stood together near the plate, watching him warm up.

"What are you going to look for, Pete?" Ted asked.

"Well," I said, "this guy often throws me fast balls, but lately he's been giving me breaking stuff. I'll look for the fast ball first, then the curve."

"Forget the curve," Williams said. "Look for the fast ball all the way."

Lown threw two in a row. I missed one and fouled off the other. I stepped out of the box and thought, *Maybe he'll try to mess up my timing with an off-speed pitch.* Then I glanced at Williams, and he nodded his head. I stopped thinking for myself and got set for another fast ball. Just as Williams predicted, Lown fed me one. I hit a line single to center field and drove in a run.

One night in Detroit last year I came up with two men on and two out. Hank Aguirre was the Tigers' relief pitcher, and as he warmed up, Williams asked me how I thought he'd pitch to me. I told him I'd look for fast balls on my fists or sliders away.

"He wants to get the first pitch over," Williams said. "He'll throw you a fast ball tight. Back away from the plate five or six inches, and you'll be able to get around the ball."

So instead of moving close, as I usually do, I stepped back in the batter's box. The first pitch came exactly where Ted said it would, and I pulled it to right field for a hit that scored a run. A minute later Williams smashed a fast ball into the right-field stands for a home run that won the ball game, proving that he practiced what he preached.

We never talked hitting very much in Washington. When things were going all right, there didn't seem to be any need for it; when they weren't, I could always go to one of the coaches for help. But we had no one like Williams, who thought, talked and dreamed hitting, and who was willing to conduct seminars on the subject, anywhere from the locker room to a seat on an airplane.

I've been swinging a bat since my dad put one into my hands in Lufkin, Texas, where I was born on January 28, 1928. Lufkin is about 150 miles from Houston. My dad played a little semipro ball, and he loved the game to the day of his death. I can remember watching him keep score while we listened to the World Series on the radio. He had to go to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, when I was seven, and he took me along to keep him company. We saw the Cubs play in Chicago on the way up and again on the way home, and we talked about those games for months afterward.

I played semipro ball before I got out of high school, then was the third baseman on the San Diego Naval Air Station team after I enlisted in the Marine Corps. I was discharged in 1948, just in time to enter Rice Institute. Baseball sidetracked me after one semester. Eddie Dyer, the Cardinals' manager, lived in Houston. He advised me to stay in college, but I told him I intended to leave anyway to play ball, so he invited me to spring training at St. Petersburg.

I went there in 1949, and got lost in the Cardinals' farm system. They sent me to Albany, Georgia, then to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, without giving me a contract. When I still couldn't get one after asking for it, I went home just before the season began. I thought I would have to sit the season out, but a friend got me a job at Chickasha, Oklahoma, in the Class D Sooner State League.

It was a real good year for me, particularly in view of the fact that I was a twenty-one-year-old kid and had never played organized ball before. I led the league in batting with a .372 average and was the top-fielding third baseman. The next year, with Texarkana in the Class B Big State League, I hit .330, and the Senators picked me up. I heard later they paid $12,500 for my contract. They sent me to Chattanooga. I was batting .356 by midseason of 1951, so they brought me to Washington.

Those minor-league batting averages made me look like a hot shot at the plate, but I didn't see .300 again for five years. I had visions of becoming a slugger, and I tried to pull everything out of the park, despite some sound advice from Wally Moses in 1953. Now with the Yankees, he was then the Philadelphia Athletics' batting coach.

One day after I had flied out to right field four times in a row, I ran into him after I left our locker room. "How many home runs a year do you think you'll hit if you keep on pulling the ball like you did today?" he asked.

"Maybe eight or ten," I replied.

"If you don't hit twenty, you're not justified in going after them," he told me. "If I were you, I'd just try to hit the ball straightaway."

It was good reasoning, but I didn't give it much thought until 1957, when my average fell off to .230, which was eighty points under my 1956 mark of .310. The winter after the 1957 season I finally realized I wasn't a slugger, never would be and had no business trying to be one. I had been lucky not to have more bad years while I was at Washington. Most of the time there I had hit around .280.

The Senators traded me to Boston in January, 1958. Thanks partly to Williams and partly to my new philosophy, I've been in pretty good shape at the plate since.

I came very close to biting the hand that fed me, for it was in my first year with the Red Sox that I fought Williams right down to the wire for the batting championship. When we went into Washington for a four-game series just before the end of the season, I was hitting .324 and Williams was four points behind me.

Ted had two hits in three times up in the first game of a double-header and sat out the second, as he always did at that stage in his career. When I went two for nine in the two games, it brought Ted and me so close together that our averages were identical down to the ninth decimal point.

Williams really broke my back the next day. I tripled the first time up and he walked, leaving me at .324 and him at .323. The next time up, we both singled. I figured I had him when I hit one of my rare home runs my third time up, but he hit one too. I thought, *What do I have to do to beat this guy? I'm three for three, and he's two for two and right with me.*

I got no more hits, either that day or the next, when the season ended. When it was all over, Williams was home with a .328 average and I was six points behind him. I really didn't feel too bad, because I had lost to the best. Believe me, it's no disgrace to any hitter to finish second to Ted Williams in a race for the batting championship. THE END

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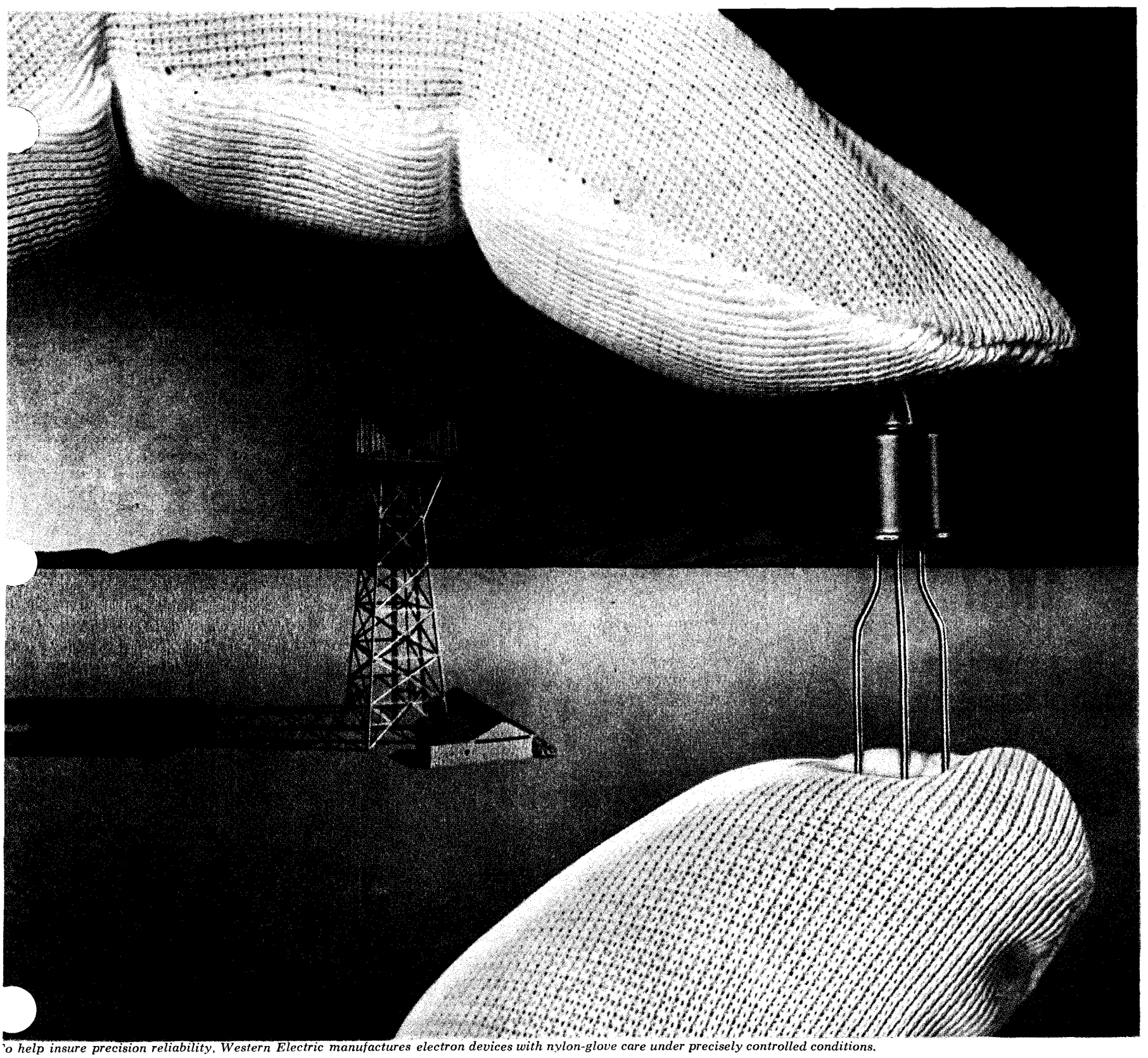

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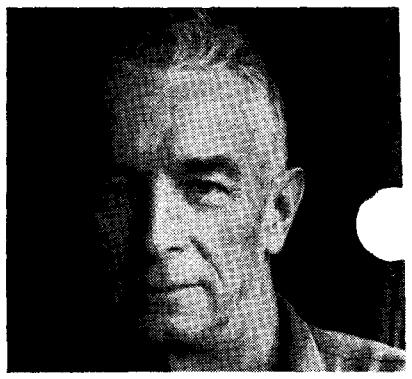
Keeping Posted

The Art of Picturing Pretty Girls

Photographer Harold Becker.

THE GIRL WHO MADE TIME STOP concerns a young lady who is "out of this world." To obtain a likeness of this supernatural heroine, we called on **Harold Becker**, a thirty-two-year-old New York designer-turned-photographer. The result may be seen on page 23. It is a double exposure, with a professional model's face superimposed on a model of an imaginary galaxy. Becker designed book jackets, store-window displays and parade floats before turning to photography ten years ago. This is his first *Post* illustration.

The near-luminous lasses of Norwalk, Connecticut, illustrator **Edwin Georgi** have been perking up our pages for the past eighteen years. In the illustration on page 34 we have not one, but two gorgeous Georgis competing for the attention of one defenseless—he's in a hospital bed—male.



Illustrator Edwin Georgi.

Georgi himself was a hospital patient when he launched his career as an artist at the end of World War I. He had studied civil engineering at Princeton prior to his Army-aviation stint, which ended at an Army hospital on Staten Island. "I passed a room and through the door I saw a gang of guys drawing. The instructor made a friendly motion for me to come in. Soon I was trying to do what the other men were doing."

Now scores of other men would love to be able to do what Georgi is doing—painting girls.

They Make You Laugh: ZEIS

We begin, herewith, a now-and-then series on Post *cartoonists and the wacky experiences that inspire their cartoons.*

Joe Zeis—see self-portrait at right—began selling cartoons to *The Post* in 1951, when he was employed as a tobacco salesman. He became a full-time cartoonist two years later. Born in Trenton, New Jersey, thirty-eight years and one week ago, he now lives in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, across the river from Trenton.

Zeis is a watcher of birds and the father of two sons—Robert, eight, and Joseph Jr., three. "Recently,"

he says, "I took a smack on the kisser from a back-yard swing while entertaining Joe Jr. I was caught off guard when I spotted what appeared to be a rose-breasted grosbeak." In common with most cartoonists Zeis views life's joys and minor tragedies in terms of their cartoon potential. He therefore changed the grosbeak to a shapely girl—"because shapely girl watching is a more popular sport than bird watching"—and presto, the cartoon on page 100.

Children Just Adore The Post

James Kalshoven, who teaches journalism at the University of Tennessee, wrote THE DECEIVERS (page 31) as a matter of necessity. He had promised his children a new boat and he needed the dough. When *The Post* bought Kalshoven's story, Kalshoven bought the boat. His family voted unanimously to name the craft *Postpaid I.*

Robert Christie, of Sharon, Connecticut, last appeared in *The Post* in 1951. At that time we reported that his three-year-old daughter Lynne was doing "an awticle for Benjamin Fwanklin's *Post.*" She is not yet a *Post* contributor, but she has become an avid *Post* reader. She outsprints the entire family to the mailbox on *Post* day, her dad reports. This week she'll find an article of her dad's on page 36: NOAH'S ARK IN NEW YORK.

"Companion of Kings"

To many of those who joined *The Post*'s audience after 1936, the death last month of **Isaac F. Marcosson**, at the age of eighty-three, meant little. Yet Marcosson played a majestic role in the development of *The Post* and of American journalism.

Marcosson, like George Horace Lorimer, the *Post* editor he served for three decades, was a native of Louisville, Kentucky. Here at *The Post* he was "Ike," but he preferred the nickname he was known by at New York's Players Club—Marco, "after the other famous rover." Indeed, Marco roved the world for *The Post*. The men he interviewed—Hindenburg, Ataturk, Mussolini, Woodrow Wilson, Sun Yat-sen, Lloyd George—were the great men of their time. Lorimer called him "a companion of kings and plutocrats," and Lorimer's biographer, John Tebbel, said of him, "Isaac Marcosson cast himself in the role of the great interviewer . . . forever sitting at the feet of the mighty. . . . He appeared in his own stories as the interpreter who stood between the world's great and its eager masses." With the development of the article profile the Marcosson interview went into eclipse. Marcosson turned to the industrial biography; and he produced six of his books after his seventieth birthday.

In Marcosson's first years with *The Post* he was our financial editor. He found Wall Street "a citadel of silence," but before long he was inside the citadel. His exclusive interview with financial titan Thomas Fortune Ryan was a significant news beat. Later he made news with his interviews of such then unapproachable figures as Trotsky and Emperor Hirohito.

Ike Marcosson knew how to get his foot in the doors of the mighty, and in doing so he helped pave the way for the more critical reporters who followed him.

One of Marcosson's closest friends was veteran *Post* serial writer **Clarence Budington Kelland.** "Marco was known and admired by more distinguished men and women than any reporter of his generation," says Kelland, who will be eighty years of age this July and whose fifty-fourth *Post* serial will begin in our May-sixth issue.

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